UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01471189 9

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/masterpiecesofwo11peckuoft

69
334

EPIPHANY.

"Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

Photogravure — By C. Schönherr.

M4283

MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE
ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M.
Ph.D., L.H.D., EDITOR IN CHIEF
FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

14681
6/6/11

OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XI

NEW YORK ∴ AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY ∴ PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1899
By Harry Thurston Peck

PN
6013
M38
1898
v. 11

The University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.

Contents.

VOLUME XI.

LIVED PAGE

WILLIAM HAMILTON 1704–1754 5573
The Braes of Yarrow.

JOHN HANCOCK 1737–1793 5577
Oration on the Boston Massacre.

THOMAS HARDY 1840– 5580
Rain, Darkness, and Anxious Wanderers.
Sights and Sounds draw the Wanderers together.
Tess and the Dairymaids.
Tess and Angel Clare.

AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT HARE 1834– 5618
The Ruins of Poblet. The True Ideal.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY 1831– 5622
Jimmy's Wooing.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS 1848– 5624
How Brother Rabbit frightened his Neighbors.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON 1846– 5634
A Tardy Proposal.
Vance and his Virginia Cousin.
At Last.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE 1839– 5647
From the Great Deadwood Mystery.
Grizzly.
Plain Language from Truthful James.
In the Mission Garden.
"How are you, Sanitary?"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL 1836–1879 5666
Christ's Recall. Consecration Hymn.
The Thoughts of God. The Secret of a Happy Day.
The Unfailing One.

LIVED PAGE

Hugh Reginald Haweis 1838– 5671
Music in England.

Anthony Hope Hawkins 1863– 5698
Sport Royal.
Cordial Relations.

Julian Hawthorne 1846– 5739
James Fenimore Cooper.
Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

Nathaniel Hawthorne 1804–1864 5756
The Minister's Vigil.
The Market-place.
Governor Pyncheon.
The Great Stone Face.
The Celestial Railroad.

John Hay 1838– 5820
When Phyllis laughs.
Night in Venice.

William Hayley 1745–1820 5822
Inscription for the Tomb of Cowper.
Inscription for the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin.
To the Memory of his Mother.

William Hazlitt 1778–1830 5824
Of Persons one would wish to have seen.
The Elizabethan Age.
The Character of Falstaff.
The Character of Hamlet.

Lafcadio Hearn 1850– 5843
The Legend of l'Île Dernière.

Reginald Heber 1783–1826 5853
Jerusalem.
Early Piety.
"The Missionary Hymn."
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Trinity Sunday.
Epiphany.
Before the Sacrament.
To his Wife — written in Upper India.
At a Funeral.
The Moonlight March.

George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel 1770–1831 5860
The Doctrine of the Trinity.
The Nature of Evil.
The Fall.

Heinrich Heine 1799–1856 5865
The Tyrolese.
Fancies.
The French Stage.
Düsseldorf.
The Philistine of Berlin.
Heine's Visit to Goethe.
Atlas.
The Lorelei.
My Heart with Hidden Tears is swelling.
Will she come ?
Katharina.

Sir Arthur Helps 1813–1875 5899
On Pleasantness.
On the Art of living with others.
A Love Story.

LIVED PAGE
Felicia Dorothea Hemans 1793–1835 5914
The Treasures of the Deep.
The Hour of Death.
The Lost Pleiad.
The Homes of England.
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.
Elysium.
Sunday in England.
The Graves of a Household.

Patrick Henry 1736–1799 5923
The Alternative.
On the Return of the Refugees.

Heraclitus . . . . 535–475 B.C. 5929
Fragments.

George Herbert 1593–1632 5933
The Collar.
Love.
The Elixir.
The Pilgrimage.
The Pulley.
Virtue.
On Man.
A Bosom Sin.
To all Angels and Saints.
The Altar.
Paradise.

Johann Gottfried von Herder 1744–1803 5941
Man a Link between Two Worlds.
Outliving ourselves.
A Song of Life.
A Legendary Ballad.

Herodotus . . . . 484–420 B.C. 5949
The Inundation of the Nile.
The Course of the Nile.
About the Crocodile.
The Phœnix.
Modes of embalming.
Helen and the Siege of Troy.
The Descent of Rhampsinitus to Hades.
The Doctrine of Metempsychosis.
The Insane Freaks of Cambyses, the Son of Cyrus.
King Rhampsinitus and the Robber.
Heroism of Athens during the Persian Invasion.
“ Lopping the Tall Ears.”
Close of the History.

Robert Herrick 1591–1674 5967
A Thanksgiving.
To keep a True Lent.
To find God.
To Daffodils.
To Daisies not to shut so soon.
To Carnations.
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew.
To Meadows.
Litany to the Holy Spirit.
Cherry Ripe.

Henrik Hertz 1798–1870 5974
King René's Daughter.

Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse 1830– 5982
Christmas in Rome.
Good-night.

LIVED PAGE

Thomas Heywood 1580–1650 5985
Search after God.
Frankford's Soliloquy.
Hierarchy of Angels.
Shepherds' Song.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson 1823– 5989
The Empire of Manners.
Unreasonable Unselfishness.
On a Certain Humility in Americans.
The Independent Purse.

Thomas Hobbes 1588–1679 6000
Of Love.
Certain Qualities in Men.
Of Almighty God.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann 1776–1822 6006
From "The Golden Pot."
Nutcracker and the King of Mice.
The Battle.
The Pyramid Doctor.

James Hogg 1770–1835 6025
Bonny Kilmeny.
A Boy's Song.
When Maggy gangs away.
The Skylark.
Donald M'Donald.
When the Kye comes Hame.

Ludwig Holberg 1684–1754 6033
Affairs of State.

Thomas Holcroft 1745–1809 6041
Gaffer Gray.

Raphael Holingshead . . . . –1580 6043
Macbeth's Witches.
The Murder of the Young Princes.

Josiah Gilbert Holland 1819–1881 6048
Gradation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes 1809–1894 6050
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Musa.
The Deacon's Masterpiece: or the Wonderful "One-hoss-shay."
Mare Rubrum.
The Old Man dreams.
The Chambered Nautilus.
Æstivation.
Contentment.
Old Ironsides.
The Last Leaf.

Homer 6094
Hector and Andromache.
The Death of Hector.
The parting of Odysseus and Kalypso.
Princess Nausikaä.
To Mars.

List of Illustrations

VOLUME ELEVEN

Epiphany (Photogravure) *Frontispiece*
The Boston Massacre *Facing page* 5576
Thomas Hardy „ „ 5580
Joel Chandler Harris „ „ 5624
Francis Bret Harte „ „ 5648
The Great Masters of Music „ „ 5672
Crystal Palace, London „ „ 5686
Heidelberg Castle „ „ 5706
Julian Hawthorne „ „ 5738
Nathaniel Hawthorne „ „ 5756
Nathaniel Hawthorne's Home „ „ 5778
Nathaniel Hawthorne's Grave „ „ 5796
William Hazlitt „ „ 5824
Sir John Falstaff „ „ 5840
Tyrol Home „ „ 5866
Düsseldorf „ „ 5890
Felicia Dorothea Hemans „ „ 5914
Patrick Henry „ „ 5926
Herodotus „ „ 5948
Battle of Salamis „ „ 5964
Thomas Wentworth Higginson „ „ 5988
James Hogg „ „ 6024
The Murder of the Princes „ „ 6044
Oliver Wendell Holmes „ „ 6050
The American Elm „ „ 6072
Hector and Andromache „ „ 6094
The Assembling of the Gods „ „ 6118
Odysseus and Princess Nausikaä „ „ 6132

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Hamilton, William, a Scottish poet, born at Baugour, Linlithgowshire, in 1704; died at Lyons, France, March 25, 1754. He was a gentleman of an ancient family and of good fortune. In 1745 he embraced the cause of the "Young Pretender." After the discomfiture of the Jacobites at Culloden he made his escape to France, but he soon received a full pardon from the British Government and the restoration of his paternal estates. His health being delicate, he took up his residence in Southern France, where the later years of his life were passed. He wrote a serious poem, entitled "Contemplation," and one in blank verse upon "The Thistle," the national flower of Scotland. Most of Hamilton's poems are of a lyrical character. A surreptitious collection of many of them was put forth in 1748. In 1760, after his death, his friends published a fuller collection, from his own manuscripts. A complete edition of the poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

The Braes of Yarrow.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?" —
"I got her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny Birks of Yarrow?

"What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What 's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
'T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
That fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
  As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
  The apple frae the rock as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
  In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
  Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

"Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
  How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
  That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

"O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 't was my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the fall of the night
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin';
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me.
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

"But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye 'd lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after." —

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
The lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

JOHN HANCOCK.

Hancock, John, an American patriot; born at Quincy, Mass., January 12, 1737; died there, October 8, 1793. He graduated at Harvard in 1754, then entered the counting-house of an uncle, upon whose death in 1764 he received a large fortune, and soon became a prominent merchant in Boston. In 1766 he was chosen a member of the Legislature. In 1770 occurred the affray known as the Boston massacre. At the funeral of the victims Hancock delivered an oration in which the conduct of the British authorities was so severely censured that the Governor endeavored to arrest him and Samuel Adams, who had also become obnoxious. In 1775, after the action at Concord, Governor Gage offered a free pardon to all rebels except Adams and Hancock, "whose offences were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." In 1775 Hancock was chosen President of the Continental Congress, and his name stands first on the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Leaving Congress in 1777, on account of infirm health, he returned to Massachusetts, where he was a member of the Convention for framing a Constitution for the State. He was elected the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts; and was annually re-elected (with one interval of two years) until his death.

Oration on the Boston Massacre.

The attentive gravity, the venerable appearance of this crowded audience, the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly — the solemnity of the occasion upon which we have met together — joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of the day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk. But allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required.

I have ever considered it the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also, as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its enemies may devise for its destruction. Security to the persons and property of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning tapers at noonday to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render insecure the persons and properties of the governed.

Some boast of being friends of government; I am a friend to righteous government, founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the colonies a righteous government? or is it tyranny? What tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shown, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have declared that they have — ever had — and of right ought to have — full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. They have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to enforce her mad pretensions. The town of Boston — ever faithful to the British Crown — has been invested by a British fleet. The troops of George the Third have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and which as a king he is bound to defend, even at the risk of his own life. . . .

Surely you will never tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those of whom you boast as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that ye act — that, if necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest, upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved; they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue.

But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country; who are at once its ornament and its safeguard. From them let us take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal which all the suffering an enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away; which the ingratitude of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous asserter of the rights of mankind merits a reward which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country — the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot — cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the Universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us leave our concerns in the hands of him who raiseth up and casteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases; and, with cheerful submission to His sovereign will, devoutly say: “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.”

THOMAS HARDY.

Hardy, Thomas, a leading English novelist; born in Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to an architect, and about the same time formed an acquaintance with a classical scholar with whom he read for the ensuing four years. In 1871 he published his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," which was followed by "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873), and numerous minor tales. "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) was a great success. Among his later works are: "The Hand of Ethelberta, a Comedy in Chapters" (1876); "The Return of the Native" (1878); "The Trumpet Major" (1880); "A Laodicean" (1881); "Two on a Tower" (1882); "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886); "The Woodlanders" (1886); "A Group of Noble Dames" (1891); "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1892); "The Three Wayfarers" (1893); "Life's Little Ironies" (1894); "Jude the Obscure" (1895). Mr. Hardy is a novelist of high rank. His character-drawing is sharp and incisive, his studies of peasant life truthful and sympathetic, and his descriptive passages masterly.

Rain, Darkness, and Anxious Wanderers.

(From "The Return of the Native.")

While the effigy of Eustacia was melting to nothing, and the fair woman herself was standing on Rainbarrow, her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young, Yeobright sat lonely at Blooms-End. He had fulfilled his word to Thomasin by sending off Fairway with the letter to his wife, and now waited with increased impatience for some sound or signal of her return. Were Eustacia still at Mistover the very least to be expected was that she would send him back a reply to-night by the same hand; though, to leave all to her inclination, he had cautioned Fairway not to ask for an answer. If one were told or handed to him he was to bring it immediately; if not, he was to go straight home without troubling to come round to Blooms-End again that night.

But secretly Clym had a more pleasing hope. Eustacia

THOMAS HARDY

might possibly decline to use her pen — it was rather her way to work silently — and surprise him by appearing at his door.

To Clym's regret it began to rain and blow hard as the evening advanced. The wind rasped and scraped at the corners of the house, and filliped the eaves-droppings like peas against the panes. He walked restlessly about the untenanted rooms, stopping strange noises in windows and doors by jamming splinters of wood into the casements and crevices, and pressing together the lead-work of the quarries where it had become loosened from the glass. It was one of those nights when cracks in the walls of old churches widen, when ancient stains on the ceilings of decayed manor-houses are renewed and enlarged from the size of a man's hand to an area of many feet. The little gate in the palings before his dwelling continually opened and clicked together again, but when he looked out eagerly nobody was there; it was as if invisible shapes of the dead were passing in on their way to visit him.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, finding that neither Fairway nor anybody else came to him, he retired to rest, and despite his anxieties soon fell asleep. His sleep, however, was not very sound, by reason of the expectancy he had given way to, and he was easily awakened by a knocking which began at the door about an hour after. Clym arose and looked out of the window. Rain was still falling heavily, the whole expanse of heath before him emitting a subdued hiss under the downpour. It was too dark to see anything at all.

"Who 's there?" he cried.

Light footsteps shifted their position in the porch, and he could just distinguish in a plaintive female voice the words, "O Clym, come down and let me in!"

He flushed hot with agitation. "Surely it is Eustacia!" he murmured. If so, she had indeed come to him unawares.

He hastily got a light, dressed himself, and went down. On his flinging open the door the rays of the candle fell upon a woman closely wrapped up, who at once came forward.

"Thomasin!" he exclaimed in an indescribable tone of disappointment. "It is Thomasin, and on such a night as this! O, where is Eustacia?"

Thomasin it was, wet, frightened, and panting.

"Eustacia? I don't know, Clym; but I can think," she said with much perturbation. "Let me come in and rest — I will explain this. There is a great trouble brewing — my husband and Eustacia!"

"What, what?"

"I think my husband is going to leave me or do something dreadful — I don't know what — Clym, will you go and see? I have nobody to help me but you! Eustacia has not come home?"

"No."

She went on breathlessly: "Then they are going to run off together! He came indoors to-night about eight o'clock and said in an off-hand way, 'Tamsie, I have just found that I must go a journey.' 'When?' I said. 'To-night,' he said. 'Where?' I asked him. 'I cannot tell you at present,' he said; 'I shall be back again to-morrow.' He then went and busied himself in looking up his things, and took no notice of me at all. I expected to see him start, but he did not, and then it came to be ten o'clock, when he said, 'You had better go to bed.' I did n't know what to do, and I went to bed. I believe he thought I fell asleep, for half an hour after that he came up and unlocked the oak chest we keep money in when we have much in the house and took out a roll of something which I believe was bank-notes, though I was not aware that he had 'em there. These he must have got from the bank when he went there the other day. What does he want bank-notes for, if he is only going off for a day? When he had gone down I thought of Eustacia, and how he had met her the night before — I know he did meet her, Clym, for I followed him part of the way; but I did not like to tell you when you called, and so make you think ill of him, as I did not think it was so serious. Then I could not stay in bed: I got up and dressed myself, and when I heard him out in the stable I thought I would come and tell you. So I came downstairs without any noise and slipped out."

"Then he was not absolutely gone when you left?"

"No. Will you, dear Cousin Clym, go and try to persuade him not to go? He takes no notice of what I say, and puts me off with the story of his going on a journey, and will be home to-morrow, and all that; but I don't believe it. I think you could influence him."

"I 'll go," said Clym. "O, Eustacia!"

Thomasin carried in her arms a large bundle; and having by this time seated herself she began to unroll it, when a baby appeared as the kernel to the husks — dry, warm, and unconscious of travel or rough weather. Thomasin briefly kissed the baby, and then found time to begin crying as she said, "I brought baby, for I was afraid what might happen to her. I suppose it will be her death, but I could n't leave her with Rachel!"

Clym hastily put together the logs on the hearth, raked abroad the embers, which were scarcely yet extinct, and blew up a flame with the bellows.

"Dry yourself," he said. "I 'll go and get some more wood."

"No, no — don't stay for that. I 'll make up the fire. Will you go at once — please will you?"

Yeobright ran upstairs to finish dressing himself. While he was gone another rapping came to the door. This time there was no delusion that it might be Eustacia's: the footsteps just preceding it had been heavy and slow. Yeobright, thinking it might possibly be Fairway with a note in answer, descended again and opened the door.

"Captain Vye?" he said to a dripping figure.

"Is my granddaughter here?" said the captain.

"No."

"Then where is she?"

"I don't know."

"But you ought to know — you are her husband."

"Only in name apparently," said Clym with rising excitement. "I believe she means to elope to-night with Wildeve. I am just going to look to it."

"Well, she has left my house; she left about half an hour ago. Who 's sitting there?"

"My cousin Thomasin."

The captain bowed in a preoccupied way to her. "I only hope it is no worse than an elopement," he said.

"Worse? What 's worse than the worst a wife can do?"

"Well, I have been told a strange tale. Before starting in search of her I called up Charley, my stable-lad. I missed my pistols the other day."

"Pistols?"

"He said at the time that he took them down to clean. He has now owned that he took them because he saw Eustacia looking curiously at them; and she afterwards owned to him that she was thinking of taking her life, but bound him to secrecy, and promised never to think of such a thing again. I hardly suppose she will ever have bravado enough to use one of them; but it shows what has been lurking in her mind;

and people who think of that sort of thing once think of it again."

"Where are the pistols?"

"Safely locked up. O no, she won't touch them again. But there are more ways of letting out life than through a bullet-hole. What did you quarrel about so bitterly with her to drive her to all this? You must have treated her badly indeed. Well, I was always against the marriage, and I was right."

"Are you going with me?" said Yeobright, paying no attention to the captain's latter remark. "If so I can tell you what we quarrelled about as we walk along."

"Where to?"

"To Wildeve's — that was her destination, depend upon it."

Thomasin here broke in, still weeping: "He said he was only going on a sudden short journey; but if so why did he want so much money? O, Clym, what do you think will happen? I am afraid that you, my poor baby, will soon have no father left to you!"

"I am off now," said Yeobright, stepping into the porch.

"I would fain go with ye," said the old man doubtfully. "But I begin to be afraid that my legs will hardly carry me there such a night as this. I am not so young as I was. If they are interrupted in their flight she will be sure to come back to me, and I ought to be at the house to receive her. But be it as 't will I can't walk to the Quiet Woman, and that 's an end on 't. I 'll go straight home."

"It will perhaps be best," said Clym. "Thomasin, dry yourself, and be as comfortable as you can."

With this he closed the door upon her, and left the house in company with Captain Vye, who parted from him outside the gate, taking the middle path, which led to Mistover. Clym crossed by the right-hand track towards the inn.

Thomasin, being left alone, took off some of her wet garments, carried the baby upstairs to Clym's bed, and then came down to the sitting-room again, where she made a larger fire, and began drying herself. The fire soon flared up the chimney, giving the room an appearance of comfort that was doubled by contrast with the drumming of the storm without, which snapped at the window-panes and breathed into the chimney strange low utterances that seemed to be the prologue to some tragedy.

But the least part of Thomasin was in the house, for her heart being at ease about the little girl upstairs she was mentally following Clym on his journey. Having indulged in this imaginary peregrination for some considerable interval, she became impressed with a sense of the intolerable slowness of time. But she sat on. The moment then came when she could scarcely sit longer; and it was like a satire on her patience to remember that Clym could hardly have reached the inn as yet. At last she went to the baby's bedside. The child was sleeping soundly; but her imagination of possibly disastrous events at her home, the predominance within her of the unseen over the seen, agitated her beyond endurance. She could not refrain from going down and opening the door. The rain still continued, the candlelight falling upon the nearest drops and making glistening darts of them as they descended across the throng of invisible ones behind. To plunge into that medium was to plunge into water slightly diluted with air. But the difficulty of returning to her house at this moment made her all the more desirous of doing so: anything was better than suspense. "I have come here well enough," she said, "and why should n't I go back again? It is a mistake for me to be away."

She hastily fetched the infant, wrapped it up, cloaked herself as before, and shovelling the ashes over the fire, to prevent accidents, went into the open air. Pausing first to put the door-key in its old place behind the shutter, she resolutely turned her face to the confronting pile of firmamental darkness beyond the palings, and stepped into its midst. But Thomasin's imagination being so actively engaged elsewhere, the night and the weather had for her no terror beyond that of their actual discomfort and difficulty.

She was soon ascending Blooms-End valley and traversing the undulations on the side of the hill. The noise of the wind over the heath was shrill, and as if it whistled for joy at finding a night so congenial as this. Sometimes the path led her to hollows between thickets of tall and dripping bracken, dead, though not yet prostrate, which enclosed her like a pool. When they were more than usually tall she lifted the baby to the top of her head, that it might be out of the reach of their drenching fronds. On higher ground, where the wind was brisk and sustained, the rain flew in a level flight without sensible descent, so that it was beyond all power to imagine the remoteness of the point at which it left the bosoms of the clouds. Here self-defence was impossible, and individual drops stuck into her like the arrows into Saint Sebastian. She was enabled to avoid puddles by the nebulous paleness which signified their presence, though beside anything less dark than the heath they themselves would have appeared as blackness.

Yet in spite of all this Thomasin was not sorry that she had started. To her there were not, as to Eustacia, demons in the air, and malice in every bush and bough. The drops which lashed her face were not scorpions, but prosy rain; Egdon in the mass was no monster whatever, but impersonal open ground. Her fears of the place were rational, her dislikes of its worst moods reasonable. At this time it was in her view a windy, wet place, in which a person might experience much discomfort, lose the path without care, and possibly catch cold.

If the path is well known the difficulty at such times of keeping therein is not altogether great, from its familiar feel to the feet; but once lost it is irrecoverable. Owing to her baby, who somewhat impeded Thomasin's view forward and distracted her mind, she did at last lose the track. This mishap occurred when she was descending an open slope about two-thirds home. Instead of attempting, by wandering hither and thither, the hopeless task of finding such a mere thread, she went straight on, trusting for guidance to her general knowledge of the district, which was scarcely surpassed by Clym's or by that of the heath-croppers themselves.

At length Thomasin reached a hollow and began to discern through the rain a faint blotted radiance, which presently assumed the oblong form of an open door. She knew that no house stood hereabouts, and was soon aware of the nature of the door by its height above the ground.

"Why, it is Diggory Venn's van, surely!" she said.

A certain secluded spot near Rainbarrow was, she knew, often Venn's chosen centre when staying in this neighborhood; and she guessed at once that she had stumbled upon this mysterious retreat. The question arose in her mind whether or not she should ask him to guide her into the path. In her anxiety to reach home she decided that she would appeal to him, notwithstanding the strangeness of appearing before his eyes at this place and season. But when, in pursuance of this resolve, Thomasin reached the van and looked in she found it to be untenanted; though there was no doubt that it was the reddleman's. The fire was burning in the stove, the lantern hung from the nail. Round the doorway the floor was merely sprinkled with rain, and not saturated, which told her that the door had not long been opened.

While she stood uncertainly looking in Thomasin heard a footstep advancing from the darkness behind her; and turning, beheld the well-known form in corduroy, lurid from head to foot, the lantern beams falling upon him through an intervening gauze of raindrops.

"I thought you went down the slope," he said, without noticing her face. "How do you come back here again?"

"Diggory?" said Thomasin faintly.

"Who are you?" said Venn, still unperceiving. "And why were you crying so just now?"

"O, Diggory! don't you know me?" said she. "But of course you don't, wrapped up like this. What do you mean? I have not been crying here, and I have not been here before."

Venn then came nearer till he could see the illuminated side of her form.

"Mrs. Wildeve!" he exclaimed, starting. "What a time for us to meet! And the baby too! What dreadful thing can have brought you out on such a night as this?"

She could not immediately answer; and without asking her permission he hopped into his van, took her by the arm, and drew her up after him.

"What is it?" he continued when they stood within.

"I have lost my way coming from Blooms-End, and I am in a great hurry to get home. Please show me as quickly as you can! It is so silly of me not to know Egdon better, and I cannot think how I came to lose the path. Show me quickly, Diggory, please."

"Yes, of course. I will go with ye. But you came to me before this, Mrs. Wildeve?"

"I only came this minute."

"That 's strange. I was lying down here asleep about five minutes ago, with the door shut to keep out the weather, when the brushing of a woman's clothes over the heath-bushes just outside woke me up (for I don't sleep heavy), and at the same time I heard a sobbing or crying from the same woman. I opened my door and held out my lantern, and just as far as the light would reach I saw a woman: she turned her head when the light sheened on her, and then hurried on downhill. I hung up the lantern, and was curious enough to pull on my things and dog her a few steps, but I could see nothing of her any more. That was where I had been when you came up; and when I saw you I thought you were the same one."

"Perhaps it was one of the heath-folk going home?"

"No, it could n't. 'T is too late. The noise of her gown over the he'th was of a whistling sort that nothing but silk will make."

"It was n't I, then. My dress is not silk, you see. . . . Are we anywhere in a line between Mistover and the inn?"

"Well, yes; not far out."

"Ah, I wonder if it was she! Diggory, I must go at once!"

She jumped down from the van before he was aware, when Venn unhooked the lantern and leaped down after her. "I 'll take the baby, ma'am," he said. "You must be tired out by the weight."

Thomasin hesitated a moment, and then delivered the baby into Venn's hands. "Don't squeeze her, Diggory," she said, "or hurt her little arm; and keep the cloak close over her like this, so that the rain may not drop in her face."

"I will," said Venn earnestly. "As if I could hurt anything belonging to you!"

"I only meant accidentally," said Thomasin.

"The baby is dry enough, but you are pretty wet," said the reddleman when, in closing the door of his cart to padlock it, he noticed on the floor a ring of water-drops where her cloak had hung from her.

Thomasin followed him as he wound right and left to avoid the larger bushes, stopping occasionally and covering the lantern, while he looked over his shoulder to gain some idea of the position of Rainbarrow above them, which it was necessary to keep directly behind their backs to preserve a proper course.

"You are sure the rain does not fall upon baby?"

"Quite sure. May I ask how old he is, ma'am?"

"He!" said Thomasin reproachfully. "Anybody can see better than that in a moment. She is nearly two months old. How far is it now to the inn?"

"A little over a quarter of a mile."

"Will you walk a little faster?"

"I was afraid you could not keep up."

"I am very anxious to get there. Ah, there is a light from the window!"

"'T is not from the window. That 's a gig-lamp, to the best of my belief."

"O!" said Thomasin in despair. "I wish I had been there sooner — give me the baby, Diggory — you can go back now."

"I must go all the way," said Venn. "There is a quag between us and that light, and you will walk into it up to your neck unless I take you round."

"But the light is at the inn, and there is no quag in front of that."

"No, the light is below the inn some two or three hundred yards."

"Never mind," said Thomasin hurriedly. "Go towards the light, and not towards the inn."

"Yes," answered Venn, swerving round in obedience; and, after a pause, "I wish you would tell me what this great trouble is. I think you have proved that I can be trusted."

"There are some things that cannot be — cannot be told to — " And then her heart rose into her throat, and she could say no more.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS DRAW THE WANDERERS TOGETHER.

(From "The Return of the Native.")

HAVING seen Eustacia's signal from the hill at eight o'clock, Wildeve immediately prepared to assist her in her flight, and, as he hoped, accompany her. He was somewhat perturbed, and his manner of informing Thomasin that he was going on a journey was in itself sufficient to rouse her suspicions. When she had gone to bed he collected the few articles he would require, and went upstairs to the money-chest, whence he took a tolerably bountiful sum in notes, which had been advanced to him on the property he was so soon to have in possession, to defray expenses incidental to the removal.

He then went to the stable and coach-house to assure himself that the horse, gig, and harness were in a fit condition for a long drive. Nearly half an hour was spent thus, and on returning to the house Wildeve had no thought of Thomasin being anywhere but in bed. He had told the stable-lad not to stay up, leading the boy to understand that his departure would be at three or four in the morning; for this, though an exceptional hour, was less strange than midnight, the time actually agreed on, the packet from Budmouth sailing between one and two.

At last all was quiet, and he had nothing to do but to wait. By no effort could he shake off the oppression of spirits which he had experienced ever since his last meeting with Eustacia, but he hoped there was that in his situation which money could cure. He had persuaded himself that to act not ungenerously towards his gentle wife by settling on her the half of his property, and with chivalrous devotion towards another and greater woman by sharing her fate, was possible. And though he meant to adhere to Eustacia's instructions to the letter, to deposit her where she wished and to leave her, should that be her will, the spell that she had cast over him intensified, and his heart was beating fast in the anticipated futility of such commands in the face of a mutual wish that they should depart together.

He would not allow himself to dwell long upon these conjectures, maxims, and hopes, and at twenty minutes to twelve he again went softly to the stable, harnessed the horse, and lit the lamps; whence, taking the horse by the head, he led him with the covered car out of the yard to a spot by the roadside some quarter of a mile below the inn.

Here Wildeve waited, slightly sheltered from the driving rain by a high bank that had been cast up at this place along the surface of the road where lit by the lamps the loosened gravel and small stones scudded and clicked together before the wind, which, leaving them in heaps, plunged into the heath and boomed across the bushes into darkness. Only one sound rose above this din of weather, and that was the roaring of a ten-hatch weir a few yards further on, where the road approached the river which formed the boundary of the heath in this direction.

He lingered on in perfect stillness till he began to fancy that the midnight hour must have struck. A very strong doubt had arisen in his mind if Eustacia would venture down the hill in such weather; yet knowing her nature he felt that she might. "Poor thing! 't is like her ill-luck," he murmured.

At length he turned to the lamp and looked at his watch. To his surprise it was nearly a quarter past midnight. He now wished that he had driven up the circuitous road to Mistover, a plan not adopted because of the enormous length of the route in proportion to that of the pedestrian's path down the open hillside, and the consequent increase of labor for the horse.

At this moment a footstep approached; but the light of the lamps being in a different direction the comer was not visible. The step paused, then came on again.

"Eustacia?" said Wildeve.

The person came forward, and the light fell upon the form of Clym, glistening with wet, whom Wildeve immediately recognized; but Wildeve, who stood behind the lamp, was not at once recognized by Yeobright.

He stopped as if in doubt whether this waiting vehicle could have anything to do with the flight of his wife or not. The sight of Yeobright at once banished Wildeve's sober feelings, who saw him again as the deadly rival from whom Eustacia was to be kept at all hazards. Hence Wildeve did not speak, in the hope that Clym would pass by without particular inquiry.

While they both hung thus in hesitation a dull sound became audible above the storm and wind. Its origin was unmistakable — it was the fall of a body into the stream adjoining, apparently at a point near the weir.

Both started. "Good God! can it be she?" said Clym.

"Why should it be she?" said Wildeve, in his alarm forgetting that he had hitherto screened himself.

"Ah! — that's you, you traitor, is it?" cried Yeobright. "Why should it be she? Because last week she would have put an end to her life if she had been able. She ought to have been watched! Take one of the lamps and come with me."

Yeobright seized the one on his side and hastened on; Wildeve did not wait to unfasten the other, but followed at once along the meadow-track to the weir, a little in the rear of Clym.

Shadwater Weir had at its foot a large circular pool, fifty feet in diameter, into which the water flowed through ten huge hatches, raised and lowered by a winch and cogs in the ordinary manner. The sides of the pool were of masonry, to prevent the water from washing away the bank; but the force of the stream in winter was sometimes such as to undermine the retaining wall and precipitate it into the hole. Clym reached the hatches, the framework of which was shaken to its foundations by the velocity of the current. Nothing but the froth of the waves could be discerned in the pool below. He got upon the plank bridge over the race, and holding to the rail, that the wind might not blow him off, crossed to the other side of the river. There he leant over the wall and lowered the lamp, only to behold the vortex formed at the curl of the returning current.

Wildeve meanwhile had arrived on the former side, and the light from Yeobright's lamp shed a flecked and agitated radiance across the weir-pool, revealing to the ex-engineer the tumbling courses of the currents from the hatches above. Across this gashed and puckered mirror a dark body was slowly borne by one of the backward currents.

"O, my darling!" exclaimed Wildeve in an agonized voice; and, without showing sufficient presence of mind even to throw off his great-coat, he leaped into the boiling hole.

Yeobright could now also discern the floating body, though but indistinctly; and imagining from Wildeve's plunge that there was life to be saved he was about to leap after. Bethinking himself of a wiser plan he placed the lamp against a post to make it stand upright, and running round to the lower part of the pool, where there was no wall, he sprang in and boldly waded upwards towards the deeper portion. Here he was taken off his legs, and in swimming was carried round into the centre of the basin, where he perceived Wildeve struggling.

While these hasty actions were in progress here, Venn and Thomasin had been toiling through the lower corner of the heath in the direction of the light. They had not been near enough to the river to hear the plunge, but they saw the removal of the carriage-lamp, and watched its motion into the mead. As soon as they reached the car and horse Venn guessed that something new was amiss, and hastened to follow in the course of the moving light. Venn walked faster than Thomasin, and came to the weir alone.

The lamp placed against the post by Clym still shone across the water, and the reddleman observed something floating motionless. Being encumbered with the infant he ran back to meet Thomasin.

"Take the baby, please, Mrs. Wildeve," he said hastily. "Run home with her, call the stable-lad, and make him send down to me any men who may be living near. Somebody has fallen into the weir."

Thomasin took the child and ran. When she came to the covered car the horse, though fresh from the stable, was standing perfectly still, as if conscious of misfortune. She saw for the first time whose it was. She nearly fainted, and would have been unable to proceed another step but that the necessity of preserving the little girl from harm nerved her to an amazing self-control. In this agony of suspense she entered the house, put the baby in a place of safety, woke the lad and the female domestic, and ran out to give the alarm at the nearest cottage.

Diggory, having returned to the brink of the pool, observed that the small upper hatches or floats were withdrawn. He found one of these lying upon the grass, and taking it under one arm, and with his lantern in his hand, entered at the bottom of the pool as Clym had done. As soon as he began to be in deep water he flung himself across the hatch; thus supported he was able to keep afloat as long as he chose, holding the lantern aloft with his disengaged hand. Propelled by his feet he steered round and round the pool, ascending each time by one of the back streams and descending in the middle of the current.

At first he could see nothing. Then amidst the glistening of the whirlpools and the white clots of foam he distinguished a woman's bonnet floating alone. His search was now under the left wall, when something came to the surface almost close beside him. It was not, as he had expected, a woman, but a man. The reddleman put the ring of the lantern between his teeth, seized the floating man by the collar, and, holding on to the hatch with his remaining arm, struck out into the strongest race, by which the unconscious man, the hatch, and himself were carried down the stream. As soon as Venn found his feet dragging over the pebbles of the shallower part below he secured his footing and waded towards the brink. There, where the water stood at about the height of his waist, he flung away the hatch, and attempted to drag forth the man. This was a matter of great difficulty, and he found as the reason that the legs of the unfortunate stranger were tightly embraced by the arms of another man, who had hitherto been entirely beneath the surface.

At this moment his heart bounded to hear footsteps running towards him, and two men, roused by Thomasin, appeared at the brink above. They ran to where Venn was, and helped him in lifting out the apparently drowned persons, separating them, and laying them out upon the grass. Venn turned the light upon their faces. The one who had been uppermost was

Yeobright; he who had been completely submerged was Wildeve.

"Now we must search the hole again," said Venn. "A woman is in there somewhere. Get a pole."

One of the men went to the foot-bridge and tore off the handrail. The reddleman and the two others then entered the water together from below as before, and with their united force probed the pool forwards to where it sloped down to its central depth. Venn was not mistaken in supposing that any person who had sunk for the last time would be washed down to this point, for when they had examined to about halfway across something impeded their thrust.

"Pull it forward," said Venn, and they raked it in with the pole till it was close to their feet.

Venn vanished under the stream, and came up with an armful of wet drapery enclosing a woman's cold form, which was all that remained of the desperate Eustacia.

When they reached the bank there stood Thomasin, in a stress of grief, bending over the two unconscious ones who already lay there. The horse and car were brought to the nearest point in the road, and it was the work of a few minutes only to place the three in the vehicle. Venn led on the horse, supporting Thomasin upon his arm, and the two men followed, till they reached the inn.

The woman who had been shaken out of her sleep by Thomasin had hastily dressed herself and lighted a fire, the other servant being left to snore on in peace at the back of the house. The insensible forms of Eustacia, Clym, and Wildeve were then brought in and laid on the carpet, with their feet to the fire, when such restorative processes as could be thought of were adopted at once, the stableman being in the meantime sent for a doctor. But there seemed to be not a whiff of life left in either of the bodies. Then Thomasin, whose stupor of grief had been thrust off a while by frantic action, applied a bottle of hartshorn to Clym's nostrils, having tried it in vain upon the other two. He sighed.

"Clym 's alive!" she exclaimed.

He soon breathed distinctly, and again and again did she attempt to revive her husband by the same means; but Wildeve gave no sign. There was too much reason to think that he and Eustacia both were for ever beyond the reach of stimulating perfumes. Their exertions did not relax till the doctor arrived, when, one by one, the senseless three were taken upstairs and put into warm beds.

Venn soon felt himself relieved from further attendance, and went to the door, scarcely able yet to realize the strange catastrophe that had befallen the family in which he took so great an interest. Thomasin surely would be broken down by the sudden and overwhelming nature of this event. No firm and sensible Mrs. Yeobright lived now to support the gentle girl through the ordeal; and, whatever an unimpassioned spectator might think of her loss of such a husband as Wildeve, there could be no doubt that for the moment she was distracted and horrified by the blow. As for himself, not being privileged to go to her and comfort her, he saw no reason for waiting longer in a house where he remained only as a stranger.

He returned across the heath to his van. The fire was not yet out, and everything remained as he had left it. Venn now bethought himself of his clothes, which were saturated with water to the weight of lead. He changed them, spread them before the fire, and lay down to sleep. But it was more than he could do to rest here while excited by a vivid imagination of the turmoil they were in at the house he had quitted, and, blaming himself for coming away, he dressed in another suit, locked up the door, and again hastened across to the inn. Rain was still falling heavily when he entered the kitchen. A bright fire was shining from the hearth, and two women were bustling about, one of whom was Olly Dowden.

"Well, how is it going on now?" said Venn in a whisper.

"Mr. Yeobright is better; but Mrs. Yeobright and Mr. Wildeve are dead and cold. The doctor says they were quite gone before they were out of the water."

"Ah! I thought as much when I hauled 'em up. And Mrs. Wildeve?"

"She is as well as can be expected. The doctor had her put between blankets, for she was almost as wet as they that had been in the river, poor young thing. You don't seem very dry, reddleman."

"O, 't is not much. I have changed my things. This is only a little dampness I 've got coming through the rain again."

"Stand by the fire. Mis'ess says you be to have whatever you want, and she was sorry when she was told that you 'd gone away."

Venn drew near to the fireplace, and looked into the flames in an absent mood. The steam came from his leggings and ascended the chimney with the smoke, while he thought of those who were upstairs. Two were corpses, one had barely escaped the jaws of death, another was sick and a widow. The last occasion on which he had lingered by that fireplace was when the raffle was in progress; when Wildeve was alive and well; Thomasin active and smiling in the next room; Yeobright and Eustacia just made husband and wife, and Mrs. Yeobright living at Blooms-End. It had seemed at that time that the then position of affairs was good for at least twenty years to come. Yet, of all the circle, he himself was the only one whose situation had not materially changed.

While he ruminated a footstep descended the stairs. It was the nurse, who brought in her hand a rolled mass of wet paper. The woman was so engrossed with her occupation that she hardly saw Venn. She took from a cupboard some pieces of twine, which she strained across the fireplace, tying the end of each piece to the firedog, previously pulled forward for the purpose, and, unrolling the wet papers, she began pinning them one by one to the strings in a manner of clothes on a line.

"What be they?" said Venn.

"Poor master's bank-notes," she answered. "They were found in his pocket when they undressed him."

"Then he was not coming back again for some time?" said Venn.

"That we shall never know," said she.

Venn was loath to depart, for all on earth that interested him lay under this roof. As nobody in the house had any more sleep that night, except the two who slept forever, there was no reason why he should not remain. So he retired into the niche of the fireplace where he had used to sit, and there he continued, watching the steam from the double row of bank-notes as they waved backwards and forwards in the draft of the chimney till their flaccidity was changed to dry crispness throughout. Then the woman came and unpinned them, and, folding them together, carried the handful upstairs. Presently the doctor appeared from above with the look of a man who could do no more, and, pulling on his gloves, went out of the house, the trotting of his horse soon dying away upon the road.

At four o'clock there was a gentle knock at the door. It was from Charley, who had been sent by Captain Vye to inquire if anything had been heard of Eustacia. The girl who admitted him looked in his face as if she did not know what answer to return, and showed him in to where Venn was seated, saying to the reddleman, " Will you tell him, please ? "

Venn told. Charley's only utterance was a feeble, indistinct sound. He stood quite still; then he burst out spasmodically, " I shall see her once more ? "

" I dare say you may see her," said Diggory gravely. " But had n't you better run and tell Captain Vye ? "

" Yes, yes. Only I do hope I shall see her just once again."

" You shall," said a low voice behind; and starting round, they beheld by the dim light a thin, pallid, almost spectral form, wrapped in a blanket, and looking like Lazarus coming from the tomb.

It was Yeobright. Neither Venn nor Charley spoke, and Clym continued: " You shall see her. There will be time enough to tell the captain when it gets daylight. You would like to see her too — would you not, Diggory ? She looks very beautiful now."

Venn assented by rising to his feet, and with Charley he followed Clym to the foot of the staircase, where he took off his boots; Charley did the same. They followed Yeobright upstairs to the landing, where there was a candle burning, which Yeobright took in his hand, and with it led the way into an adjoining room. Here he went to the bedside and folded back the sheet.

They stood silently looking upon Eustacia, who, as she lay there still in death, eclipsed all her living phases. Pallor did not include all the quality of her complexion, which seemed more than whiteness; it was almost light. The expression of her finely carved mouth was pleasant, as if a sense of dignity had just compelled her to leave off speaking. Eternal rigidity had seized upon it in a momentary transition between fervor and resignation. Her black hair was looser now than either of them had ever seen it before, and surrounded her brow like a forest. The stateliness of look which had been almost too marked for a dweller in a country domicile had at last found an artistically happy background.

Nobody spoke, till at length Clym covered her and turned aside. " Now come here," he said.

They went to a recess in the same room, and there, on a smaller bed, lay another figure — Wildeve. Less repose was visible in his face than in Eustacia's, but the same luminous youthfulness overspread it, and the least sympathetic observer would have felt at sight of him now that he was born for a higher destiny than this. The only sign upon him of his recent struggle for life was in his finger-tips, which were worn and scarified in his dying endeavors to obtain a hold on the face of the weir-wall.

Yeobright's manner had been so quiet, he had uttered so few syllables since his reappearance, that Venn imagined him resigned. It was only when they had left the room and stood upon the landing that the true state of his mind was apparent. Here he said, with a wild smile, inclining his head towards the chamber in which Eustacia lay, "She is the second woman I have killed this year. I was a great cause of my mother's death; and I am the chief cause of hers."

"How?" said Venn.

"I spoke cruel words to her, and she left my house. I did not invite her back till it was too late. It is I who ought to have drowned myself. It would have been a charity to the living had the river overwhelmed me and borne her up. But I cannot die. Those who ought to have lived lie dead; and here am I alive!"

"But you can't charge yourself with crimes in that way," said Venn. "You may as well say that the parents be the cause of a murder by the child, for without the parents the child would never have been begot."

"Yes, Venn, that is very true; but you don't know all the circumstances. If it had pleased God to put an end to me it would have been a good thing for all. But I am getting used to the horror of my existence. They say that a time comes when men laugh at misery through long acquaintance with it. Surely that time will soon come to me!"

"Your aim has always been good," said Venn. "Why should you say such desperate things?"

"No, they are not desperate. They are only hopeless; and my great regret is that for what I have done no man or law can punish me!"

TESS AND THE DAIRYMAIDS.

(From "Tess of the D'Urbervilles.")

ON a thyme-scented, bird-singing morning in May, between two and three years after the return from Trantridge — two silent reconstructive years for Tess Durbeyfield — she left her home for the second time.

Having packed up her luggage so that it could be sent to her later, she started in a hired trap for the little town of Stourcastle, through which it was necessary to pass on her journey, now in a direction almost opposite to that of her first adventuring. On the curve of the nearest hill she looked back regretfully at Marlott and her father's house, although she had been so anxious to get away.

Her kindred dwelling there would probably continue their daily lives as heretofore, with no great diminution of pleasure in their consciousness, although she would be far off, and they deprived of her smile. In a few days the children would engage in their games as merrily as ever, without the sense of any gap left by her departure. This leaving of the younger children she had decided was for the best; were she to remain they would probably gain less good by her precepts than harm by her example.

She went through Stourcastle without pausing, and onward to a junction of highways, where she could await a carrier's van that ran to the southwest; for the railways which engirdled this interior tract of country had never yet struck across it. While waiting, however, there came along a farmer in his spring cart, driving approximately in the direction that she wished to pursue; though he was a stranger to her she accepted his offer of a seat beside him, ignoring that its motive was a mere tribute to her countenance. He was going to Weatherbury, and by accompanying him thither she could walk the remainder of the distance instead of travelling in the van by way of Casterbridge.

Tess did not stop at Weatherbury, after this long drive, further than to make a slight nondescript meal at noon at a cottage to which the farmer recommended her. Thence she started on foot, basket in hand, to reach the wide upland of heath dividing this district from the low-lying meads of a farther valley in which the dairy stood that was the aim and end of her day's pilgrimage.

Tess had never before visited this part of the country, and yet she felt akin to the landscape. Not so very far to the left of her she could discern a dark patch in the scenery, which inquiry confirmed her in supposing to be trees, marking the environs of Kingsbere — in the church of which parish the bones of her ancestors — her useless ancestors — lay entombed.

She had no admiration for them now; she almost hated them for the dance they had led her; not a thing of all that had been theirs did she retain but the old seal and spoon.

"Pooh — I have as much of mother as father in me!" she said. "All my prettiness comes from her, and she was only a dairymaid."

The journey over the intervening uplands and lowlands of Egdon, when she reached them, was a more troublesome walk than she had anticipated, the distance being actually but a few miles. In two hours, after sundry wrong turnings, she found herself on a summit commanding the long-sought-for vale, the valley of the Great Dairies, the valley in which milk and butter grew to rankness, and were produced more profusely, if less delicately, than at her home — the verdant plain so well watered by the river Var or Froom.

It was intrinsically different from the Vale of Little Dairies, Blackmoor Vale, which, save during her disastrous sojourn at Trantridge, she had exclusively known till now. The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes hereabout; there only families. These myriads of cows stretching under her eyes from the far east to the far west outnumbered any she had ever seen at one glance before. The green lea was speckled as thickly with them as a canvas by Van Alsloot or Sallaert with burghers. The ripe hue of the red and dun kine absorbed the evening sunlight, which the white-coated animals returned to the eye in rays almost dazzling, even at the distant elevation on which she stood.

The bird's-eye perspective before her was not so luxuriantly beautiful, perhaps, as that other one which she knew so well; yet it was more cheering. It lacked the intensely blue atmosphere of the rival vale, and its heavy soils and scents; the new air was clearer, more ethereal, buoyant, bracing. The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. Those were slow, silent, tinged, flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The Froom waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long. There the water-flower was the lily; the crowfoot here.

Either the change in the quality of the air from heavy to light, or the sense of being amid new scenes where there were no invidious eyes upon her, sent up her spirits wonderfully. Her hopes mingled with the sunshine in an ideal photosphere which surrounded her as she bounded along against the soft south wind. She heard a pleasant voice in every breeze, and in every bird's note seemed to lurk a joy.

Her face had latterly changed with changing states of mind. It might have been said to be continually fluctuating between beauty and ordinariness, according as the thoughts were gay or grave. One day she was pink and flawless; another she was pale and tragical. When she was pink she was feeling less than when she was pale; her more perfect beauty accorded with her less elevated mood; her more intense mood with her less perfect beauty. It was her best face, physically, that was now set against the south wind.

The irresistible, universal, automatic tendency to find enjoyment, which pervades all life, from the meanest to the highest, had at length mastered her, no longer counteracted by external pressures. Being even now only a young and immature woman, one who mentally and sentimentally had not finished growing, it was impossible that any event should have left upon Tess an impression that was not at least capable of transmutation.

And thus her spirits and her thankfulness and her hopes rose higher and higher. She tried several ballads, but found them inadequate; till, recollecting the book that her eyes had so often wandered over of a Sunday morning before she had eaten of the tree of knowledge, she hummed, "O ye Sun and Moon; O ye Stars; ye Green Things upon the Earth; ye Fowls of the Air; Beasts and Cattle; O all ye Children of Men; bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

She suddenly stopped and murmured, "But perhaps I don't quite know the Lord as yet."

And probably the half-unconscious rhapsody was a Pantheistic utterance in a Monotheistic falsetto; women, whose chief companions are the forms and forces of outdoor Nature, retain in their souls far more of the Pagan instincts of their remoter forefathers than of the systematized religions taught their race at later date. However, Tess found at least approximate expression for her feelings in the old *Benedicite* that she had lisped from infancy; and it was enough. Such high contentment with such a slight and initial performance as that of having started towards a means of independent living was a part of the Durbeyfield temperament. Tess really wished to walk uprightly; to seek out whatsoever things were true and honest, and of good report, while her father did nothing of the kind; but she resembled him with being content with immediate and small achievements, and in having no mind for laborious effort towards such petty monetary and social advancement as could alone be effected by a family so heavily handicapped as the once knightly D'Urbervilles were now.

There was, of course, the energy of her mother's unexpended family, as well as the natural energy of Tess's years and frame, rekindled after the experience which had so overwhelmed her for the time. Let the truth be told — women do as a rule live through such humiliations, and regain their spirits, and again look about them with an interested eye. While there 's life there 's hope, is a conviction not so entirely unknown to the "deceived" as some amiable theorists would have us believe.

Tess Durbeyfield, in good heart, and full of zest for life, descended the Egdon slopes lower and lower towards the dairy of her pilgrimage.

The marked difference, in the final particular, between the rival vales now showed itself. The secret of Blackmoor was best discovered from the heights around; to read aright the valley before her it was absolutely necessary to descend into its midst. When Tess had accomplished this feat she found herself to be standing on a carpeted level, which stretched to the east and west as far as the eye could reach.

The river had stolen from the higher tracts and brought in particles to the vale all this horizontal land; and now, exhausted, aged, and attenuated, lay serpentining along through the midst of its former spoils.

Not quite sure of her direction, Tess stood still upon the hemmed expanse of verdant flatness, like a fly on a billiard-table of indefinite length, and of no more consequence to the situation than that fly. The sole effect of her presence upon the placid valley so far had been to excite the mind of a solitary heron, which, after descending to the ground not far from her path, stood, with neck erect, looking at her.

But suddenly there arose from all parts of the lowland a prolonged and repeated call —

"Waow! waow! waow!"

From the farthest east to the farthest west the cries spread as if by contagion, accompanied in some cases by the barking of a dog. It was not the expression of the valley's consciousness that beautiful Tess had arrived, but the ordinary announcement of milking-time — half-past four o'clock, when the dairymen set about getting in the cows.

The red and white herd nearest at hand, which had been phlegmatically waiting for the call, now trooped towards the steading in the background, their great bags of milk swinging under them as they walked. Tess followed slowly in their rear, and entered the barton by the open gate through which they had entered before her. Long, thatched sheds stretched round the enclosure, their slopes encrusted with vivid green moss, and their eaves supported by wooden posts rubbed to a glassy smoothness by the flanks of infinite cows and calves of bygone years, now passed to an oblivion almost inconceivable in its profundity. Between the posts were ranged the milkers, each exhibiting herself at the present moment to an eye in the rear as a circle on two stalks, down the centre of which a switch moved pendulum-wise; while the sun, lowering itself behind this patient row, threw their shadows accurately inwards upon the wall. There and thus it threw shadows of these obscure and unstudied figures every evening with as much care over each contour as if it had been the profile of a Court beauty on a palace wall; copied them as diligently as it had copied Olympian shapes on marble façades long ago, or the outlines of Alexander, Cæsar, and the Pharaohs.

They were the less restful cows that were stalled. Those that would stand still of their own free will were milked in the middle of the yard, where many of such better-behaved ones stood waiting now — all prime milchers, such as were seldom seen out of this valley, and not always within it; nourished by the succulent feed which the water-meads supplied at this prime season of the year. Those of them that were spotted with white reflected the sunshine in dazzling brilliancy, and the polished brass knobs on their horns glittered with something of military display. Their large-veined udders hung ponderous as sand-bags, the teats sticking out like the legs of a gypsy's crock; and, as each animal lingered for her turn to arrive, the milk fell in drops to the ground.

The dairymaids and men had flocked down from their cottages and out of the dairy-house with the arrival of the cows from the meads; the maids walking in pattens, not on account of the weather, but to keep their shoes above the mulch of the barton. Each girl sat down on her three-legged stool, her face sideways, her right cheek resting against the cow, and looked musingly along the animal's flank at Tess as she approached. The male milkers, with hat-brims turned down, resting on their foreheads and gazing on the ground, did not observe her.

One of these was a sturdy middle-aged man — whose long white "pinner" was somewhat finer and cleaner than the wraps of the others, and whose jacket underneath had a presentable marketing aspect — the master-dairyman, of whom she was in quest, his double character as a working milker and butter-maker here during six days, and on the seventh as a man in shining broadcloth in his family pew at church, being so marked as to have inspired a rhyme:

Dairyman Dick
All the week —
On Sundays Mr. Richard Crick.

Seeing Tess standing at gaze, he went across to her.

The majority of dairymen have a cross manner at milking-time, but it happened that Mr. Crick was glad to get a new hand — for the days were busy ones now — and he received her warmly; inquiring for her mother and the rest of the family (though this as a matter of form mainly, for he really had quite forgotten Mrs. Durbeyfield's existence till reminded of the fact by her daughter's letter).

"O — ay, as a lad I knowed your mother very well," he said, terminatively. "And I heard of her marriage, though I 've never heard of her since. And a aged woman of ninety that used to live nigh here, but is dead and gone long ago, once told me that the family yer mother married into in Blackmoor Vale came originally from these parts, and that 't were a old ancient race that had all but perished off the earth — though the new generations did n't know it. But, Lord, I took no notice of the old woman's ramblings, not I."

"Oh no — it is nothing," said Tess.

Then the talk was of business only.

"You can milk 'em clean, my maidy? I don't want my cows going azew at this time o' year."

She reassured him on that point, and he surveyed her up and down. She had been staying indoors since the autumn, and her complexion had grown delicate.

"Quite sure you can stand it? 'T is comfortable enough here for rough folk; but we don't live in a cowcumber frame."

She declared that she could stand it, and her zest and willingness seemed to win him over.

"Well, I suppose you 'll want a dish o' tay, or victuals of some sort, hey? Not yet? Well, do as you like about it. But faith, if 't was I, I should be as dry as a kex wi' travelling so far."

"I 'll begin milking now, to get my hand in," said Tess.

She drank a little milk as temporary refreshment, to the surprise — indeed, slight contempt — of Dairyman Crick, to whose mind it had apparently never occurred that milk was good as a beverage. "Oh, if ye can swaller that, be it so," he said, indifferently, while holding up the pail that she sipped from. "'T is what I hain't touched for years — not I. Rot the stuff; it would lie in my innerds like lead. You can try your hand upon she," he pursued, nodding to the nearest cow. "Not but what she do milk rather hard. We 've hard ones and we 've easy ones, like other folks. However, you 'll find out that soon enough."

When Tess had changed her bonnet for a hood, and was really on her stool under the cow, and the milk was squirting from her fists into the pail, she appeared to feel that she really had laid a new foundation for her future. The conviction bred serenity, her pulse slowed, and she was able to look about her.

The milkers formed quite a little battalion of men and maids, the men operating on the hard-teated animals, the maids on the kindlier natures. It was a large dairy. There were more than a hundred milchers under Crick's management, all told; and of the herd the master-dairyman milked six or eight with his own hands, unless away from home. These were the cows that milked hardest of all; for his journey-milkmen being more or less casually hired, he would not entrust this half-dozen to their treatment, lest, from indifference, they should not milk them clean; nor to the maids, lest they should fail in the same way for lack of finger-grip; with the result that in course of time the cows would "go azew" — that is, dry up. It was not the loss for the moment that made slack milking so serious, but that with the decline of demand there came decline, and ultimately cessation, of supply.

After Tess had settled down to her cow there was for a time no talk in the barton, and not a sound interfered with the purr of the milk-jets into the numerous pails, except a momentary exclamation to one or other of the beasts requesting her to turn round or stand still. The only movements were those of the milkers' hands up and down and the swing of the cows' tails. Thus they all worked on, encompassed by the vast flat mead which extended to either slope of the valley — a level landscape compounded of old landscapes long forgotten, and, no doubt, differing in character very greatly from the landscape they composed now.

"To my thinking," said the dairyman, rising suddenly from a cow he had just finished off, and, snatching up his three-legged stool in one hand and the pail in the other, moving on to the next hard-yielder in his vicinity; "to my thinking, the cows don't gie down their milk to-day as usual. Upon my life, if Winker do begin keeping back like this, she 'll not be worth going under by midsummer!"

"'T is because there 's a new hand come among us," said Jonathan Kail. "I 've noticed such things afore."

"To be sure. It may be so. I did n't think o' 't."

"I 've been told that it goes up into their horns at such times," said a dairymaid.

"Well, as to going up into their horns," replied Dairyman Crick, dubiously, as though even witchcraft might be limited by anatomical possibilities, "I could n't say; I certainly could not. But as nott cows will keep it back as well as the horned ones, I don't quite agree to it. Do ye know that riddle about the nott cows, Jonathan? Why do nott cows give less milk in a year than horned?"

"I don't!" interposed the milkmaid. "Why do they?"

"Because there bain't so many of 'em," said the dairyman. "Howsomever, these gam'sters do certainly keep back their milk to-day. Folks, we must lift up a stave or two — that 's the only cure for 't."

Songs were often resorted to in dairies hereabout as an enticement to the cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield; and the band of milkers at this request burst into melody — in purely business-like tones, it is true, and with no great spontaneity; the result, according to their own belief, being a decided improvement during the song's continuance. When they had gone through fourteen or fifteen verses of a cheerful ballad about a murderer who was afraid to go to bed in the dark because he saw certain brimstone flames around him, one of the male milkers said: "I wish singing on the stoop did n't use up so much of a man's wind! You should get your harp, sir; not but what a fiddle is best."

Tess, who had given ear to this, thought the words were addressed to the dairyman, but she was wrong. A reply, in the shape of "Why?" came, as it were, out of the belly of a dun cow in the stalls; it had been spoken by a milker behind the animal, whom she had not hitherto perceived.

"Oh yes; there 's nothing like a fiddle," said the dairyman. "Though I do think that bulls are more moved by a tune than cows — at least, that 's my experience. Once there was a old man over at Mellstock — William Dewy by name — one of the family that used to do a good deal of business as tranters over there, Jonathan, do ye mind? — I knowed the man by sight as well as I know my own brother, in a manner of speaking. Well, this man was a-coming home along from a wedding where he had been playing his fiddle, one fine moonlight night, and for shortness' sake he took a cut across Forty-acres, a field lying that way, where a bull was out to grass. The bull seed William and took after him, horns aground, begad; and though William runned his best, and had n't much drink in him (considering 't was a wedding, and the folks well off), he found he 'd never reach the fence and get over in time to save himself. Well, as a last thought, he pulled out his fiddle as he runned, and struck up a jig, turning to the bull as he played, and backing towards the corner. The bull softened down, and stood still, looking hard at William Dewy, who fiddled on and on; till a sort of a smile stole over the bull's face. But no sooner did William stop his playing and turn to get over hedge, than the bull would stop his smiling, and lower his horns and step forrard. Well, William had to turn about and play on, willy-nilly; and 't was only three o'clock in the world and 'a knowed that nobody would come that way for hours, and he so leery and tired that 'a did n't know what to do. When he 'd scraped till about four o'clock he felt that he verily would have to give over soon, and he said to himself, 'There 's only this last tune between me and eternal welfare. Heaven save me, or I 'm a done man.' Well, then he called to mind how he 'd seed the cattle kneel o' Christmas Eves in the dead o' the night. It was not Christmas Eve then, but it came into his head to play a trick upon the bull. So he broke into the 'Tivity Hymn, just as at Christmas carol-singing; when, lo and behold, down went the bull on his bended knees, in his ignorance, just as if 't were the true 'Tivity night and hour. As soon as his horned friend were down, William turned, clinked off like a long-dog, and jumped safe over hedge, before the praying bull had got on his feet again to take after him. William used to say that he 'd seen a man look a fool a good many times, but never such a fool as that bull looked when he found his pious feelings had been played upon, and 't was not Christmas Eve — Yes, William Dewy, that was the man's name; and I can tell ye to a foot where he 's a-lying in Mellstock Churchyard at this very moment — just between the second yew-tree and the north aisle."

"It 's a curious story; it carries us back to mediæval times, when faith was a living thing." The remark, singular for a dairy-yard, was murmured by the voice behind the dun cow; but as nobody understood the reference no notice was taken, except that the narrator seemed to think it might imply scepticism as to his tale.

"Well, 't is quite true, sir, whether or no. I knowed the man well."

"Oh yes; I have no doubt of it," said the person behind the dun cow.

Tess's attention was thus attracted to the dairyman's interlocutor, of whom she could see but the merest patch, owing to his burying his head so persistently in the flank of the milcher. She could not understand why he should be addressed as "Sir" even by the dairyman himself. But no explanation was discernible; he remained under the dun cow long enough to have milked three, uttering a private ejaculation now and then, as if he could not get on.

"Take it gentle, sir; take it gentle," said the dairyman. "'T is knack, not strength, that does it."

"So I find," said the other, standing up at last and stretching his arms. "I think I have finished her, however, though she made my fingers ache."

Tess could then see him at full length. He wore the ordinary white pinner and leather leggings of a dairy-farmer when milking, and his boots were clogged with the mulch of the yard; but this was all his local livery. Beneath it was something educated, reserved, subtle, sad, differing.

But the details of his corporeal aspect she could not readily observe, so much was her mind arrested by the discovery that he was one whom she had seen before. Such vicissitudes had Tess passed through since that time that for a moment she could not remember where she had seen him; and then it flashed upon her that he was the pedestrian who had joined in the club-dance at Marlott — the passing stranger who had come she knew not whence, had danced with others but not with her, had slightingly left her and gone on his way with his friends.

The flood of memories brought back by this revival of an incident dating from a time anterior to her troubles produced a momentary dismay lest, recognizing her also, he should by some means discover her story. But it passed away when she found no sign of remembrance in him. She saw by degrees that since their first and only encounter his mobile face had grown more thoughtful, and had acquired a young man's shapely mustache and beard — the latter of the palest straw-color where it began upon his cheeks, and deepening to a warm brown farther from its root. Under his milking-pinner and leggings he wore a dark velveteen jacket, woollen trousers, and a starched white shirt. Without the milking-gear, nobody could have guessed what he was. He might with equal probability have been an eccentric landowner or a gentlemanly ploughman. That he was but a novice at dairy-work she had realized in a moment, from the time he had spent upon the milking of one cow.

Meanwhile, many of the milkmaids had said to one another, "How pretty she is!" with something of real generosity and admiration, though with a half hope that the auditors would deny the assertion — which, strictly speaking, they might have done, prettiness being but an inexact definition of what struck the eye in Tess. When the milking was finished for the evening they straggled indoors, where Mrs. Crick, the dairyman's wife — who was too respectable to go out milking herself, and wore a hot stuff gown in warm weather because the dairymaids wore prints — was giving an eye to the leads and things. Only two or three of the maids, Tess learnt, slept in the dairy-house besides herself, most of the helpers going to their homes. She saw nothing at supper-time of the superior milker who had commented on the story, and asked no questions about him, the remainder of the evening being occupied in arranging her place in the bed-chamber. It was a large room over the milk-house, some thirty feet long; the sleeping cots of the other three indoor milkmaids being in the same apartment. They were blooming young women, and, except one, rather older than herself. By bedtime Tess was thoroughly tired, and fell asleep immediately.

But one of the girls who occupied an adjoining bed was more wakeful than Tess, and would insist upon relating to the latter various particulars of the homestead into which she had just entered. The girl's whispered words mingled with the shades, and, to Tess's drowsy mind, they seemed to be generated by the darkness in which they floated.

"Mr. Angel Clare — he that is learning milking, and that plays the harp — never says much to us. He is a pa'son's son, and is too much taken up wi' his own thoughts to notice girls. He is the dairyman's pupil — learning farming in all its branches. He has learnt sheep-farming at another place, and he 's now mastering dairy-work. . . . Yes, he is quite the gentleman-born. His father is the Reverent Mr. Clare at Emminster — a good many miles from here."

"O — I have heard of him," said her companion, now awake. "A very earnest clergyman, is he not?"

"Yes, that he is — the earnestest man in all Wessex, they say — the last of the old Low Church sort, they tell me — for all about here be what they call High. All his sons, except our Mr. Clare, be made pa'sons too."

Tess had not at this hour the curiosity to ask why the present Mr. Clare was not made a parson like his brethren, and gradually fell asleep again, the words of her informant coming to her along with the smell of the cheeses in the adjoining cheese-loft, and the dripping of the whey from the wrings downstairs.

TESS AND ANGEL CLARE.

(From "Tess of the D' Urbervilles.")

THE season developed and matured. Another year's instalment of flowers, leaves, nightingales, thrushes, finches, and other creatures, took up their positions where only a year ago others had stood in their place, and they were nothing more than germs and inorganic particles. Rays straight from the sunrise drew forth the buds and stretched them into long stalks, lifted up sap in noiseless streams, opened petals, and brought out scents in invisible jets and breathings.

Dairyman Crick's household of maids and men lived on comfortably, placidly, even merrily. Their position was perhaps the happiest of all positions in the social scale, that is to say, above the line at which neediness ends, and below the line at which the *convenances* begin to cramp natural feeling, and the stress of threadbare modishness makes too little of enough.

Thus passed the leafy time, when arborescence seems to be the one thing aimed at out-of-doors. Tess and Clare unconsciously studied each other, ever balanced on the edge of a passion, yet apparently keeping out of it. All the while they were none the less converging, under the force of irresistible law, as surely as two streams in one vale.

Tess had never in her recent life been so generally happy as she was now, probably never would be so happy again. She was, for one thing, physically and socially at ease among these new surroundings. The sapling which had rooted down to a poisonous stratum on the spot of its sowing had been transplanted to a deeper soil. Moreover she, and Clare also, stood as yet on the debatable land between predilection and love, where no profundities have been reached, no reflections have set in, awkwardly inquiring, "Whither does this new current tend to carry me? what does it mean to my future? how does it stand towards my past?"

Tess was the merest ideal phenomenon to Angel Clare as yet — a rosy, warming apparition, which had hardly acquired the attribute of persistence in his consciousness. So he allowed his mind to be occupied with her, yet would not own his preoccupation to be more than a philosopher's regard of an exceedingly novel, fresh, and interesting specimen of womankind.

They met continually; they could not help it. They met daily in that strange and solemn interval of time, the twilight of the morning, in the violet or pink dawn; for it was necessary to rise early, so very early, here. Milking was done betimes; and before the milking came the skimming, which began at a little past three. It usually fell to the lot of some one or other of them to wake the rest, the first one being aroused by an alarm-clock; and as Tess was the latest arrival, and they soon discovered that she could be depended upon not to sleep through the alarm as the others did, this task was thrust most frequently upon her. No sooner had the hour of three struck and whizzed than she left her room and ran to the dairyman's door; then up the ladder to Angel's, calling him in a loud whisper; then woke her fellow-milkmaids. By the time that Tess was dressed, Clare was downstairs and out in the humid air; the remaining maids and dairymen usually gave themselves another turn on the pillow, and did not appear till a quarter of an hour later.

The gray half-tones of daybreak are not the gray half-tones of the day's close, though the degree of their shade may be the same. In the twilight of the morning light seems active, darkness passive; in the twilight of evening it is the darkness which is active and crescent, and the light which is the drowsy reverse.

Being so often — possibly not always by chance — the first two persons to get up at the dairy-house, they seemed to themselves the first persons up of all the world. In these early days of her residence here Tess did not skim, but went out-of-doors at once after rising, where he was generally awaiting her. The spectral, half-compounded, aqueous light which pervaded the open mead impressed them with a feeling of isolation, as if they were Adam and Eve. At this dim, inceptive stage of the day, Tess seemed to Clare to exhibit a dignified largeness, both of disposition and physique, and almost regnant power — possibly because he knew that at that preternatural time hardly any woman so well endowed in person as she was likely to be walking in the open air within the boundaries of his horizon; very few in all England. Fair women are usually asleep at midsummer dawns. She was close at hand, and the rest were nowhere.

The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay often made him think of the Resurrection hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side. Whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade, his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the northeast; his own face, though he did not think of it, wore the same aspect to her.

It was then, as has been said, that she impressed him most deeply. She was no longer the milkmaid, but a visionary essence of woman — a whole sex, condensed into one typical form. He called her Artemis, Demeter, and other fanciful names, half-teasingly, which she did not like because she did not understand them.

"Call me Tess," she would say, askance; and he did.

Then it would grow lighter, and her features would become simply feminine; they had changed from those of a divinity who could confer bliss to those of a being who craved it.

At these non-human hours they could get quite close to the water-fowl. Herons came, with a great bold noise as of opening doors and shutters, out of the boughs of a plantation which they frequented at the side of the mead; or, if already on the spot, maintained their standing in the water as the pair walked by, merely watching them by moving their heads round in a slow, horizontal, passionless wheel, like the turn of puppets by clockwork.

They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, woolly, level, and apparently no thicker than counterpanes, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent. On the gray moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night — dark islands of dry herbage the size of their carcasses in the general sea of dew. From each island proceeded a serpentine trail, by which the cow had rambled away to feed after getting up, at the end of which trail they found her; the snoring breath from her nostrils, when she recognized them, making an intenser little fog of her own amid the prevailing one. Then they drove the animals back to the barton, or sat down to milk them on the spot, as the case might require.

Or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay like a white sea, out of which the scattered trees rose like dangerous rocks. Birds would rise through it into the upper radiance, and hang on the wing sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing the meads, which now shone like glass rods. Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung, too, upon Tess's eyelashes, and drops upon her hair like seed pearls. When the day grew quite strong and commonplace these dried off her; moreover, Tess then lost her isolated and ethereal beauty, and was again the dazzlingly fairy dairymaid only, who had to hold her own against the other women of the world.

About this time they would hear Dairyman Crick's voice, lecturing the non-resident milkers for arriving late, and speaking sharply to old Deborah Fyander for not washing her hands.

"For Heaven's sake, pop thy hands under the pump, Deb! Upon my soul, if the London folk only knowed of thee and thy slovenly ways, they 'd swaller their milk and butter more mincing than they do a'ready; and that 's saying a good deal."

The milking progressed till, towards the end, Tess and Clare, in common with the rest, could hear the heavy breakfast-table dragged out from the wall in the kitchen by Mrs. Crick, this being the invariable preliminary to each meal; the same horrible scrape accompanying its return journey when the table had been cleared.

Amid the oozing fatness and warm ferments of the Var Vale, at a season when the rush of juices could almost be heard below the hiss of fertilization, it was impossible that the most fanciful love should not grow passionate. The ready hearts existing there were impregnated by their surroundings.

July passed over their heads, and the Thermidorean weather which came in its wake seemed an effort on the part of Nature to match the state of hearts at Talbothays Dairy. The air of the place, so fresh in the spring and early summer, was stagnant and enervating now. Its heavy scents weighed upon them, and at midday the landscape seemed lying in a swoon. Ethiopic scorchings browned the upper slopes of the pastures, but there was still bright green herbage here where the water-courses purled. And as Clare was oppressed by the outward heats, so was he burdened inwardly by a waxing fervor of passion for the soft and silent Tess.

The rains having passed, the uplands were dry. The wheels of the dairyman's spring cart, as he sped home from market, licked up the pulverized surface of the highway, and were followed by white ribands of dust, as if they had set a thin powder-train on fire. The cows jumped wildly over the five-barred barton-gate, maddened by the gadfly; Dairyman Crick kept his shirt-sleeves permanently rolled up past his elbows from Monday till Saturday; open windows produced no effect in ventilation without open doors, and in the dairy-garden the blackbirds and thrushes crept about under the currant-bushes, rather in the manner of quadrupeds than of winged creatures. The flies in the kitchen were lazy, teasing, and familiar, crawling about in unwonted places, on the floor, into drawers, and over the backs of the milkmaids' hands. Conversations were concerning sunstroke, while butter-making, and still more, butter-keeping, was a despair.

They milked entirely in the meads for coolness and convenience, without driving in the cows. During the day the animals obsequiously followed the shadow of the smallest tree at hand, as it moved round the stem with the diurnal roll; and when the milkers came they could hardly stand still for the flies.

On one of these afternoons four or five unmilked cows chanced to stand apart from the general herd, behind the corner of a hedge, among them being Dumpling and Old Pretty, who loved Tess's hands above those of any other maid. When she rose from her stool under a finished cow, Angel Clare, who had been musingly observing her for some time as she milked, asked her if she would take the aforesaid creatures next. She silently assented, and with her stool at arm's length, and the pail against her knee, she went round to where they stood. Soon the sound of Old Pretty's milk fizzing into the pail came through the hedge, and then Angel felt inclined to go round the corner also, to finish off a hard-yielding milcher who had strayed there, he being now as capable of this as the dairyman himself.

All the men, and some of the women, when milking, dug their foreheads into the cows and gazed into the pail. But a few — mainly the younger ones — rested their heads sideways. This was Tess Durbeyfield's habit, her temple pressing the milcher's flank, her eyes fixed on the far end of the meadow with the gaze of one lost in meditation. She was milking Old Pretty thus, and the sun chancing to be on the milking side, it shone flat upon her pink-gowned form, and her white curtain-bonnet, and upon her profile, rendering it dazzlingly keen, as a cameo cut from the dun background of the cow.

She did not know that Clare had followed her round, and that he sat under his cow watching her. The absolute stillness of her head and features was remarkable; she might have been in a trance, her eyes open, yet unseeing. Nothing in the picture moved but Old Pretty's tail and Tess's pink hands, the latter so gently as to be a rhythmic pulsation only, conveying the fancy that they were obeying a merely reflex stimulus, like a beating heart.

How very lovable her face was to him! There was nothing ethereal about it; all was real vitality, real warmth, real incarnation. Yet when all was thought and felt that could be thought and felt about her features in general, it was her mouth which turned out to be the magnetic pole thereof. Eyes almost as deep and speaking he had seen before, and cheeks perhaps as fair; brows as arched, a chin and throat almost as shapely; her mouth he had seen nothing at all to equal on the face of the earth. To a young man with the least fire in him, that little upward lift in the middle of her top lip was distracting, infatuating, maddening. He had never before seen a woman's lips and teeth which forced upon his mind, with such persistent iteration, the old Elizabethan simile of roses filled with snow. Perfect, he, as a lover, might have called them offhand. But no; they were not perfect. And it was the touch of the imperfect upon the intended perfect that gave the sweetness, because it was that which gave the humanity.

Clare had studied the curves of those lips so many hours that he could reproduce them mentally with comparative ease; and now, as they again confronted him, clothed with color and life, they sent an *aura* over his flesh, a cold breeze through his nerves, which wellnigh produced a qualm; and actually produced, by some mysterious physiological process, a prosaic sneeze.

She then became conscious that he was observing her; but she would not show it by any change of position, though the curious dream-like fixity disappeared, and a close eye might easily have discerned that the rosiness of her face slowly deepened, and then faded till only a tinge of it was left.

The stimulus that had passed into Clare like an annunciation from the sky did not lie down. Resolutions, reticences, prudences, fears, fell back like a defeated battalion. He jumped up from his seat, and, leaving his pail to be kicked over if the milcher had such a mind, went quickly towards the desire of his eyes, and, kneeling down beside her, clasped her in his arms.

Tess was taken completely by surprise, and she yielded to his embrace with unreflecting inevitableness. Having seen that it was really her lover who had advanced, and no one else, her lips parted, and she sank upon him in her momentary joy, with something very like an ecstatic cry.

He had been on the point of kissing that too tempting mouth of hers, but he checked himself, even for tender conscience' sake. "Forgive me, Tess dear," he whispered. "I ought to have asked. I — did not know what I was doing. I do not mean it as a liberty at all — I — am devoted to you, Tessie, dearest, with all my soul."

Old Pretty by this time had looked round, puzzled; and seeing two people crouching under her where, according to immemorial custom, there should have been only one, lifted her hind leg crossly.

"She is angry — she does n't know what we mean — she 'll kick over the milk!" exclaimed Tess, gently striving to free herself, her eyes concerned with the quadruped's actions, her heart more deeply concerned with herself and Clare.

"Let me lift you up — lean upon me."

He raised her from her seat, and they stood together, his arm still encircling her. Tess's eyes, fixed on distance, began to fill.

"Why do you cry, my darling?" he said.

"O — I don't know!" she murmured regretfully. As she saw and felt more clearly the position she was in, she became agitated, and tried to withdraw.

"Well, I have betrayed my feeling, Tess, at last," said he, with a curious sigh of desperation, signifying, unconsciously, that his heart had outrun his judgment. "That I love you dearly and truly I need not say. But I — it shall go no further now — it distresses you — I am as surprised as you are. You will not think I have presumed upon your defencelessness — been too quick and unreflecting, will you?"

"I don't know!"

He had reluctantly allowed her to free herself; and in a minute or two the milking of each was resumed. Nobody had beheld the unpremeditated gravitation of the two into one; and when the dairyman came round by that screened nook a few minutes later there was not a sign to reveal that the markedly sundered pair were more to each other than mere acquaintance. Yet, in the interval since Crick's last view of them, something had occurred which changed the pivot of the universe for their two natures — whilst it should last; something which, had he known its quality, the dairyman would have despised, as a practical man, yet which was based upon a more stubborn and resistless tendency than a whole heap of so-called practicalities. A veil had been whisked aside; the tract of each one's outlook was to have a new horizon thenceforward — for a short time or for a long.

AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT HARE.

Hare, Augustus John Cuthbert, an English traveller, the nephew of Julius C. and A. W. Hare; born in Rome, March 13, 1834. His father died early, and he was adopted by his uncle, Augustus William. He was educated at Harrow School, and at University College, Oxford. His first publication was "Epitaphs for Country Churchyards" (1856). Among his other publications are "A Winter in Mentone" (1861); "Walks in Rome" (1870); "Wanderings in Spain" and "Memorials of a Quiet Life" (1872); "Days Near Rome" (1874); "Cities of Northern and Central Italy" (1875); "The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen" (1879); "Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily" (1882); "Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia" and "Studies in Russia" (1885); "Paris" and "Days Near Paris" (1887); "Northeastern France," "Southeastern France," "Southwestern France" (1890); "Two Noble Lives" (1893); "Sussex" (1894); "The Gurneys of Earlham" and "Northwestern France" (1895).

The Ruins of Poblet.

(From "Wanderings in Spain.")

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguet IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Aragon were brought to be buried. As the long line of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time a conventual life. . . .

The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquesses and counts, less honored, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumors began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighboring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection. Nothing was taken away. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. . . .

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of while marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs.

The monuments remain, but, so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses, which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain. . . .

Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction.

THE TRUE IDEAL.

(From "Guesses at Truth.")

THE common notion of the Ideal, as exemplified more especially in the Painting of the last century, degrades it into a mere abstraction. It was assumed that to raise an object into an ideal, you must get rid of everything individual about it. Whereas the true ideal is the individual, purified and potentiated, the individual freed from everything that is not individual in it, with all its parts pervaded and animated and harmonized by the spirit of life which flows from the centre.

This blunder, however, ran cheek by jowl with another, much like a pair of mules dragging the mind of man to the palace of the Omnipotent Nonenity. For the purport of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," like that of its unacknowledged parent, and that of the numerous fry which sprang from it, was just the same — to maintain that we have no ideas; or, what amounts to the same thing, that our ideas are nothing more than abstractions, deificated by divers processes of the understanding. Thus flame, for instance, is an abstraction from coal, a rose from a clod of earth, life from food, thought from sense, God from the world, which itself is only a prior abstraction from Chaos.

There is no hope of arriving at Truth, until we have learnt to acknowledge that the creatures of Space and Time are, as it were, so many chambers of the prison house, in which the timeless, spaceless Ideals of the Eternal Mind are shut up, and that the utmost reach of Abstraction is, not to create, but to liberate, to give freedom and consciousness to that which existed potentially and in embryo before.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

Harney, William Wallace, an American journalist and poet, was born at Bloomington, Ind., June 20, 1831. He studied for a time at Louisville College, of which his father was for some years president. He afterwards studied law, and was graduated in 1855 at the law department of Louisville University. He taught school for some years in Louisville, and was the first principal of the high school in that city; after which he was for about two years Professor of Languages in the State University at Lexington. He afterward assisted his father for some years as co-editor of the Louisville "Democrat," of which he became editor-in-chief after his father's death. In 1869 he went to Florida to engage in orange-culture, and here he wrote a number of valuable papers on this branch of horticulture. In 1883 he became editor of "Bitter-Sweet" at Kissimee. His writings, especially his home sketches and fugitive verses, are very popular, not only in the South but throughout the United States.

Jimmy's Wooing.

The wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the west;
It stirred the green leaves out of the rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
With sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly — a cunning twain —
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout;
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Harris, Joel Chandler, an American journalist and novelist; born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848. In 1862 he began as an apprentice on a weekly paper. He soon began to contribute to the paper, and the proprietor encouraged him by lending him books. While in this place he heard the negro folk-lore which he has since given to the world. In 1877 he became connected with the Atlanta "Constitution;" editor-in-chief, 1890. He has published "Uncle Remus" (1880); "Nights with Uncle Remus" (1883); "Mingo and Other Sketches" (1884). A novel, "Azalia," appeared in the "Century" in 1887. His first works embody the negro stories and songs learned on the plantation. His more recent works include "Free Joe" (1887); "Daddy Jake the Runaway" (1889); "Life of Henry W. Grady," former editor of the "Constitution" (1890); "Balaam and His Master," short stories (1891); "On the Plantation" (1892); "Uncle Remus and His Friends" (1892); "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," folk-lore (1894); "Mr. Rabbit at Home" (1895); "Sister Jane" (1897).

How Brother Rabbit Frightened his Neighbors.[1]

(From "Nights with Uncle Remus.")

When Uncle Remus was in good humor he turned the most trifling incidents into excuses for amusing the little boy with his stories. One night while he was hunting for a piece of candle on the shelf that took the place of a mantel over the fireplace, he knocked down a tin plate. It fell upon the hearth with a tremendous clatter.

"Dar now!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Hit 's a blessin' dat dat ar platter is got mo' backbone dan de common run er crockery, 'kaze 't would er bin bust all ter flinderations long time ago. Dat ar platter is got dents on it w'at Miss Sally put dar w'en she 'uz a little bit er gal. Yet dar 't is, en right dis minnit hit 'll hol' mo' vittles dan w'at I got ter put in it.

---

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"I lay," the old man continued, leaning his hand against the chimney and gazing at the little boy reflectively, — "I lay ef de creeturs had a bin yer w'iles all dat clatterment gwine on dey 'd a lef' bidout tellin' anybody good-bye. All 'ceppin' Brer Rabbit. Bless yo' soul, he 'd er stayed fer ter see de fun, des lak he did dat t'er time w'en he skeer um all so. I 'speck I done tole you 'bout dat."

"When he got the honey on him and rolled in the leaves?"

Uncle Remus thought a moment.

"Ef I make no mistakes in my 'membunce, dat wuz de time w'en he call hisse'f de Wull-er-de-Wust."

The little boy corroborated Uncle Remus' memory.

"Well, den, dish yer wuz n'er time, en he lak ter skeer um plum out 'n de settlement. En it all come 'bout 'kaze dey wanter play smarty."

"Who wanted to play smarty, Uncle Remus?" asked the child.

"Oh, des dem t'er creeturs. Dey wuz allers a-layin' traps fer Brer Rabbit en gittin' cotch in um deyse'f, en dey wuz allers a-pursooin' atter 'im day in en day out. I ain't 'nyin' but w'at some er Brer Rabbit pranks wuz mighty ha'sh, but w'y 'n't dey let 'im 'lone deyse'f?"

Naturally, the little boy was not prepared to meet these arguments, even had their gravity been less impressive, so he said nothing.

"In dem days," Uncle Remus went on, "de creeturs wuz same lak folks. Dey had der ups en dey had der downs; dey had der hard times, and dey had der saf' times. Some seasons der craps 'ud be good, en some seasons dey 'd be bad. Brer Rabbit, he far'd lak de res' un um. W'at he 'd make, dat he 'd spen'. One season he tuck 'n made a fine chance er goobers, en he 'low, he did, dat ef dey fetch 'im anywhars nigh de money w'at he speck dey would, he go ter town en buy de truck w'at needcessity call fer.

"He ain't no sooner say dat dan ole Miss Rabbit, she vow, she did, dat it be a scannul en a shame ef he don't whirl in en git sevin tin cups fer de chilluns fer ter drink out 'n, en sevin tin plates fer 'm fer ter sop out 'n, en a coffee-pot fer de fambly. Brer Rabbit say dat des zackly w'at he gwine do, en he 'low, he did, dat he gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday."

Uncle Remus paused, and indulged in a hearty laugh before he resumed: —

"Brer Rabbit wa'n't mo'n out'n de gate 'fo' Miss Rabbit, she slap on 'er bonnet, she did, en rush 'cross ter Miss Mink house, en she ain't been dar a minnit 'fo' she up 'n tell Miss Mink dat Brer Rabbit done promise ter go ter town We'n'sday comin' en git de chilluns sump'n. Co'se, w'en Mr. Mink come home, Miss Mink she up 'n 'low she want ter know w'at de reason he can't buy sump'n fer his chilluns same ez Brer Rabbit do fer his'n, en dey quo'll en quo'll des lak folks. Atter dat Miss Mink she kyar de news ter Miss Fox, en den Brer Fox he tuck 'n got a rakin' over de coals. Miss Fox she tell Miss Wolf, en Miss Wolf she tell Miss B'ar, en 't wa'n't long 'fo' ev'ybody in dem diggins know dat Brer Rabbit gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday fer ter get his chilluns sump'n; en all de yuther creeturs' chilluns ax der ma w'at de reason der pa can't git *dem* sump'n. So dar it went.

"Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar, dey make up der mines, dey did, dat ef dey gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit, dat wuz de time, en dey fix up a plan dat dey 'd lay fer Brer Rabbit en nab 'im w'en he come back fum town. Dey tuck 'n make all der 'rangerments, en wait fer de day.

"Sho nuff, w'en We'n'sday come, Brer Rabbit e't he brekkus 'fo' sun-up, en put out fer town. He tuck 'n got hisse'f a dram, en a plug er terbarker, en a pocket-hankcher, en he got de ole 'oman a coffee-pot, en he got de chillun sevin tin cups en sevin tin plates, en den todes sundown he start back home. He walk 'long, he did, feelin' mighty biggity, but bimeby w'en he git sorter tired, he sot down und' a black-jack tree, en 'gun to fan hisse'f wid one er der platters.

"W'iles he doin' dis a little bit er teenchy sap-sucker run up'n down de tree, en keep on makin' mighty quare fuss. Atter w'ile Brer Rabbit tuck 'n shoo at 'im wid de platter. Seem lak dis make de teenchy little sap-sucker mighty mad, en he rush out on a lim' right over Brer Rabbit, en he sing out: —

"'Pilly-pee, pilly-wee!
I see w'at he no see!
I see, pilly-pee,
I see w'at he no see!'

"He keep on singin' dis, he did, twel Brer Rabbit 'gun ter look 'roun', en he ain't no sooner do dis dan he see marks in de san' whar sum un done bin dar 'fo' 'im, en he look little closer en den he see w'at de sap-sucker drivin' at. He scratch his head, Brer Rabbit did, en he 'low ter hisse'f: —

"Ah-yi! Yer whar Brer Fox been settin', en dar de print er he nice bushy tail. Yer whar Brer Wolf bin settin', en dar de print er he fine long tail. Yer whar Brer B'ar bin squattin' on he hunkers, en dar de print w'ich he ain't got no tail. Dey er all bin yer, en I lay dey er hidin' out in de big gully down dar in de holler.'

"Wid dat, ole man Rab tuck 'n put he truck in de bushes, en den he run 'way 'roun' fer ter see w'at he kin see. Sho nuff," continued Uncle Remus, with a curious air of elation, —"sho nuff, w'en Brer Rabbit git over agin de big gully down in de holler, dar dey wuz. Brer Fox, he 'uz on one side er de road, en Brer Wolf 'uz on de t'er side; en ole Brer B'ar he 'uz quiled up in de gully takin' a nap.

"Brer Rabbit, he tuck 'n peep at um, he did, en he lick he foot en roach back he h'ar, en den hol' his han's 'cross he mouf en laff lak some chilluns does w'en dey think dey er foolin' der ma."

"Not me, Uncle Remus — not me!" exclaimed the little boy, promptly.

"Heyo dar! don't kick 'fo' you er spurred, honey! Brer Rabbit, he seed um all dar, en he tuck 'n grin, he did, en den he lit out ter whar he done lef' he truck, en w'en he git dar he dance 'roun' en slap hisse'f on de leg, en make all sorts er kuse motions. Den he go ter wuk en tu'n de coffee-pot upside down en stick it on he head; den he run he gallus thoo de han'les er de cups, en sling um crosst he shoulder; den he 'vide de platters, some in one han' en some in de yuther. Atter he git good en ready, he crope ter de top er de hill, he did, en tuck a runnin' start, en flew down like a harrycane — *rickety*, *rackety*, *slambang!*"

The little boy clapped his hands enthusiastically.

"Bless yo' soul, dem creeturs ain't year no fuss lak dat, en dey ain't seed no man w'at look lak Brer Rabbit do, wid de coffee-pot on he head, en de cups a-rattlin' on he gallus, en de platters a-wavin' en a-shinin' in de a'r.

"Now, mine you, ole Brer B'ar wuz layin' off up de gully takin' a nap, en de fuss skeer 'im so bad dat he make a break en run over Brer Fox. He rush out in de road, he did, en w'en he see de sight, he whirl 'roun' en run over Brer Wolf. Wid der scramblin' en der scufflin', Brer Rabbit got right on um 'fo' dey kin git away. He holler out, he did: —

"'Gimme room! Tu'n me loose! I'm ole man Spewter-

Splutter wid long claws, en scales on my back! I 'm snaggle-toofed en double-j'inted! Gimme room!'

"Eve'y time he 'd fetch a whoop, he 'd rattle de cups en slap de platters tergedder — *rickety, rackety, slambang!* En I let you know w'en dem creeturs got dey lim's tergedder dey split de win', dey did dat. Ole Brer B'ar, he struck a stump w'at stan' in de way, en I ain't gwine tell you how he to' it up kaze you won't b'leeve me, but de next mawnin' Brer Rabbit en his chilluns went back dar, dey did, an dey got nuff splinters fer ter make um kin'lin' wood all de winter. Yasser! Des ez sho ez I 'm a-settin' by dish yer h'ath."

MR. MAN HAS SOME MEAT.

The little boy sat watching Uncle Remus sharpen his shoe-knife. The old man's head moved in sympathy with his hands, and he mumbled fragments of a song. Occasionally he would feel of the edge of the blade with his thumb, and then begin to sharpen it again. The comical appearance of the venerable darkey finally had its effect upon the child, for suddenly he broke into a hearty peal of laughter; whereupon Uncle Remus stopped shaking his head and singing his mumbly-song, and assumed a very dignified attitude. Then he drew a long, deep breath, and said: —

"W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus' speck ter be laff'd at. Goodness knows, I bin use ter dat sence de day my whiskers 'gun to bleach."

"Why, I was n't laughing at you, Uncle Remus; I declare I was n't," cried the little boy. "I thought maybe you might be doing your head like Brother Rabbit did when he was fixing to cut his meat."

Uncle Remus' seriousness was immediately driven away by a broad and appreciative grin.

"Now, dat de way ter talk, honey, en I boun' you wan't fur wrong, n'er, 'kaze fer all dey 'll tell you dat Brer Rabbit make he livin' 'long er nibblin' at grass en greens, hit 't wa'n't dat away in dem days, 'kaze I got in my membunce right now de 'casion whar Brer Rabbit is tuck 'n e't meat."

The little boy had learned that it was not best to make any display of impatience, and so he waited quietly while Uncle Remus busied himself with arranging the tools on his shoe-bench. Presently the old man began: —

"Hit so happen dat one day Brer Rabbit meet up wid Brer Fox, en w'en dey 'quire atter der corporosity, dey fine out dat bofe un um mighty po'ly. Brer Fox, he 'low, he do, dat he monstus hongry, en Brer Rabbit he 'spon' dat he got a mighty hankerin' atter vittles hisse'f. Bimeby dey look up dey big road, en dey see Mr. Man comin' 'long wid a great big hunk er beef und' he arm. Brer Fox he up 'n 'low, he did, dat he lak mighty well fer ter git a tas'e er dat, en Brer Rabbit he 'low dat de sight er dat nice meat all lineded wid taller is nuff fer ter run a body 'stracted.

"Mr. Man he come en he come 'long. Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox dey look en dey look at 'im. Dey wink der eye en der mouf water. Brer Rabbit he 'low he bleedz ter git some er dat meat. Brer Fox he 'spon', he did, dat it look mighty fur off ter him. Den Brer Rabbit tell Brer Fox fer ter foller 'long atter 'im in hailin' distuns, an' wid dat he put out, he did, en 't wan't long 'fo' he kotch up wid Mr. Man.

"Dey pass de time er day, en den dey went joggin' 'long de road same lak dey 'uz gwine 'pun a journey. Brer Rabbit he keep on snuffin' de a'r. Mr. Man up 'n ax 'im is he got a bad cole, en Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat he smell sump'n' w'ich it don't smell like ripe peaches. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit 'gun to hol' he nose, he did, an' atter w'ile he sing out:—

"'Gracious en de goodness, Mr. Man! hit's dat meat er yone. *Phew!* Whar'bouts is you pick up dat meat at?'

"Dis make Mr. Man feel sorter 'shame hisse'f, en ter make marters wuss, yer come a great big green fly a-zoonin' 'roun'. Brer Rabbit he git way off on t'er side er de road, en he keep on hol'in' he nose. Mr. Man, he look sorter sheepish, he did, en dey ain't gone fur 'fo' he put de meat down on de side er de road, en he tuck 'n ax Brer Rabbit w'at dey gwine do 'bout it. Brer Rabbit he 'low, he did:—

"'I year tell in my time dat ef you take 'n drag a piece er meat thoo' de dus' hit'll fetch back hits freshness. I ain't no superspicious man myse'f,' sezee, 'en I ain't got no 'speunce wid no sech doin's, but dem w'at tell me say dey done try it. Yit I knows dis,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee,—'I knows dat 't ain't gwine do no harm, kase de grit w'at gits on de meat kin be wash off," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I ain't got no string,' sez Mr. Man, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit laff hearty, but still he hol' he nose.

"'Time you bin in de bushes long ez I is, you won't miss strings,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out, en he ain't gone long 'fo' he come hoppin' back wid a whole passel er bamboo vines all tied tergedder. Mr. Man, he 'low: —

"'Dat line mighty long.'

"Brer Rabbit he 'low: —

"'Tooby sho', you want de win' fer ter git 'twix' you en dat meat.'

"Den Mr. Man tuck 'n tied de bamboo line ter de meat. Brer Rabbit he broke off a 'simmon bush, he did, en 'low dat he 'd stay behime en keep de flies off. Mr. Man he go on befo' en drag de meat, en Brer Rabbit he stay behime, he did, en take keer un it."

Here Uncle Remus was compelled to pause and laugh before he could proceed with the story.

"En he is take keer un it, mon — dat he is. He tuck 'n git 'im a rock, en w'iles Mr. Man gwine 'long bidout lookin' back, he ondo de meat en tie de rock ter de bamboo line, en w'en Brer Fox foller on, sho' 'nuff, dar lay de meat. Mr. Man, he drug de rock, he did, en Brer Rabbit he keep de flies off, twel atter dey gone on right smart piece, en den w'en Mr. Man look 'roun', whar wuz ole man Rabbit?

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Rabbit done gone back en jine Brer Fox, en he wuz des in time, at dat, 'kase little mo' en Brer Fox would 'a' done bin outer sight en yearin'. En so dat de way Brer Rabbit git Mr. Man meat."

The little boy reflected a little, and then said: —

"Uncle Remus, was n't that stealing?"

"Well, I tell you 'bout dat, honey," responded the old man, with the air of one who is willing to compromise. "In dem days de creeturs bleedz ter look out fer deyse'f, mo' speshually dem w'at ain't got hawn an' huff. Brer Rabbit ain't got no hawn an' huff, en he bleedz ter be he own lawyer."

Just then the little boy heard his father's buggy rattling down the avenue, and he ran out into the darkness to meet it. After he was gone, Uncle Remus sat a long time rubbing his hands and looking serious. Finally he leaned back in his chair, and exclaimed: —

"Dat little chap gittin' too much fer ole Remus — dat he is!"

HOW BROTHER RABBIT GOT THE MEAT.

When the little boy next visited Uncle Remus the cabin was dark and empty and the door shut. The old man was gone. He was absent for several nights, but at last one night the little boy saw a welcome light in the cabin, and he made haste to pay Uncle Remus a visit. He was full of questions:

"Goodness, Uncle Remus! Where in the world have you been? I thought you were gone for good. Mamma said she reckoned the treatment here did n't suit you, and you had gone off to get some of your town friends to hire you."

"Is Miss Sally tell you dat, honey? Well, ef she ain't de beatenes' w'ite 'oman dis side er kingdom come, you kin des shoot me. Miss Sally tuck 'n writ me a pass wid her own han's fer to go see some er my kin down dar in de Ashbank settlement. Yo' mammy quare 'oman, honey, sho'!

"En yit, w'at de good er my stayin' yer? T'er night, I ain't mo' 'n git good en started 'fo' you er up en gone, en I ain't seed ha'r ner hide un you sence. W'en I see you do dat, I 'low ter myse'f dat hit 's des 'bout time fer ole man Remus fer ter pack up he duds an go hunt comp'ny some'r's else."

"Well, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy, in a tone of expostulation, "did n't Brother Fox get the meat, and was n't that the end of the story?"

Uncle Remus started to laugh, but he changed his mind so suddenly that the little boy was convulsed. The old man groaned and looked at the rafters with a curious air of disinterestedness. After a while he went on with great seriousness:

"I dunner w'at kinder idee folks got 'bout Brer Rabbit nohow, dat I don't. S'pozen you lays de plans so some yuther chap kin git a big hunk er goody, is you gwine ter set off some'r's en see 'im make way wid it?"

"What kind of goody, Uncle Remus?"

"Dish yer kinder goody w'at town folks keeps. Mint draps and reezins, en sweet doin's lak Miss Sally keep und' lock en key. Well, den, if you gits some er dat, er may be some yuther kinder goody, w'ich I wish 't wuz yer right dis blessid minnit, is you gwine ter set quile up in dat cheer en let n'er chap run off wid it? Dat you ain't — dat you ain't!"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed the little boy. "Brother Rabbit went back and made Brother Fox give him his part of the meat."

"Des lak I tell you, honey; dey wan't no man mungs de creeturs w'at kin stan' right flat-footed en wuk he min' quick lak Brer Rabbit. He tuck 'n tie de rock on de string, stidder de meat, en he pursue long atter it, he did, twel Mr. Man tu'n a ben' in de road, en den Brer Rabbit, he des lit out fum dar — *terbuckity-buckity, buck-buck-buckity!* en 't wan't long 'fo' he tuck 'n kotch up wid Brer Fox. Dey tuck de meat, dey did, en kyar'd it way off in de woods, en laid it down on a clean place on de groun'.

"Dey laid it down, dey did," continued Uncle Remus, drawing his chair up closer to the little boy, "en den Brer Fox 'low dey better sample it, en Brer Rabbit he 'gree. Wid dat, Brer Fox he tuck 'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shut bofe eyes, he did, en he chaw en chaw, en tas'e en tas'e, en chaw en tas'e. Brer Rabbit, he watch 'im, but Brer Fox, he keep bofe eyes shot, en he chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw."

Uncle Remus not only furnished a pantomime accompaniment to this recital by shutting his eyes and pretending to taste, but he lowered his voice to a pitch of tragical significance in reporting the dialogue that ensued:

"Den Brer Fox smack he mouf en look at de meat mo' closeter, en up 'n 'low:

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit 's lam'!*'

"'No, Brer Fox! *sho'ly not!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit 's lam'!*'

"'Brer Fox, *tooby sho'ly not!*'

"Den Brer Rabbit, he tuck 'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shot bofe eyes, en chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw. Den he smack he mouf, en up 'n 'low:

"'Brer Fox, *hit 's shote!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, you foolin' me!'

"'Brer Fox, *I vow hit 's shote!*'

"'Brer Rabbit, hit des *can't be!*'

"'Brer Fox, *hit sho'ly is!*'

"Dey tas'e en dey 'spute, en dey 'spute en dey tas'e. Atter w'ile, Brer Rabbit make lak he want some water, en he rush off in de bushes, en d'reckly yer he come back wipin' he mouf en cl'erin' up he th'oat. Den Brer Fox he want some water sho' nuff: —

"'Brer Rabbit, whar you fin' de spring?'

"''Cross de road, en down de hill en up de big gully.'

"Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en atter he gone Brer Rabbit totch he year wid he behime foot lak he flippin' 'im good-bye. Brer Fox, he cross de road en rush down de hill, he did, yit he ain't fin' no big gully. He keep on gwine twel he fin' de big gully, yit he ain't fin' no spring.

"W'iles all dish yer gwine on, Brer Rabbit he tuck 'n grabble a hole in de groun', he did, en dat hole he hid de meat. Atter he git it good en hid, he tuck 'n cut 'im a long keen hick'ry, en atter so long a time, w'en he year Brer Fox comin' back he got in a clump er bushes, en tuck dat hick'ry en let in on a saplin', en ev'y time he hit de saplin', he 'ud squall out, Brer Rabbit would, des lak de patter-rollers had 'im:

"*Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!'—*Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!'—*Chippy-row, pow!* 'Oh, Lordy, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!'—*Pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!'"

Every time Uncle Remus said "*Pow!*" he struck himself in the palm of his hand with a shoe-sole by way of illustration.

"'Co'se," he went on, "w'en Brer Fox year dis kinder doin's, he fotch up, he did, en lissen, en ev'y time he year de hick'ry come down *pow!* he tuck 'n grin en 'low ter hisse'f, 'Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water! Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water!'

"Atter so long a time, de racket sorter die out, en seem lak Mr. Man wuz draggin' Brer Rabbit off. Dis make Brer Fox feel mighty skittish. Bimeby Brer Rabbit come a cally-hootin' back des a-hollerin':

"'Run, Brer Fox, run! Mr. Man say he gwine to kyar dat meat up de road ter whar he son is, en den he 's a-comin' back atter you. Run, Brer Fox, run!'

"En I let you know," said Uncle Remus, leaning back and laughing to see the little boy laugh, "I let you know Brer Fox got mighty skace in dat neighborhood!"

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

Harrison, Mrs. Burton (Constance Cary), an American novelist and miscellaneous writer; born at Vaucluse, Va., April 25, 1846; resides in New York. She has written "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes" (1881); "Old-Fashioned Fairy-Book" (1884); "Bar Harbor Days" (1887); and the novels, "The Anglomaniacs" (1890); "An Errant Wooing" (1895); "A Bachelor Maid" (1894); "A Son of the Old Dominion" (1897); "Good Americans" (1898); and others.

A Tardy Proposal.[1]

(From "A Virginia Cousin.")

Yes, Vance decided, everything conspired to urge him toward his intended venture that afternoon. When, about four o'clock, he turned his steps in the direction of Miss Ainger's home, he had reached a pitch of very respectably loverlike anxiety. He even fancied the day had been unusually long. He caught himself speculating as to where she would be sitting in the drawing-room, how she would look when he laid his future in her hands.

At that moment, he allowed himself to remember a series of occasions during the years of their friendship, upon any one of which he believed he might have spoken as he now meant to speak, and that she would have answered as he now expected her to answer. Ah! what had he not lost? In her gentle, equable companionship, he would have been a better, a higher, a less discontented fellow. All the virtues, charms, desirable qualities, of this fine and high-bred young woman, who had been more patient, more forgiving, than he deserved, were concentrated into one small space of thought, like the Lord's Prayer engraved upon a tiny coin. But even as his foot touched the lowest step of her father's portal, he experienced a shock of doubt of himself and of his own stability. He tarried; he turned away, and strolled, whither he knew not.

---

[1] Copyright, Lamson, Wolffe, & Co.

In the adjoining street lived Mrs. Myrtle, an aunt of his, to whom, it must be said, Vance rarely paid the deference considered by that excellent lady her just due.

Upon Mrs. Myrtle, Vance now resolved to pay a long-deferred duty-call. Admitted by an old negro butler, he was left alone in the large darkling drawing-room, in the shade of the crimson curtains, amid the ghostly ranks of the statues, to ruminate until Mrs. Myrtle should make her appearance. Little thought did he bestow upon the duration of this ordeal. He was well occupied, and, for once in his life, heartily ashamed,— first, of his indecision upon the Ainger door-steps, and, secondly, of the fact that he had put in here to gain courage to return there.

Mrs. Myrtle's heavy tread upon her own parquet floor aroused him from meditation. His aunt was a massive lady, who wore black velvet, with a neck-ruff of old point-lace; who, never pretty, and no longer pleasant to look upon, yet carried herself with a certain ease born of assurance in her own place in life, and cultivated by many years of receiving visitors. Her small white hand, twinkling with diamonds, was extended to him with something of the grand air he remembered his mother, who was the beauty of her family, to have possessed; and then Mrs. Myrtle, seating herself, fixed an unsmiling gaze upon her nephew.

"I — ah — thought I would look in and see how you are getting on," he said, with an attempt at jocularity.

"But it is not Thursday," she answered, cold as before. "I make it a point to see no one except on Thursday, or after five. And it is not yet after five."

Townsend, who could not dispute this fact, was at a loss how to go on. But Mrs. Myrtle, having put things upon the right footing, launched at once into an exposition of her grievances against him, his sister, and the ruling society of latter-day New York.

"I am sure if any one had told your mother and me, when we first came out, what people were to push *us* against the wall, and to have all New York racing and tearing after their invitations, we should never have believed it. It 's enough to make your poor mother come back from the dead, to revise Anita Clifton's visiting-list. And I suppose the next thing to hear of will be your marriage into one of these bran-new families. I must say, Theodore, although it is seldom my opinion is listened to, I *was* pleased when I heard, the other day, that you were reported engaged to Katherine Ainger. The Aingers are of our own sort; and her fortune, although it is not so important to you, will be handsome. She is one of the few girls who go much into the world who still remember to come to see me; and she has been lunching here to-day."

"Really?" said Vance, turning over his hat in what he felt to be a most perfunctory way.

"Yes; if you or Anita Clifton had been here in the last two months, you might have found out that I have had a young lady — a Southern cousin — stopping in the house."

"A cousin of mine?" queried the young man, indifferently.

"My first cousin's daughter, Evelyn Carlyle. You know there was a break between the families about the beginning of the war, and, for one reason or another, we have hardly met since. When I went to the Hot Springs for my rheumatism last year, — you and Anita Clifton doubtless are not aware that I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, — I stopped a night or two at Colonel Carlyle's house in Virginia, and took rather a fancy to this girl. I found out that she has a voice, and desired to cultivate it in New York, and so invited her to come on after Christmas and stay in my house."

Vance was conscious of a slight feeling of somnolence. Really, he could not be expected to care for the Virginian cousin's voice. And Aunt Myrtle had such a soporific way of drawling out her sentences! He wished she would return to the subject of her luncheon-guest, and then, perhaps, he might manage to keep awake.

"So you invited Miss Ainger to-day, to keep the young lady company?" he ventured to observe.

"If you will give me time to explain, I will tell you that Katherine Ainger and she have struck up the greatest friendship this winter, and have been together part of every day. I wish, Vance, that you could bring yourself to extend some attention to your mother's first cousin's child. From Anita Clifton I expect nothing — absolutely nothing. Not belonging to the "smart set," whatever that may be, I make no demands upon Anita Clifton. But you, Vance, have not yet shown that you are absolutely heartless. When Eve goes home, as she soon will, it would be gratifying to have her able to say you had recognized her existence."

"I will leave a card for the young lady in the hall," he said, awkwardly; "and perhaps she would allow me to order some flowers for her. Just now, Aunt Myrtle, I have an engagement, and I must really be going on."

He had risen to his feet, and Mrs. Myrtle was about shaping a last arrow to aim at him, when the door opened, and a girl came into the room.

"Oh! Cousin Augusta," she said, in the most outspoken manner, a slight Southern accent marking some of the syllables enunciated in a remarkably sweet voice, "I have been taking your Dandie Dinmont for a walk, and he has been such a good, obedient dear, you must give him two lumps of sugar when he comes to tea at five o'clock."

As Mrs. Myrtle performed the ceremony of introduction between them, Vance became conscious that he was in the presence of one of the most radiantly pretty young persons who had ever crossed the line of his languid vision. Equipped in a tailor-made frock of gray serge, a black hat with many rampant plumes upon her red-brown hair, a boa of black ostrich feathers curling around her pearly throat and caressing the rosiest of cheeks, his Cousin Eve surveyed him with as much indifference as if he had been the veriest casual met in a crowd in Fifth Avenue. Two fingers of a tiny gloved hand were bestowed on him in recognition of their relationship, after which she resumed her interrupted talk about the dog.

"You understand that Mr. Townsend is a relative, my dear?" asked Mrs. Myrtle, in her rocking-horse manner. "You have heard me speak of him?"

"Yes; oh, yes, certainly," Eve said, with preoccupation. "But to us Virginians a cousin means either very much — or very, very little."

"The presumption, then, is against me?" he asked, determined not to be subdued.

"Is it? I had not thought," she answered, hardly looking in his direction. Vance took the hint and his departure. When again out of doors, he straightened himself, and walked with a firmer, more determined tread, conscious of a little tingling in his veins on the whole not disagreeable. In this mood, he reached the corner of the street in which dwelt Miss Ainger, and was very near indeed to passing it, but, recovering himself with a start, turned westward from the Avenue, and again sought the house from which he had gone irresolute a little while before.

The door was opened for him by a servant, who did not know "for sure," but "rather thought" Miss Ainger was in the drawing-room. While following the man across a wide hall, Vance espied, lying upon a chair, a man's hat — not the conventional high black hat of the afternoon caller, but a rusty brown "pot" hat, of an unobtrusive pattern.

"Humph! the piano-tuner, no doubt, he said to himself, and simultaneously recalled the fact that he had seen the object in question, or its twin brother, that same day. Before the footman could put his hand upon the knob of the drawing-room door, it opened, and the owner of the hat came out. It was indeed Crawford, dressed in morning tweeds, as Vance had seen him at luncheon in the Lawyer's Club, his plain, strong face illuminated with an expression Vance knew nothing akin to, and therefore did not interpret.

But Vance did know Miss Ainger for an independent in her set, a girl who struck out for herself to find clever and companionable people with whom to fraternize; and he was accordingly not surprised to meet Crawford here as a visitor. As once before that day, the two men exchanged silent nods, and parted. Vance found Miss Ainger caressing with dainty finger-tips a large bunch of fresh violets that lay in her lap and filled the room with fragrance.

Kitty Ainger, a daughter of New York, calm, reserved, temperamentally serious, fond of argument upon high themes, cultivated in minor points to a fastidious degree, handsome in a sculptural way, had always seemed to him lacking in the one grace of womanly tenderness he vaguely felt to be of vast moment in a young man's choice for a wife.

To-day, as she greeted him, her manner was gentle and gracious to perfection. Perhaps it so appeared in contrast to that of the fair Phyllida who had flouted him in his Aunt Myrtle's drawing-room; perhaps Kitty was really glad of this first occasion in many days when they were alone together, undisturbed.

The thought caused a wave of excitement to rise in the suitor's veins. He wondered how he could have held back, an hour before, when upon the threshold of such an opportunity. But then, had he made appearance, no doubt there would have been other visitors, — Crawford, for instance, whom Miss Ainger was plainly taking by the hand, to lead into society, as clever girls will do when they find an unknown clever man; Crawford, who did not know enough of conventionality to put on a black coat when he called on a girl in the afternoon; Crawford, poor and plain, a man's man, whom the Ainger family no doubt regarded as one of Kitty's freaks. Yes, Crawford would have been a decided interruption to this *tête-à-tête*.

Now, there was an open sea before Vance, and he had only to launch the boat, so long delayed, a craft he at last candidly believed to be freighted with the best hopes of his life. They talked for a while upon impersonal subjects — Kitty exerting herself, he could see, to be agreeable and sympathetic with her visitor. In the progress of this conversation, he took note with satisfaction of the artistic elegance of her dress (of the exact color of the Peach Blow Vase, he said to himself, searching for a simile in tint), with sleeves of sheenful velvet, and a silken train that lay upon the rug. Her long, white fingers, playing with the violets, wore no rings. Her slim figure, her braids of pale brown hair, her calm, gray eyes, attracted him as never before, with their girlish and yet womanly composure.

"Why have you never told me," he said, abruptly, "of your friendship with that little witch of a Virginia cousin of mine who has been staying with Mrs. Myrtle this winter?"

"If you wish me to tell you the truth, it was because she asked me never to do so," replied Kitty, coloring a little. "You have met her?" she added, eagerly.

"Yes, to-day; a little while ago, when I called upon my aunt. But how could she know of me? What reason was there for her to avoid me?"

"Evelyn is an impulsive creature," was the answer; and now the blood rushed into Kitty's cheek, and she was silent.

"Impulsive, yes; but how could she resent a man she had never seen; who had not had the smallest opportunity to prove whether or not he was obnoxious to her? That is quite too ridiculous, I think. You, who have so much sense, character, judgment, why could not you exercise your influence over this very provincial little person, and teach her that a prejudice is, of all things, petty?"

"She is not a provincial little person," said Kitty, with spirit. "And she does not merit that patronizing tone of yours."

"If *you* take her under your wing, she is perfection," he answered, lightly, as if the subject were no longer of value for discussion. "But before we begin to differ about her, only tell me if it is my Aunt Myrtle's objection to me as a type that my truculent Cousin Eve has inherited?"

"I hardly think so. Please ask me no questions," the girl said, uncomfortable with blushing.

"As you like. It is veiled in mystery," he said, rather piqued. "At least, you won't mind informing me if she got any of her ideas of me from you. No, that is hardly fair. I will alter it. Did you and she ever speak of me together?"

"What if I tell you yes, and that, every time we met?" exclaimed Miss Ainger, plucking up courage when thus driven into a corner.

To her surprise and dismay, Vance took this admission quite otherwise than she had meant it. In Eve's attitude toward him, he thought he read a girlish jealousy of the object preoccupying the affections of her friend.

"I see. I understand," he said, with a gleam in his eyes she had not seen there in all of their acquaintance. Until now, the hearth-rug had been between them. With an animation quite foreign to him, he crossed it, and leaned down to take her hands. At once, Kitty, withdrawing from his grasp, rose to her feet and faced him.

"I think there is some great mistake," she said, very quietly. As Vance gazed at her, he became aware that he had until now never seen the true Kitty Ainger, and that her face was beautiful.

"You repulse me? You have never cared for me?" he said, fiercely.

A wave of color came upon her cheeks, and her eyes dropped before his to the violets in her hand.

"I must tell you," she said, after a pause, during which both thought of many things stretching back through many years, "that I have just promised to marry Mr. Crawford."

VANCE AND HIS VIRGINIA COUSIN.

TOWNSEND'S acquaintance with his Virginia cousins had, as might have been expected, prolonged itself into a visit to Carlyle Hall; and he was on the eve of departure, after a stay of two weeks in that delightful refuge, before he realized how much his fancy had begun to twine around the place and its inmates.

Sentiment for the young creature who was its ruling spirit he did not admit, other than the natural tribute of his age and sex to hers. Nor did he give her credit for more than temporary feeling on any point disconnected with her strong local attachments. Her father, her home, and those she grandiosely called her "people" — meaning, he supposed, the individuals indebted to Providence for having been born within the limits of her State — were the objects of Eve's warm affection.

Vance felt sure her courteous thought of him was the result of only transmitted consideration for a guest. So soon as he should quit the pleasant precincts of the Hall, he feared he must put aside his claim to even this consideration. This condition of affairs worried our young man more than he cared to admit to himself. To no one else would he have confessed that the fortnight had been spent by him in a daily effort to impress upon her a personality widely different from her conception of it. Now, at the end of his enterprise, he was conscious that he had not advanced in the endeavor; and this last evening in her company was correspondingly depressing to his *amour propre*.

They were sitting together in a window-seat of the drawing-room, looking into an old-world garden with box walks, a sun-dial, and a blaze of tulips piercing the brown mould. From the western sky, facing them, the red light was vanishing, and in the large, dim room a couple of lamps made islands of radiance in a sea of shadows. In the library, adjoining, sat the Colonel, reading, his strong, handsome head seen in profile from where they were.

Sounds of evening in the country, the sweet whistle of a negro in the distance, alone broke the spell of silence brooding over the old house. Vance hesitated to further disturb it, the more so that Evelyn had been in a mood of unusual graciousness. Nor did he, in truth, feel prepared to broach the discussion of certain things he had put off until now.

"To-morrow," he said at last, with a genuine sigh, "I shall be on my way northward, and this beautiful, restful life will be among my has-beens."

"Too restful, I 'm afraid," she cried, in her brusque, school-girl fashion. "Your Aunt Myrtle always speaks of Virginia as nothing but a 'cure,' which she is clearly glad to have accomplished and lived down."

"It has been a cure for me in another sense. I wonder if you know what you have done for me?"

"I?"

"Yes. Don't fence with me now. For once, believe in your cousin, who is, after this, going to leave you for a long time in peace. Tell me; when I shall have gone, and that big, comfortable 'spare room' is put in order again for the next guest, shall you sometimes think of the subject of your missionary labors in the past two weeks?"

"But I have never undertaken to reform you," she said, in a vexed tone. "It is absurd for you to think I imagined myself capable of that. The best I could hope for was that your visit should pass without our coming to open conflict. Papa could tell you I promised him to try that this should be so."

"Then I am indebted to your father for the modicum of personal consideration you have vouchsafed me?"

"And Cousin Josey — yes," she answered, with startling candor. "At the same time, I must say, I like you now better than I believed I ever could. It makes me wish with all my heart I could trust you."

Vance felt a sting that was not all resentment, or all pain. The expression of her eyes, so fearless, so intense, waked in him a feeling that, in the moment they had reached, he desired nothing so much in all the world as to win this "mere girl's" approval. The color deepened in his face, as he said: —

"And yet you have given the author of those verses, who happens to be myself, credit for something in which you could place faith?"

"You — *you?*" she exclaimed, starting violently. "Ah no! Don't destroy my ideals."

"This may be wholesome, but it is certainly not pleasant," he said, praying Heaven for patience.

There was nothing of her customary light spirit of bravado in the manner in which, after a pause, she next spoke to him.

"I hardly know how — for the sake of others, I mean, not on my own account — to ask if it is possible you have not, in connection with me, given a thought to one who was my daily, intimate companion all of last winter."

"That!" he interrupted, with a dry laugh. "Why not arraign her for the wreck of me?"

"You understand me, I see," she said, with meaning. "Let me say this, then: that I hold a trifler with women's hearts to be the most despicable of characters. A man who is too indolent or too infirm of purpose to deny himself the pleasure he gets from watching his progress in a girl's affections is an offender the law may n't reach, but he deserves it should. That he makes his victim old before her time, in his gradual, refined disappointment of her hopes, may not count for much, in your estimation. But — but — oh! I could not have believed it of the person who wrote those verses!"

There were tears in her honest eyes, a tremor in her young voice. Save for these, Vance, who had walked away from her a dozen steps. would have continued to put distance between himself and this "angel at the gate."

As it was, he controlled himself sufficiently to return and say, in a hard, strained voice: —

"I shall not attempt to change your estimate of me. But I am glad you have given me an opportunity to tell you that on the day I saw you first, I went directly from my aunt's house to ask Katherine Ainger to be my wife. Some day, when you are older, and know more of the world, and take broader views of poor humanity, all these things may seem to you different. Then you may, perhaps, admit that, with all my faults, I could never be such a cad as you have pictured. In the little time that we are together now, please, let us say no more about it.

He walked away, joining the Colonel, to engage that unsuspecting gentleman in an exhaustive discussion of politics.

Eve sat for a while in her dusky corner, absorbed in thought. She had decided to say a few words to him, before he should go, that might contribute to her relief rather than his. But Vance gave her no opportunity to speak any words to him, except those of conventional farewell. Betimes, next morning, he took leave of his cousins; and the Virginia episode was over.

After he had left, Eve locked herself in her room, and gave way to a burst of tears.

At Last.

Eve and her father took advantage of a perfect Sunday for the excursion up Mount Vesuvius.

In a landau with two horses, — a third to be annexed on the ascent, — they traversed the long street formed by the villages of San Giovanni, La Barra, Portici, and Resina, stretching from the parent city — a street suggesting in the matter of population a series of scattered ant-hills. Such a merry, dirty, shameless horde of all ages, who, abandoning the dens they called homes, had issued forth under the sun blazing even at that early hour of morning in his vault of blue, to bivouac in the open highway, was never seen! Marketing, chaffering, vending, gossiping, cooking, eating, drinking, performing the rites of religion and of the toilet, the hum of their voices was like the note of some giant insect. It was when a stranger's carriage came in sight that the air became suddenly vocal with shrill cries for alms; vehicles and horses were surrounded, escorted by noisy beggars, whose half-naked children offered flowers, or turned somersaults perilously near the wheels.

Resina passed, they could breathe more freely. The street turmoil was succeeded by the peace of a country road mounting between lava walls, over which glimpses of sea, of deep-red clover in fields, of vineyard or lemon grove, were finally succeeded by glorious, unobstructed views of the mountains, bay, and city. In the region of recent overflows, they saw the most curious spectacle, to the newcomer, of fertile garden-strips of green, where clung tiny houses, pink or whitewashed, daring the mute monster overhead, while close beside them the mountain-side was streaked with ominous stains marking the spots where other homes had defied him just one day too long.

Higher still, in the track of the overflow of 1872, they experienced the striking effect of entering into a valley of desolation between walls of living green. Here, the lava in settling had wreathed itself into the forms of dragons couchant, of huge serpents, and other monstrous shapes that lay entwined as if asleep. Up above, arose the main cone of the crater, smooth as a heap of gunpowder, vast, majestic, cloud-circled; taking upon itself in the intense light a blooming purple tint; the smoke issuing from its summit now soon melting into space, now showing dense and threatening.

Evelyn, in whom the novelty as well as beauty of the scene had aroused fresh spirit, looked more like her old self than her fond father had seen her for many a long day. But it is fortunately not given to parents, however solicitous, to see all the workings of young minds; and the good gentleman would have been indeed surprised had he divined the mainspring of her animation. While he was indulging in a few mild objections to the length and slowness of the drive, the rapacity of wayside beggars, the heat of the sun, etc., such as naturally occur to the traveller unsupported by sentimental hopes, to our young lady the condition of motion was a necessity, and the act of getting upward a relief.

For the plain truth was that, since the last talk with Ralph, Evelyn had given rein to a thousand emotions repressed, during the months gone by, with stern self-chiding.

Until now, recalling the year before when Vance had left her to an unavailing sense of regret for her harsh judgment of him, she had hardly realized what their intercourse together had meant to her. But the period of his visit was, in fact, succeeded by one in which her salt of life had lost its savor; and Evelyn, to her dismay, found that her affections had gone from her keeping to this man's, acknowledged to have been the suitor of her friend.

That Katherine had refused Vance, and straightway married another lover, made very little difference to one of Eve's rigid creed in these matters. To her, love declared was love unchangeable; with all her heart she pitied Vance for his disappointment, and blamed herself for having repeatedly wounded him without reason. By means of this mode of argument, she had naturally succeeded in raising Townsend to the pedestal of a martyred hero, which, it may be conceived by those of colder judgment, did not lessen his importance in the girl's imagination.

As the months had gone on, and she had had nothing from him save packages of books and prints sent according to promise, as to a polite entertainer who is thus agreeably disposed of by the beneficiary of hospitality extended, her feelings had taken on the complexion of hopeless regret for an irrevocable past. What Eve had henceforth to do, according to her own strict ordinance, was to live down the impulse that made her give her heart unasked. The stress of these emotions had, in spite of her brave efforts, so worked upon her health that the Colonel, as fond of home as a limpet of his rock, determined to try for her the change of air and experience, resulting as we have seen.

And now, on this dazzling day, a "bridal of earth and sky" in one of the loveliest spots upon earth, she kept saying to herself, "By to-morrow — to-morrow, at latest — he will be with me! And then — and then — and *then* — !"

The carriage halted at a little wayside booth for the sale of wines and fruit. A dark-skinned woman, bearing a tray of glasses, with flasks of the delusive *Lachrymae Christi* (made from the grapes ripened upon these slopes) came forward to greet them. On Evelyn's side, a hawker, with shells and strings of coral, and coins alleged to have been found imbedded in the lava near at hand, importuned her. But, rejecting the others, she beckoned to a pretty, bare-legged boy carrying oranges garnished in their own glossy, dark-green leaves; and so busy was she in selecting the best of his refreshing fruit, she hardly observed that another claimant for her attention had appeared close beside the wheel.

"Please go away, my good man," she said at last, laughingly, without giving him a glance. "Indeed, I want nothing you can supply."

"That is a harsh assertion," Vance said, in a low tone meant for her ear, and then proceeded to greet both his cousins outspokenly.

He had reached Naples early that morning; had ascertained at their hotel that they were engaged to start for Vesuvius at a given hour; fearing collision with a party of strangers, had set out alone to walk up the mountain and take his chance of intercepting them; and had waited here for the purpose.

"After you had been journeying all night?" said the Colonel, with unfeigned surprise. "Why, my dear fellow, in your place I should have —"

Just then he intercepted, passing between Evelyn and Vance, a look that startled him. That his sentence remained unfinished nobody observed. The Colonel drew back into his corner, as if he had been shot.

If she had divined her father's feeling, Eve could not have pitied any one who was gaining Vance. And Vance, at that moment, believed all the world to be as happy as himself!

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Harte, Francis Bret, a famous American poet and novelist; born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. In 1854 he went to California, and after working successively as miner, school-teacher, and express-messenger, he entered the office of "The Golden Era," as compositor. He contributed numerous articles to the paper, and was at length transferred to the editorial room. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. Upon the establishment of the "Overland Monthly," in 1868, he became its editor. From 1878 to 1885 he was consul successively at Crefeld and Glasgow. Several of his books are collections of tales and sketches originally contributed to periodicals.

He has published: "Outcroppings" (1866), a collection of verse by Californians, edited anonymously; "The Lost Galleon, and Other Tales" (1867); "Condensed Novels" (1867); "The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches" (1870); "Plain Language from Truthful James" (1870), illustrated edition; "The Heathen Chinee" (1871), special edition; "Poems" (1871); "East and West Poems" (1871); "Stories of the Sierras" (1872); "Poetical Works" (1872); "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands, and Other Sketches;" "M'liss" (1873); "Complete Works" (1873); "An Episode of Fiddletown, and Other Sketches" (1873); "Echoes of the Foot-Hills" (1875); "Tales of the Argonauts, and Other Sketches" (1875); "Gabriel Conroy" (1876); "Two Men of Sandy Bar" (1876), a drama; "Thankful Blossom" (1877); "The Story of a Mine" (1878); "The Hoodlum Band, and Other Stories" (1878); "Drift from Two Shores" (1878); "An Heiress of Red Dog, and Other Tales" (1879); "The Twins of Marble Mountain, and Other Stories" (1879); "Complete Works" (1882); "Flip, and Other Stories" (1882); "In the Carquinez Woods" (1884); "On the Frontier" (1884); "Maruja" (1885); "By Shore and Sedge" (1885); "Snow Bound at Eagle's" (1885); "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" (1886); "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" (1887); "Devil's Ford" (1887); "The Crusade of the Excelsior" (1887); "The Argonauts of North Liberty" (1888); "A Phyllis of the Sierras" (1888); "Cressy" (1889); "The Heritage of Dedlow

Marsh, and Other Tales" (1889); "A Waif of the Plains" (1890); "A Ward of the Golden Gate" (1890); "A Sappho of Green Springs, and Other Stories" (1891); "Colonel Starbottle's Client and Other People" (1892); "A First Family of Tasajera" (1892); "Susy" (1893); "Sally Dows, and Other Stories" (1893); "A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories" (1894); "The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, and Other Stories" (1894); "Clarence" (1895); "In the Hollow of the Hills" (1895); "Three Partners"; etc. Characteristic attributes continually in evidence are those thoughtful and artistic attentions to details, which are best described by the word "nicety" — nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This nicety pervades his life and writings. It is a singular quality to be found in combination with its emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one that finishes and polishes as a whole the splendid genius of this deeply sympathetic American poet.

From the Great Deadwood Mystery.[1]

(From "The Twins of Table Mountain, and Other Stories.")

Mr. rightbody fell again to the examination of his old letters; he did not notice the footsteps of Mrs. Rightbody on the staircase as she passed to her chamber. Had she waited a moment later, she would have seen him rise, and walk to the sofa with a disturbed air and a slight confusion; she would have seen him rise again with an agonized effort, stagger to the table, fumblingly refold and replace the papers in the cabinet, and lock it. He staggered again, reached his hand toward the bell, but vainly, and then fell prone upon the sofa.

And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed, and more indignant at his violation of the doctor's rules, appeared upon the threshold, Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa, dead!

With bustle, with thronging feet, with the irruption of strangers, and a hurrying to and fro, but more than all, with an impulse and emotion unknown to the mansion when its owner was in life, Mrs. Rightbody strove to call back the vanished life, but in vain. The highest medical intelligence, called from its bed at this strange hour, saw only the demonstration of its theories made a year before. Mr. Rightboy was dead — without doubt, without mystery, even as a correct man should die — logically, and indorsed by the highest medical authority.

But, even in the confusion, Mrs. Rightbody managed to

---

[1] Reprinted by special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

speed a messenger to the telegraph-office for a copy of the despatch received by Mr. Rightbody, but now missing.

In the solitude of her own room, and without a confidant, she read these words: —

"[Copy.]

"To Mr. Adams Rightbody, Boston, Mass.

"Joshua Silsbie died suddenly this morning. His last request was that you should remember your sacred compact with him of thirty years ago.

(Signed) "Seventy-Four.
"Seventy-Five."

In the darkened home, and amid the formal condolements of their friends who had called to gaze upon the scarcely cold features of their late associate, Mrs. Rightbody managed to send another despatch. It was addressed to "Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five," Cottonwood. In a few hours she received the following enigmatical response: —

"A horse-thief named Josh Silsbie was lynched yesterday morning by the Vigilantes at Deadwood."

The spring of 1874 was retarded in the Californian sierras; so much so, that certain Eastern tourists who had early ventured into the Yo Semite Valley found themselves, one May morning, snow-bound against the tempestuous shoulders of *El Capitan.* So furious was the onset of the wind at the Upper Merced Cañon, that even so respectable a lady as Mrs. Rightbody was fain to cling to the neck of her guide to keep her seat in the saddle; while Miss Alice, scorning all masculine assistance, was hurled, a lovely chaos, against the snowy wall of the chasm. Mrs. Rightbody screamed; Miss Alice raged under her breath, but scrambled to her feet again in silence.

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Rightbody, in an indignant whisper, as her daughter again ranged beside her. "I warned you especially, Alice — that — that — "

"What?" interrupted Miss Alice, curtly.

"That you would need your chemiloons and high boots," said Mrs. Rightbody, in a regretful undertone, slightly increasing her distance from the guides.

Miss Alice shrugged her pretty shoulders scornfully, but ignored her mother's implication.

"You were particularly warned against going into the valley at this season," she only replied, grimly.

Mrs. Rightbody raised her eyes impatiently.

"You know how anxious I was to discover your poor father's strange correspondent, Alice. You have no consideration."

"But when *you have* discovered him — what then?" queried Miss Alice.

"What then?"

"Yes. My belief is, that you will find the telegram only a mere business cipher, and all this quest mere nonsense."

"Alice! Why, *you* yourself thought your father's conduct that night very strange. Have you forgotten?"

The young lady had *not*, but, for some far-reaching feminine reason, chose to ignore it at that moment, when her late tumble in the snow was still fresh in her mind.

"And this woman, whoever she may be —" continued Mrs. Rightbody.

"How do you know there's a woman in the case?" interrupted Miss Alice, wickedly I fear.

"How do — I — know — there's a woman?" slowly ejaculated Mrs. Rightbody, floundering in the snow and the unexpected possibility of such a ridiculous question. But here her guide flew to her assistance, and estopped further speech. And, indeed, a grave problem was before them.

The road that led to their single place of refuge — a cabin, half hotel, half trading-post, scarce a mile away — skirted the base of the rocky dome, and passed perilously near the precipitous wall of the valley. There was a rapid descent of a hundred yards or more to this terrace-like passage; and the guides paused for a moment of consultation, coolly oblivious, alike to the terrified questioning of Mrs. Rightbody, or the half-insolent independence of the daughter. The elder guide was russet-bearded, stout, and humorous: the younger was dark-bearded, slight, and serious.

"Ef you kin git young Bunker Hill to let you tote her on your shoulders, I'll git the Madam to hang on to me," came to Mrs. Rightbody's horrified ears as the expression of her particular companion.

"Freeze to the old gal, and don't reckon on me if the daughter starts in to play it alone," was the enigmatical response of the younger guide.

Miss Alice overheard both propositions; and, before the two men returned to their side, that high-spirited young lady had urged her horse down the declivity.

Alas! at this moment a gust of whirling snow swept down upon her. There was a flounder, a misstep, a fatal strain on the wrong rein, a fall, a few plucky but unavailing struggles, and both horse and rider slid ignominiously down toward the rocky shelf. Mrs. Rightbody screamed. Miss Alice, from a confused *débris* of snow and ice, uplifted a vexed and coloring face to the younger guide, a little the more angrily, perhaps, that she saw a shade of impatience on his face.

"Don't move, but tie one end of the 'lass' under your arms, and throw me the other," he said quietly.

"What do you mean by 'lass'—the lasso?" asked Miss Alice disgustedly.

"Yes, ma' am."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"O Alice!" reproachfully interpolated Mrs. Rightbody, encircled by the elder guide's stalwart arm.

Miss Alice deigned no reply, but drew the loop of the lasso over her shoulders, and let it drop to her round waist. Then she essayed to throw the other end to her guide. Dismal failure! The first fling nearly knocked her off the ledge; the second went all wild against the rocky wall; the third caught in a thorn-bush, twenty feet below her companion's feet. Miss Alice's arm sunk helplessly to her side, at which signal of unqualified surrender, the younger guide threw himself half way down the slope, worked his way to the thorn-bush, hung for a moment perilously over the parapet, secured the lasso, and then began to pull away at his lovely burden. Miss Alice was no dead weight, however, but steadily half-scrambled on her hands and knees to within a foot or two of her rescuer. At this too familiar proximity, she stood up, and leaned a little stiffly against the line, causing the guide to give an extra pull, which had the lamentable effect of landing her almost in his arms. As it was, her intelligent forehead struck his nose sharply, and I regret to add, treating of a romantic situation, caused that somewhat prominent sign and token of a hero to bleed freely. Miss Alice instantly clapped a handful of snow over his nostrils.

"Now elevate your arm," she said commandingly.

He did as he was bidden, but sulkily.

"That compresses the artery."

No man, with a pretty woman's hand and a handful of snow over his mouth and nose, could effectively utter a heroic sentence, nor, with his arm elevated stiffly over his head, assume a heroic attitude. But, when his mouth was free again, he said half-sulkily, half-apologetically,—

"I might have known a girl could n't throw worth a cent."

"Why?" demanded Miss Alice sharply.

"Because — why — because — you see — they haven't got the experience," he stammered feebly.

"Nonsense! they have 'nt the *clavicle* — that's all! It's because I'm a woman, and smaller in the collar-bone, that I have n't the play of the fore-arm which you have. See!" She squared her shoulders slightly, and turned the blaze of her dark eyes full on his. "Experience, indeed! A girl can learn anything a boy can."

Apprehension took the place of ill-humor in her hearer. He turned his eyes hastily away, and glanced above him. The elder guide had gone forward to catch Miss Alice's horse, which, relieved of his rider, was floundering toward the trail. Mrs. Rightbody was nowhere to be seen. And these two were still twenty feet below the trail!

There was an awkward pause.

"Shall I pull you up the same way?" he queried. Miss Alice looked at his nose, and hesitated. "Or will you take my hand?" he added in surly impatience. To his surprise, Miss Alice took his hand, and they began the ascent together.

But the way was difficult and dangerous. Once or twice her feet slipped on the smoothly-worn rock beneath; and she confessed to an inward thankfulness when her uncertain feminine hand-grip was exchanged for his strong arm around her waist. Not that he was ungentle; but Miss Alice angrily felt that he had once or twice exercised his superior masculine functions in a rough way; and yet the next moment she would have probably rejected the idea that she had even noticed it. There was no doubt, however, that he *was* a little surly.

A fierce scramble finally brought them back in safety to the trail; but in the action Miss Alice's shoulder, striking a projecting bowlder, wrung from her a feminine cry of pain, her first sign of womanly weakness. The guide stopped instantly.

"I am afraid I hurt you?"

She raised her brown lashes, a trifle moist from suffering, looked in his eyes, and dropped her own. Why, she could not tell. And yet he had certainly a kind face, despite its seriousness; and a fine face, albeit unshorn and weather-beaten. Her own eyes had never been so near to any man's before, save her lover's; and yet she had never seen so much in even his. She slipped her hand away, not with any reference to him, but rather to ponder over this singular experience, and somehow felt uncomfortable thereat.

Nor was he less so. It was but a few days ago that he had accepted the charge of this young woman from the elder guide, who was the recognized escort of the Rightbody party, having been a former correspondent of her father's. He had been hired like any other guide, but had undertaken the task with that chivalrous enthusiasm which the average Californian always extends to the sex so rare to him. But the illusion had passed; and he had dropped into a sulky, practical sense of his situation, perhaps fraught with less danger to himself. Only when appealed to by his manhood or her weakness, he had forgotten his wounded vanity.

He strode moodily ahead, dutifully breaking the path for her in the direction of the distant cañon, where Mrs. Rightbody and her friend awaited them. Miss Alice was the first to speak. In this trackless, uncharted *terra incognita* of the passions, it is always the woman who steps out to lead the way.

"You know this place very well. I suppose you have lived here long?"

"Yes."

"You were not born here — no?"

A long pause.

"I observe they call you 'Stanislaus Joe.' Of course that is not your real name?" (Mem. — Miss Alice had never called him *any thing*, usually prefacing any request with a languid, "O-er-er, please, mister-er-a!" explicit enough for his station.)

"No."

Miss Alice (trotting after him, and bawling in his ear). — "*What* name did you say?"

The Man (doggedly). — "I don't know."

Nevertheless, when they reached the cabin, after a half-hour's buffeting with the storm, Miss Alice applied herself to her mother's escort, Mr. Ryder.

"What's the name of the man who takes care of my horse?"

"Stanislaus Joe," responded Mr. Ryder.

"Is that all?"

"No. Sometimes he's called Joe Stanislaus."

Miss Alice (satirically). — "I suppose it's the custom here to send young ladies out with gentlemen who hide their names under an *alias?*"

Mr. Ryder (greatly perplexed). — "Why, dear me, Miss Alice, you allers 'peared to me as a gal as was able to take keer — "

Miss Alice (interrupting with a wounded, dove-like timidity). — "Oh, never mind, please!"

The cabin offered but scanty accommodation to the tourists; which fact, when indignantly presented by Mrs. Rightbody, was explained by the good-humored Ryder from the circumstance that the usual hotel was only a slight affair of boards, cloth, and paper, put up during the season, and partly dismantled in the fall. "You could n't be kept warm enough there," he added. Nevertheless Miss Alice noticed that both Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe retired there with their pipes, after having prepared the ladies' supper, with the assistance of an Indian woman, who apparently emerged from the earth at the coming of the party, and disappeared as mysteriously.

The stars came out brightly before they slept; and the next morning a clear, unwinking sun beamed with almost summer power through the shutterless window of their cabin, and ironically disclosed the details of its rude interior. Two or three mangy, half-eaten buffalo-robes, a bear-skin, some suspicious-looking blankets, rifles and saddles, deal-tables, and barrels, made up its scant inventory. A strip of faded calico hung before a recess near the chimney, but so blackened by smoke and age that even feminine curiosity respected its secret. Mrs. Rightbody was in high spirits, and informed her daughter that she was at last on the track of her husband's unknown correspondent. "Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five represent two members of the Vigilance Committee, my dear, and Mr. Ryder will assist me to find them."

"Mr. Ryder!" ejaculated Miss Alice, in scornful astonishment.

"Alice," said Mrs. Rightbody, with a suspicious assumption of sudden defence, "you injure yourself, you injure me, by this exclusive attitude. Mr. Ryder is a friend of your father's, an exceedingly well-informed gentleman. I have not, of course, imparted to him the extent of my suspicions. But he can help me to what I must and will know. You might treat him a little more civilly — or, at least, a little better than you do his servant, your guide. Mr. Ryder is a gentleman, and not a paid courier."

Miss Alice was suddenly attentive. When she spoke again, she asked, "Why do you not find something about this Silsbie — who died — or was hung — or something of that kind?"

"Child!" said Mrs. Rightbody, "don't you see there was no Silsbie, or, if there was, he was simply the confidant of that — woman?"

A knock at the door, announcing the presence of Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe with the horses, checked Mrs. Rightbody's speech. As the animals were being packed, Mrs. Rightbody for a moment withdrew in confidential conversation with Mr. Ryder, and, to the young lady's still greater annoyance, left her alone with Stanislaus Joe. Miss Alice was not in good temper, but she felt it necessary to say something.

"I hope the hotel offers better quarters for travellers than this in summer," she began.

"It does."

"Then this does not belong to it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who lives here, then?"

"I do."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Miss Alice, "I thought you lived where we hired — where we met you — in — in — You must excuse me."

"I'm not a regular guide; but as times were hard, and I was out of grub, I took the job."

"Out of grub!" "job!" And *she* was the "job." What would Henry Marvin say? It would nearly kill him. She began herself to feel a little frightened, and walked towards the door.

"One moment, miss!"

The young girl hesitated. The man's tone was surly, and yet indicated a certain kind of half-pathetic grievance. Her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she turned back.

"This morning," he began hastily, "when we were coming down the valley, you picked me up twice."

"I picked *you* up?" repeated the astonished Alice.

"Yes, *contradicted* me: that's what I mean, — once when you said those rocks were volcanic, once when you said the flower you picked was a poppy. I did n't let on at the time, for it was n't my say; but all the while you were talking I might have laid for you — "

"I don't understand you," said Alice haughtily.

"I might have entrapped you before folks. But I only want you to know that *I'm* right, and here are the books to show it."

He drew aside the dingy calico curtain, revealed a small shelf of bulky books, took down two large volumes, — one of botany, one of geology, — nervously sought his text, and put them in Alice's outstretched hands.

"I had no intention —" she began, half-proudly, half embarrassedly.

"Am I right, miss?" he interrupted.

"I presume you are, if you say so."

"That 's all, ma'am. Thank you!"

Before the girl had time to reply, he was gone. When he again returned, it was with her horse, and Mrs. Rightbody and Ryder were awaiting her. But Miss Alice noticed that his own horse was missing.

"Are you not going with us?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!"

Miss Alice felt her speech was a feeble conventionalism; but it was all she could say. She, however, *did* something. Hitherto it had been her habit to systematically reject his assistance in mounting to her seat. Now she awaited him. As he approached, she smiled, and put out her little foot. He instantly stooped; she placed it in his hand, rose with a spring, and for one supreme moment Stanislaus Joe held her unresistingly in his arms. The next moment she was in the saddle; but in that brief interval of sixty seconds she had uttered a volume in a single sentence, —

"I hope you will forgive me!"

He muttered a reply, and turned his face aside quickly as if to hide it.

Miss Alice cantered forward with a smile, but pulled her hat down over her eyes as she joined her mother. She was blushing.

Mr. Ryder was as good as his word. A day or two later he entered Mrs. Rightbody's parlor at the Chrysopolis Hotel in Stockton, with the information that he had seen the mysterious senders of the despatch, and that they were now in the office of the hotel awaiting her pleasure. Mr. Ryder further informed her that these gentlemen had only stipulated that they should not reveal their real names, and that they should be introduced to her simply as the respective "Seventy-Four" and "Seventy-Five" who had signed the despatch sent to the late Mr. Rightbody.

Mrs. Rightbody at first demurred to this; but, on the assurance from Mr. Ryder that this was the only condition on which an interview would be granted, finally consented.

"You will find them square men, even if they are a little rough, ma 'am. But if you'd like me to be present, I'll stop; though I reckon, if ye'd calkilated on that, you'd have had me take care o' your business by proxy, and not come yourself three thousand miles to do it."

Mrs. Rightbody believed it better to see them alone.

"All right, ma 'am. I'll hang round out here; and ef ye should happen to hev a ticklin' in your throat, and a bad spell o' coughin', I'll drop in, careless like, to see if you don't want them drops. *Sabe?*"

And with an exceedingly arch wink, and a slight familiar tap on Mrs. Rightbody's shoulder, which might have caused the late Mr. Rightbody to burst his sepulchre, he withdrew.

A very timid, hesitating tap on the door was followed by the entrance of two men, both of whom, in general size, strength, and uncouthness, were ludicrously inconsistent with their diffident announcement. They proceeded in Indian file to the centre of the room, faced Mrs. Rightbody, acknowledged her deep courtesy by a strong shake of the hand, and, drawing two chairs opposite to her, sat down side by side.

"I presume I have the pleasure of addressing —" began Mrs. Rightbody.

The man directly opposite Mrs. Rightbody turned to the other inquiringly.

The other man nodded his head, and replied, —

"Seventy-Four."

"Seventy-Five," promptly followed the other.

Mrs. Rightbody paused, a little confused.

"I have sent for you," she began again, "to learn something more of the circumstances under which you gentlemen sent a despatch to my late husband."

"The circumstances," replied Seventy-Four quietly, with a side-glance at his companion, "panned out about in this yer style. We hung a man named Josh Silsbie, down at Deadwood, for hoss-stealin'. When I say *we*, I speak for Seventy-Five yer as is present, as well as representin, so to speak, seventy-two other gents as is scattered. We hung Josh Silsbie on squar, pretty squar, evidence. Afore he was strung up, Seventy-Five yer axed him, accordin' to custom, ef ther was enny thing he had to say, or enny request that he allowed to make of us. He turns to Seventy-Five yer, and —"

Here he paused suddenly, looking at his companion.

"He sez, sez he," began Seventy-Five, taking up the narrative, — "he sez, 'Kin I write a letter?' sez he. Sez I, 'Not much, ole man: ye've got no time.' Sez he, 'Kin I send a despatch by telegraph?' I sez, 'Heave ahead.' He sez, — these is his dientikal words, — 'Send to Adam Rightbody, Boston. Tell him to remember his sacred compack with me thirty years ago.'"

"'His sacred compack with me thirty years ago,'" echoed Seventy-Four, — "his dientikal words."

"What was the compact?" asked Mrs. Rightbody anxiously.

Seventy-Four looked at Seventy-Five, and then both arose, and retired to the corner of the parlor, where they engaged in a slow but whispered deliberation. Presently they returned, and sat down again.

"We allow," said Seventy-Four, quietly but decidedly, "that *you* know what that sacred compact was."

Mrs. Rightbody lost her temper and her truthfulness together. "Of course," she said hurriedly, "I know. But do you mean to say that you gave this poor man no further chance to explain before you murdered him?"

Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five both rose again slowly, and retired. When they returned again, and sat down, Seventy-Five, who by this time, through some subtle magnetism, Mrs. Rightbody began to recognize as the superior power, said gravely: —

"We wish to say, regarding this yer murder, that Seventy-Four and me is equally responsible; that we reckon also to represent, so to speak, seventy-two other gentlemen as is scattered; that we are ready, Seventy-Four and me, to take and holt that responsibility, now and at any time, afore every man or men as kin be fetched agin us. We wish to say that this yer say of ours holds good yer in Californy, or in any part of these United States."

"Or in Canady," suggested Seventy-Four.

"Or in Canady. We would n't agree to cross the water, or go to furrin parts, unless absolutely necessary. We leaves the chise of weppings to your principal, ma'am, or being a lady, ma'am, and interested, to any one you may fetch to act for him. An advertisement in any of the Sacramento papers, or a playcard or a handbill stuck unto a tree near Deadwood, saying that Seventy-Four or Seventy-Five will communicate with this yer principal or agent of yours, will fetch us — allers."

Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and desperate, saw her blunder. "I mean nothing of the kind," she said hastily. "I only expected that you might have some further details of this interview with Silsbie; that perhaps you could tell me"—a bold, bright thought crossed Mrs. Rightbody's mind—"something more about *her*."

The two men looked at each other.

"I suppose your society have no objection to giving me information about *her*," said Mrs. Rightbody eagerly.

Another quiet conversation in the corner, and the return of both men.

"We want to say that we 've no objection."

Mrs. Rightbody's heart beat high. Her boldness had made her penetration good. Yet she felt she must not alarm the men heedlessly.

"Will you inform me to what extent Mr. Rightbody, my late husband, was interested in her?"

This time it seemed an age to Mrs. Rightbody before the men returned from their consultation in the corner. She could both hear and feel that their discussion was more animated than their previous conferences. She was a little mortified, however, when they sat down, to hear Seventy-Four say slowly,—

"We wish to say that we don't allow to say *how* much."

"Do you not think that the 'sacred compact' between Mr. Rightbody and Mr. Silsbie referred to her?"

"We reckon it do."

Mrs. Rightbody, flushed and animated, would have given worlds had her daughter been present to hear this undoubted confirmation of her theory. Yet she felt a little nervous and uncomfortable even on this threshold of discovery.

"Is she here now?"

"She 's in Tuolumne," said Seventy-Four.

"A little better looked arter than formerly," added Seventy-Five.

"I see. Then Mr. Silsbie *enticed* her away?"

"Well, ma'am, it *was* allowed as she runned away. But it was n't proved, and it generally was n't her style."

Mrs. Rightbody trifled with her next question. "She was pretty, of course?"

The eyes of both men brightened.

"She was *that!*" said Seventy-Four emphatically.

"It would have done you good to see her!" added Seventy-Five.

Mrs. Rightbody inwardly doubted it; but, before she could ask another question, the two men again retired to the corner for consultation. When they came back, there was a shade more of kindliness and confidence in their manner; and Seventy-Four opened his mind more freely.

"We wish to say, ma'am, looking at the thing, by and large, in a far-minded way, that, ez *you* seem interested, and ez Mr. Rightbody was interested, and was, according to all accounts, deceived and led away by Silsbie, that we don't mind listening to any proposition *you* might make, as a lady — allowin' you was ekally interested."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rightbody quickly. "And you will furnish me with any papers?"

The two men again consulted.

"We wish to say, ma'am, that we think she 's got papers, but — "

"I *must* have them, you understand," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, "at any price."

"We was about to say, ma'am," said Seventy-Five slowly, "that, considerin' all things, — and you being a lady — you kin have *her*, papers, pedigree, and guaranty, for twelve hundred dollars."

It has been alleged that Mrs. Rightbody asked only one question more, and then fainted. It is known, however, that by the next day it was understood in Deadwood that Mrs. Rightbody had confessed to the Vigilance Committee that her husband, a celebrated Boston millionnaire, anxious to gain possession of Abner Springer's well-known sorrel mare, had incited the unfortunate Josh Silsbie to steal it; and that finally, failing in this, the widow of the deceased Boston millionnaire was now in personal negotiation with the owners.

Howbeit, Miss Alice, returning home that afternoon, found her mother with a violent headache.

"We will leave here by the next steamer," said Mrs. Rightbody languidly. "Mr. Ryder has promised to accompany us."

"But, mother — "

"The climate, Alice, is over-rated. My nerves are already suffering from it. The associations are unfit for you, and Mr. Marvin is naturally impatient."

Miss Alice colored slightly.

"But your quest, mother?"

"I 've abandoned it."

"But *I* have not," said Alice quietly. "Do you remember my guide at the Yo Semite, — Stanislaus Joe? Well, Stanislaus Joe is — who do you think?"

Mrs. Rightbody was languidly indifferent.

"Well, Stanislaus Joe is the son of Joshua Silsbie."

Mrs. Rightbody sat upright in astonishment.

"Yes. But, mother, he knows nothing of what we know. His father treated him shamefully, and set him cruelly adrift years ago; and, when he was hung, the poor fellow, in sheer disgrace, changed his name."

"But, if he knows nothing of his father's compact, of what interest is this?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought it might lead to something."

Mrs. Rightbody suspected that "something," and asked sharply, "And pray how did *you* find it out? You did not speak of it in the valley."

"Oh! I did n't find it out till to-day," said Miss Alice, walking to the window. "He happened to be here, and — told me."

GRIZZLY.

COWARD, — of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage, — whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber, — whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
  Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
  Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets, —
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou mayest levy tithe and dole;
  Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
  Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark, —
  And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
  With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
  In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
  At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," —
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that 's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

IN THE MISSION GARDEN.

1865.

FATHER FELIPE.

I SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is,
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!
Pardon an old man, — what you call "ol fogy," —
Padre Felipe!

Old, Señor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Señor?
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just *Fifty*
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred;
All the same time when the earthquake he come to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden:
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca,
Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her?* No? Ah! it is a story;
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English:
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American came to the Mission,
Many arrivê at the house of Francisca:
One, — he was fine man, — he buy the cattle
Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him:
And it was Love, — and a very dry season;
And the pears bake on the tree, — and the rain come,
But not Francisca;

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca:
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca, —
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad; . . . but I speak not the English;
So! . . . she stay here, and she wait for her husband:
He come no more, and she sleep on the hillside;
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there 's the Angelus. Will you not enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue — stt — attend to the stranger.
Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he 's been telling that yarn about mother!
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger:
Folks about yer say the old man 's my father;
What 's your opinion?

"HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"

Down the picket-guarded lane,
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them 's the peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew,
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadrons military;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these, —
"U. S. San. Com." "That 's the cheese!"
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle front was won,
Then the car, its journey done,
Lo! was stationary;
And where bullets whistling fly,
Came the sadder, fainter cry,
"Help us, brothers, ere we die, —
Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle clouds that rise;
But the brave — whose dying eyes,
Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside —
Hears the voice to those who ride,
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Havergal, Frances Ridley, an English poet and religious writer; born at Astley, Worcestershire, December 14, 1836; died at Swansea, Wales, June 3, 1879. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, an English clergyman and musician, the author of a Psalmody, from whom she inherited a talent for music. She was the author of many religious and devotional poems, published at various times under the titles of "Bells Across the Snow," "Compensation and other Devotional Poems," "Loyal Responses," "Songs for the Master," "Alpine Poems," etc. She also published several volumes of prose, principally for young people. Since her death her poems have all been collected and published in two volumes, and the story of her life has been told by her sister, Margaret V. Havergal, in "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal."

Christ's Recall.

Return,
O wanderer from my side!
Soon drops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread in the accepted day.

Return,
O erring, yet beloved!
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been;
I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest?
Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,
O fallen, yet not lost!
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?

When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy weakening heart within thee burn,
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return?

Return,
O chosen of my love!
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal;
Now have I seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemèd thee.

The Thoughts of God.

What know we of God's thoughts? One word of gold
A volume doth enfold.
They are — "not ours!"
Ours? what are they? their value and their powers?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
Across thy busy brain,
Only a few remain
To set their seal on memory's strange consistence;
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
That we would fain forget;
And very few are rich and great and sweet;
And fewer still are lasting gain,
And those most often born of pain,
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence. . . .

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord!
"My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the Lord,
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts, to yours; — out of your sight,
Above your praise."
O oracle most grand!
Thus teaching by sublimest negative
What by a positive we could not understand,
Or understanding, live!
And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery

Write "*Not* as ours!" Then, in every line
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and True. . . .

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell;
Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendor, barriers that no foes
Could pass at will.
There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source; —
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire —
As we fall overawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand —
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast —
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change;
That never fail, or falter, or forget.
O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange!
"For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me.*"

Consecration Hymn.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, *all* for Thee.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

JUST to let thy Father do
    What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
    And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
    As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
    As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
  Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
  Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
    Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
    As He will.

Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

The Unfailing One.

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say;
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS.

Haweis, Hugh Reginald, an English clergyman and general writer; born at Egham, Surrey, April 3, 1838. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1864. After filling two curacies, he was appointed rector of St. James's Church, Marylebone, and afterward of St. James's, Westminster. In 1868 he became editor of "Cassell's Magazine." He is the author of "Music and Morals" (1871), in which he expounds the emotional theory of music; "Thoughts for the Times" (1872); "Speech in Season," "Current Coin," "Arrows in the Air," "American Humorists" (1873), "Poets in the Pulpit," "Picture of Paul the Disciple," "The Conquering Cross," and other works. His terse and vigorous language and a rare capacity for exposition have given his score of books a wide circulation.

Music in England.

(From "Music and Morals.")

I.

The English are not a musical people, and the English are not an artistic people. But the English are more artistic than musical; that is to say, they have produced better artists than musicians. A country is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves composers and artists. It cannot be affirmed that Englishmen are, or ever were, either one or the other. Let us explain.

Painting is older, and has had a longer time to develop, than music. There have been great English painters, who have painted in the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish styles; there has even been a really original school of English portrait and landscape painters; and these later years have witnessed some very remarkable and original developments of the art in England; but the spirit of it is not in the people, for all that. The art of our common workmen is stereotyped, not spontaneous. When our architects cease to copy, they become dull. Our houses are all under an Act of Uniformity.

Music in England has always been an exotic, and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has not been a stable and continuous growth. The Reformation music was all French and Italian; the Restoration music (1650), half French and half German. No one will deny that Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, in Church music — Morley, Ward, Wilbye, in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials; but the materials were foreign, for all that. At the Restoration, Pelham Humphreys, called by Pepys "an absolute monsieur," is as really French as Sir Sterndale Bennett is really German. Purcell, the Mozart of his time, was largely French, although he seemed to strike great tap-roots into the older Elizabethan period, just as Mendelssohn struck them deep into S. Bach. But all these men have one thing in common — they were composers in England, they were not English composers. They did not write for the people, the people did not care for their music. The music of the people was ballads — the music of the people is still ballads. Our national music vibrates between "When other lips" and "Champagne Charley."

These ballads of all kinds are not exotic: they represent the national music of the English people. The people understand music to be a pleasant noise and a jingling rhythm; hence their passion for loudness, and for the most vulgar and pronounced melody. That music should be to language what language is to thought, a kind of subtle expression and counterpart of it; that it should range over the wordless region of the emotions, and become in turn the lord and minister of feeling, sometimes calling up images of beauty and power, at others giving an inexpressible relief to the heart by clothing its aspirations with a certain harmonious form — of all this the English people know nothing. And as English music is jingle and noise, so the musician is the noisemaker for the people, and nothing more. Even among the upper classes, except in some few cases, it has been too much the fashion to regard the musician as a kind of servile appendage to polite society; and no doubt this treatment has reacted disastrously upon musicians in England, so that many of them are or become what society assumes them to be — uncultivated men in any true sense of the word. And this will be so until music is felt here, as it is

THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC

From a Painting by E. Hamman

in Germany, to be a kind of necessity — to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither — a need, as of light, and air, and fire.

Things are improving, no doubt. When genius, both creative and executive, has been recognized over and over again as devoted to music, even a British public has had thoughts of patting the gods on the back. There is a growing tendency to give illustrious musicians the same position which has been granted in almost every age and country to illustrious poets and painters. Let us hope that refined musicians, even though not of the highest genius, may ere long meet with a like honorable reception. Why has this not been the case hitherto? I reply, because England is not a musical country. The first step is to awaken in her, or force upon her, the appreciation of music as an art. That is the stage we are now at. The second stage is to create a national school of composers — this is what we hope to arrive at.

The contrast between indigenous art and exotic art is always marked. When the people love spontaneously, there is enthusiasm and reverence for the artist and his work. Where or when in this country will ever be seen a multitude like the crowd which followed Cimabue's picture of the Madonna through the streets of Florence, or the mournful procession that accompanied Mendelssohn to his grave?

When art has to be grafted on to a nation, it is received fastidiously at first — the old tree likes not the taste of the new sap. When the graft succeeds, and the tree brings forth good fruit, the people pluck it and eat it admiringly, but ages sometimes elapse before it becomes a staff of life to them. But let art be indigenous, as in Greece of old, in modern Italy, in Germany, even in France, and every mechanic will carve and sculpt, every boor will sing and listen to real music, every shopman will have an intuitive taste and arrange his wares to the best possible advantage. In India the commonest workman will set colors for the loom in such a manner as to ravish the eye of the most cultivated European artist. In the German refreshment rooms of the great Paris Exhibition there were rough bands working steadily through the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, while the public were never found so intent on *sauer kraut* and sausages as not to applaud vociferously at the end, and sometimes even encore an adagio. Fancy the frequenters of Cremorne encoring a symphony by Mozart!

However, the people have their music, and it is of no use to deny it; and the marks of patronage bestowed upon ballad-mongers, one-eyed harpers, asthmatic flutes, grinders and bands from "Vaterland," are sufficient to inspire the sanguine observer with hopes for the future.

When a man cannot feed himself, the next best thing is to get a friend to do it for him. It cannot be denied that the English of all classes have shown great liberality in importing and paying for all kinds of foreign music as well as in cherishing such scanty germs as there happen to be around them. A musician of any kind is less likely to starve in England than in any other country, from the organ-grinder who lounges with his lazy imperturbable smile before the area railings, as who should say, "If I don't get a copper here I shall round the corner, and no matter," to the sublime maestro (Beethoven) who, abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen, received upon his death-bed an honorarium of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society.

English managers were the first who introduced the scale of exorbitant salaries now paid to opera singers and a few of the best instrumentalists. We believe the system began with Malibran; but Paganini was so well aware of our extravagant foible that he doubled the prices of admission whenever he played at the Opera-house. It is the old story — humming-birds at the North Pole and ice in the tropics will be found equally expensive.

We have now said the worst that can be said about music in England; all the rest shall be in mitigation of the above criticism. "May it please your highness," says Griffith, in "Henry VIII.," "to hear me speak his good now."

II.

It is certainly true that if we do not sow the seed we provide an admirable soil. Let the English people once receive an impression, and it will be held with a surprising tenacity. When the now young and fair Madame or Mademoiselle Prima Donna of the period, at the age of one hundred — beautiful forever, but perfectly inaudible — shall advance to the foot-lights to take her farewell benefit, those of us who are still alive will flock to see her, and strew her path with flowers as fadeless as herself.

Among the most hopeful signs of the times we may enumerate the success of Mr. Hullah's system, the recent introduction of the Tonic Sol-fa method, and the immense increase of musical societies throughout the country.

Fifty-five years ago the old Philharmonic was without a rival. Every year some new *chef d'œuvre* was produced, and the English public was taught to expect at each concert two long symphonies, besides classical concertos, relieved only by a song or two as a kind of musical salts to prevent downright collapse. This discipline was thought by some to be too severe; but a little knot of connoisseurs maintained that in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart were to be found the most precious treasures of music, and people hitherto only accustomed to instrumental music as an accompaniment to vocal, began to listen with a growing interest to purely orchestral performances. Haydn and Mozart soon became popular, but Beethoven was long a stumbling-block, and, although held in great veneration, and at all times most liberally treated by the Philharmonic Society, yet even that advanced body took some time to unravel the mysteries of the great C minor, and for years after Beethoven's death his greatest orchestral works were, to a large majority of English ears, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the old Philharmonic upon musical taste in England; but it did not long stand alone. A gold mine may be opened by a solitary band of diggers, but the road leading to it soon becomes crowded; a thousand other breaches are speedily made. We have seen during the last few years the swarms of daily papers which have sprung up round the "Times;" the same remark applies to the crop of quarterlies around the "Edinburgh;" the cheap magazines round the "Cornhill;" exhibitions round that of 1851; and, we may add, orchestral societies round the old Philharmonic.

We may fairly date the present wave of musical progress in this country from the advent of Mendelssohn. It is now more than thirty years since he appeared at the Philharmonic, and, both as conductor and pianist, literally carried all before him. He brought with him that reverence for art, and that high sense of the artist's calling, without which art is likely to degenerate into a mere pastime, and the artist himself into a charlatan. The young composer read our native bands some useful lessons. Himself the chevalier of music — *sans peur et sans reproche* — sensitive indeed to criticism, but still more alive to the honor of art, he could not brook the slightest insult or slur put upon music. Gifted with a rare breadth and sweetness of disposition, his ire began to be dreaded as much as he himself was admired and beloved.

At a time when Schubert was known here only by a few songs, Mendelssohn brought over the magnificent symphony in C (lately performed at the Crystal Palace), together with his own "Ruy Blas" overture in MS. The parts of Schubert's symphony were distributed to the band. Mendelssohn was ready at his desk — the bâton rose — the romantic opening was taken — but after the first few lines, signs of levity caught the master's eye. He closed the score; the gentlemen of the band evidently considered the music rubbish, and, amid some tittering, collected the parts, which were again deposited in the portfolio.

"Now for your overture, Mendelssohn!" was the cry.

"Pardon me!" replied the indignant composer; and, taking up his hat, he walked out of the room.

"Ruy Blas" went back to Germany, but the lesson was not soon forgotten.

After living among us just long enough to complete and produce his masterpiece, the "Elijah," at Birmingham, he died (1847), leaving behind him an illustrious school of disciples, of whom Sir Sterndale Bennett may be named chief, and to that new school, as well as to the old-established Philharmonic Society, may be traced the rapid increase of orchestral societies and orchestral concerts in England. In looking back through the last fifteen years, the difficulty is to choose one's examples.

The growing popularity of the orchestra is a sure sign of the popular progress in music. Ballad singing and solo playing, in dealing with distinct ideas and accentuated melodies, and by infusing into the subject a kind of personal interest in the performance, depend upon many quite unmusical adjuncts for their success; but orchestral playing, in dealing chiefly with harmony, brings us directly into the abstract region of musical ideas. The applause which follows "Coming through the Rye" is just as often given to a pretty face or a graceful figure as to the music itself; and when people encore Bottesini, Wieniawski, or Rubinstein, it is often only to have another stare at the big fiddle, the romantic locks, or the dramatic sang-froid of these incomparable artists; but the man who applauds a symphony applauds no words or individuals — he is come into the region of abstract emotion, and if he does not understand its sovereign language, he will hear about as much as a color-blind man will see by looking into a prism. It is a hopeful sign when the people listen to good German bands in the streets. A taste for penny ices proves that the common people have a glimmering of the strawberry creams which Mr. Gunter prepares for sixpence; and the frequent consumption of ginger-pop and calves'-head broth indicates a confirmed, though it may be hopeless, passion for champagne and turtle-soup. No one will say that the old Philharmonic in any sense supplied music for the people, but the people heard of it, and clamored for it, and, in obedience to the spirit of the age the man arose who was able to give them as near an approach to the loftier departments of music as the masses could appreciate.

The immortal Mons. Jullien, who certainly wielded a most magical white bâton, and was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, attracted immense, enthusiastic, and truly popular crowds to his truly popular concerts. Knowing little about the science of music, and glad, says rumor, to avail himself of more learned scribes in arranging his own matchless polkas and quadrilles, he had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. From the instant he appeared before a grateful public to the moment when, exhausted by more than human efforts, he sank into his golden fauteuil, Mons. Jullien was a sight! The very drops upon his Parian brow were so many tributary gems of enthusiasm to the cause of art. Not that Mons. Jullien ever lost his personality, or forgot himself in that great cause. The wave of his silken pocket-handkerchief, with the glittering diamond rings, seemed to say, "There, there, my public! the fire of genius consumes me — but I am yours!"

But, without further pleasantry, it must be acknowledged that the irresistible Jullien took the English public by storm, and having won, he made an admirable use of his victory. Besides his band in London, detachments travelled all over the country, and spread far and wide currents of the great central fire that blazed in the metropolis.

Those grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps! Happy hours! many of us, since grown to years of discretion, may remember them in the days of our early youth! No summer evenings in the open air seem now so full of ecstasy; no fireworks explode with such regal and unprecedented splendor; must it be confessed? no music can come again with such a weird charm as that which filled the child's ear and ravished the child's heart with a new and ineffable tremor of delight. But it was the music, not the scenery, not the fireworks alone. It was hardly a display of fireworks, assisted by Mons. Jullien's band — it was Mons. Jullien's band accompanied by fireworks! It would be wrong, however, to imply that these concerts were supported merely by big drums and sky-rockets.

I do not think Mons. Jullien ever got due credit for the large mass of good classical music he was in the habit of introducing. Besides the finest German overtures were heard movements from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's symphonies admirably executed; of course without the repose and intellect of a classical conductor, but without offensive sensationalism, and with perfect accuracy.

Upon the shoulders of the late Mr. Mellon descended the mantle of Mons. Jullien. If Mellon's concerts lacked the romance and unapproachable fire that went out with the brilliant Frenchman, they retained all that could be retained of his system, and gave it additions which his perseverance had made possible, but which he had probably never contemplated. There was also the same care in providing the first soloists.

Bottesini, whose melodies floated in the open air over the Surrey Gardens, and filled the world with a new wonder and delight, was again heard under the dome of Covent Garden.

M. Sivori — the favorite pupil of Paganini, who seems to have inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician without a spark of his demoniac fury — appeared, and filled those who remembered the master with a strange feeling, as though at length,

"Above all pain, yet pitying all distress," the master's soul still flung to earth faint fragments from the choirs that chime

"After the chiming of the eternal spheres."

Mons. Levy on the cornet, and Mons. Wieniawski on the violin, are the only other real instrumental sensations that have been produced at these concerts.

At any time instrumental genius is rare, and of the numbers who are first-rate, only a few feel equal to stilling the noisy, half-trained audiences usually found at promenade concerts. When we have mentioned Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, Rubinstein, and Hallé, on the piano; De Beriot, Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Joachim, on the violin; Linley and Piatti on the violoncello; Dragonetti and Bottesini on the contra-basso; König and Levy on the cornet, the roll of solo instrumentalists during the last fifty years may very nearly be closed. And of the above men, some, like Chopin, Hallé, and Joachim, never cared to face, strictly speaking, popular audiences; but those who did were usually secured by the popular orchestras of Jullien and Mellon, and by the givers of those intolerable bores called monster concerts, which begin early in the afternoon and never seem to end.

III.

The immense advance of the popular mind is remarkably illustrated by the change in the ordinary orchestral programme. We have now Mozart nights, and Beethoven nights, and Mendelssohn nights. Not bits of symphonies, but entire works are now listened to, and movements of them are encored by audiences at Covent Garden. We have heard the Scotch symphony and the "Power of Sound" received with discrimination and applause. A certain critical spirit is creeping into these audiences, owing to the large infusion of really musical people who are on the lookout for good programmes, and invariably support them.

The old and new Philharmonics, the London Musical Society, the performances under Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall, the Sacred Harmonic under Sir W. M. Costa, the Birmingham Festival and the Cathedral Festivals, Jullien, Mellon, Arditi, Rivière, Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, Mr. Henry

Leslie's wonderful choir, and last — and greatest of all — the Crystal Palace band, have no doubt supplied a want, but they have also created one. They have taught thousands to care about good music. They have taught those who did care to be more critical. The time is gone by when the Philharmonic had it all its own way, or when only the wealthy could hear fine music, or when the public generally was thankful for small mercies. The ears of the public have grown sharp. When musical amateurs now go to hear a symphony, they know what they go for, and they know, too, whether they get it. They hear the Italian Symphony by the Crystal Palace band on Saturday afternoon, and not long afterward at the Philharmonic, and there is no possibility of evading a comparison. The members of the Crystal Palace band, from playing every day all the year round together under the same admirable conductor, have achieved an excellence hitherto unknown in England.

The office of conductor is no sinecure. The position of the four or five conductors before the public in England is accurately gauged, and the merits of each aspirant to new fame are eagerly discussed.

Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace band, is the finest classical conductor in England. The refinements gone into by the band in playing Beethoven's symphonies are only to be compared to the rendering of Beethoven's sonatas by M. Charles Hallé. The wind is simply matchless, and blows as one man; the wind accompaniment in the Italian symphony to the slow movement commonly called "The March of the Pilgrims," has all the evenness and dead accuracy of the keyboard. But it is more than a keyboard — it is a keyboard with a soul — it sounds like an inspired organ. Where Mr. Manns appears to us to be absolutely impeccable is in his rendering of Schubert, and the great orchestral overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn. Not that any one in England could produce Schumann's works as he does, but the name of Robert Schumann opens up a field of absorbing inquiry which we must not allow ourselves at present to enter upon.

The late Mr. Mellon, without the fire of genius, brought great vigor of talent, perseverance, and ingenuity to bear upon his band. The French brilliancy of Jullien was replaced in Mellon by a careful calculation of effect. In comparing his band with that of the Crystal Palace, we must always remember that he was less favorably situated in three particulars. His band was larger and less choicely selected, it rehearsed less frequently, and was bound to cater for rough, mixed audiences. His work was thus less noble, but more popular. To adapt the words of the late Dr. Whewell, in speaking of the poets Longfellow and Tennyson, "He was appreciated by thousands whose tastes rendered them inaccessible to the harmonies of the greater masters."

The continuation of Mellon's concerts under Signor Arditi and M. Jullien (*fils*) were not equally successful. The theatre was never half full, and the performances indifferent.

The same concerts under Signor Bottesini must be spoken of in very different terms. The classical music was not so well done, but the *ensemble* was admirable; and the presence of a master, though a somewhat careless one, was felt throughout. Signor Bottesini's opera-conducting delighted even a Paris audience. His classical taste is also excellent; the simplest accompaniment played by him, and the simplest selection arranged by him, display the same tact and genius; nor is it wonderful to find him pass from the skilled soloist to the conductor's desk, and wield the bâton with a grace and power worthy of the first contra-basso in the world.

A strange new figure startled the public out of all composure and gravity during the season of 1868, and a paragraph to record so popular and exceptional a talent will not here be out of place. Every night, in the middle of the concert, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and mustache, would step jauntily on to the platform vacated by Signor Bottesini. His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good-humoredly; then, turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the Strauss violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously — now tearing along, then suddenly languishing, at the will of the magical and electric violin. Johann Strauss danced, pit and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or a galop by yonder inexorable "pied piper," until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backward, to an audience beside themselves with delight. Nothing of the kind has been seen in England before, and all that can be said is that of its kind it is simply inimitable.

It is a transition as sudden as any to be found in the Strauss dances to pass from Herr Strauss to Sir William Sterndale Bennett.

The Cambridge musical professor's conducting possesses great charm for all admirers of real classical music — it is full of refinement and quiet power. It is much to be regretted that he no longer holds any post as conductor, having resigned the Philharmonic bâton. This illustrious musician has been long popular in Germany, as the letters of Schumann and Mendelssohn alike testify, and the English peopld cannot any longer be accused of blindness to his distinguished merits.

Mr. W. G. Cusins at the Philharmonic has won great favor with that critical audience. The care which he bestows on rehearsals, the careful, though sometimes quaint selection of his programmes, the noble soloists and the new *chef d'œuvres* which he has produced, have made the last few seasons among the most brilliant of many brilliant predecessors.

We have reserved the name of Sir Michael Costa until now, that we might speak of him in connection with the opera and oratorio. About the progress or decadence of the opera we can here say but little. We regard it, musically, philosophically, and ethically, as an almost unmixed evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so.

Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The "Climenza di Tito" in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than "Don Juan" in its great might. Schubert in "Alfonso and Estrella" broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's "Jessonda" was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" almost philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn has left us no opera because he was dissatisfied with every *libretto* offered him. We can hardly regret this, as he has selected instead the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples the "Elijah" "Walpurgis Nacht," "Antigone," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Wagner, in despair, has been driven, in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to us, both of Italian *naïveté* and sound German philosophy. We desire to speak with the greatest respect of Herr Wagner's genius, and also of his opinions, while not agreeing with much of his theory as far as we understand it. Schumann, avoiding all scenic effect, found in "Paradise and the Peri" a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art.

Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world simply to prove that he could do everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct — the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is internecine. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e. g.*, that of Gounod's "Faust," to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted.

Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves, and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of many German operas is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common sense is less shocking in what is professedly unreal than in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise en scène* in connection with which he was able to express real emotions. "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of compromise. In the Italian school the music is too often nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives.

In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod, the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagner, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the "Lohengrin." Weber, in "Oberon," works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the "Prophète;" and Gounod, in "Faust," runs such a power of orchestration through the whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which enhance the intensity of its emotional elements to a secondary importance.

In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let one person clap, and others are sure to follow. Let a clown but laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspiciously. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

I say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common sense. The cantata and the oratorio are the forms which, with some modification, will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as Elijah, in a tail-coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation, but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear in the otherwise wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet — let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone — our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing.

Herr Rubinstein once entertained, perhaps still entertains, the idea of putting the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, and thought that England's reverence for the Bible would pave the way for the production of sacred opera in this country; he was much disappointed on being told that it was precisely Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories which would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because, the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

Sir Michael Costa is the most popular conductor in England. Without putting forward, as far as we know, any definite theories on the subject of romantic and classical music, he has accepted facts, and done the best that could be done for the opera and the concert-room. To Signor Arditi's knowledge of stage effect, he unites a breadth of conception, a wide sympathy, and a powerful physique, which enable him to undertake, and to carry through, oratorios on a scale hitherto unknown.

The dramatic gifts and sensational effects which are almost out of place in Exeter Hall, are all needed in coping with the extended space, and the multitudinous band and chorus of the Handel orchestra or the Albert Hall performances. Sir Michael Costa is felt to be the only man equal to such a task. On these occasions the fewer solos the better. The "Israel in Egypt" is the only kind of thing which is of the slightest use under the central transept. Even Mendelssohn's choruses are thrown away. No one heeds the intricate arabesque work of the violins and subtle counterpoint of the wind. The crowded scores of modern composers were never intended for, and should never be produced before, giant audiences. But still less should great singers tear themselves to pieces simply in contending with space. Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is no better than a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey. The acoustic properties of the Albert Hall are very much superior to those of the Crystal Palace transept, although some rearrangement of the orchestra and redistribution of the chorus is manifestly needed before either can be heard to real advantage.

We might be expected here to notice the various societies of sacred music, but the subject is too wide, embracing ecclesiastical music generally, and we cannot now enter upon it. We may, however, observe, in passing, the popular progress made in this department. The people of London in 1868 listened to shilling oratorios for the first time at the Agricultural Hall in the East, and St. George's Hall in the West End of London. And who cannot bear joyful witness to the change that has passed over the choirs of churches and chapels during the last twenty years?

Music is thus approaching in England to what it has ever been in Germany — a running commentary upon all life, the solace of a nation's cares, the companion of its revelry, the minister of its pleasure, and the inspired aid to its devotion.

IV.

If we now enter for a moment the music-halls of the metropolis, we shall notice that the happy change is extending downward. The members of our cathedral choirs do not disdain to produce before these once despised, and, it must be confessed, sometimes equivocal audiences, the part-songs of Mendelssohn and the ballads of Schubert.

In the better-class establishments whole evenings pass without anything occurring on the stage to offend the delicacy of a lady; while, if we go lower, we shall find the penny gaffs and public-house concerts coarse it may be, but, on the whole, moral, and contrasting most favorably with anything of the kind in France. It must be understood that I am alluding merely to the musical portion of these entertainments. Of late years the general increase of ballets and vulgar clap-trap comic songs has not tended to elevate the tone of our music-halls.

CRYSTAL PALACE, MAIN HALL

(*London*)

There is one other branch of strictly popular music which seems to be considered beneath the attention of serious critics; but nothing popular should be held beneath the attention of thoughtful people — we allude to the Negro Melodists now best represented by the Christy Minstrels. About twenty years ago, a band of enthusiasts, some black by nature, others by art, invaded our shores, bringing with them what certainly were nigger bones and banjos, and what professed to be negro melodies. The sensation which they produced was legitimate, and their success was well deserved. The first melodies were no doubt curious and original; they were the offspring of the naturally musical organization of the negro as it came in contact with the forms of European melody. The negro mind, at work upon civilized music, produces the same kind of thing as the negro mind at work upon Christian theology. The product is not to be despised. The negro's religion is singularly childlike, plaintive, and emotional. It is also singularly distinct and characteristic. Both his religion and his music arise partly from his impulsive nature and partly from his servile condition. The negro is more really musical than the Englishman. If he has a nation emerging into civilization, his music is national. Until very lately, as his people are one in color, so were they one in calamity, and singing often merrily with the tears wet upon his ebony cheek, no record of his joy or sorrow passed unaccompanied by a cry of melody or a wail of plaintive and harmonious melancholy. If we could divest ourselves of prejudice, the songs that float down the Ohio River are one in feeling and character with the songs of the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon. We find in them the same tale of bereavement and separation, the same irreparable sorrow, the same simple faith and childlike adoration, the same wild tenderness and passionate sweetness, like music in the night. As might have been supposed, the parody of all this, gone through at St. James's Hall, does not convey much of the spirit of genuine negro melody, and the manufacture of national music carried on briskly by sham niggers in England is as much like the original article as a penny woodcut is like a line engraving. Still, such as it is, the entertainment is popular, and yet bears some impress of its peculiar and romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. We cherish no malignant feeling toward those amiable gentlemen at St. James's Hall, whose ingenious fancy has painted them so much blacker than they really are, and who not unfrequently betray their lily-white nationality through a thin though sudorific disguise; we admit both their popularity and their skill; but we are bound to say that we miss, even in such pretty tunes as "Beautiful Star," the distinctive charm and original pathos which characterized "Mary Blane" and "Lucy Neal."

I cannot close without alluding to a very different class of music.

As opera is the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, so that class of cabinet music called string quartets is the most intellectual. The true musician enters, as it were, the domestic sanctuary of music when he sits down to listen to, or to take part in a string quartet. The time has gone by when men like Lord Chesterfield could speak of a fiddler with contempt. Few men would now inquire with the languid fop what fun there could be in four fellows sitting opposite each other for hours and scraping catgut; most people understand that in the same process the cultivated musician finds the most precious opportunities for quiet mental analysis and subtle emotional meditation.

The greatest masters wrote their choicest thoughts in this form — it is one so easily commanded and so satisfying. The three varieties of the same instrument — violin, viola, and violoncello — all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar quality, embrace an almost unlimited compass, and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

The quartet is a musical microcosm, and is to the symphony what a vignette in water-colors is to a large oil painting. The great quartet writers are certainly Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn is the true model. He attempts nothing which four violins cannot do; the parts are exquisitely distributed, scrupulous injustice is done to each instrument, and the form is perfect. Mozart's quartet is equally perfect as such, but much bolder and more spontaneous. Beethoven carried quartet writing, as he did every other branch of music, into hitherto untrodden regions, but, with the sure instinct of the most balanced of all geniuses, never into inappropriate ones. Fascinating as are the quartets of Spohr and Mendelssohn, as quartets I am bound to place them below the above great models. Spohr seldom distributes his parts fairly; it is usually first violin with string accompaniment. Mendelssohn frequently forgets the limits of the legitimate quartet; orchestral effects are constantly being attempted, and we pine at intervals for a note on the horn, while the kettle-drum is occasionally suggested. Schubert can wander on forever with four instruments, or anything else — mellifluous, light-hearted, melancholy, fanciful by turns. When he gets half way through there is no reason why he should not leave off, and when he gets to the end there is no reason why he should not go on. But in this process form and unity are often both lost.

The characteristics of Schumann require separate attention. Under the general heading of cabinet music would be comprised the addition of the piano-forte in trios, quartets, and quintets, as also the addition of a horn, a flute, or a clarionet in sestets and octets. Variety is always pleasant, but none of these combinations equal the string quartet in beauty of form, or real power and balance of expression. The piano in a trio will eke out a good deal, but it usually results in the strings accompanying the piano, or the piano accompanying the strings. Mendelssohn's two trios are small orchestral whirlwinds, and quite unique, but the trio form might be seriously demurred to as inappropriate.

On the other hand, one feels the piano-forte in a quartet, or even a quintet, as a kind of interloper — a sort of wasp in a beehive — a sort of cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. One would rather see the natural bird there; one would rather have the second violin in its place. Again, in octets and sestets, splendid as are some of these compositions, we feel the orchestral form is the one aimed at, and consequently the poverty of the adopted one is constantly making itself felt. Space compels us to speak most generally and without even necessary qualification on these points, and we pass on to the quartet playing that has of late years come before the public.

Mysterious quartets in back rooms and retired country houses becoming more and more frequent, the experiment of public performances was at last made; but they were to be for the few. The Musical Union, under Mr. Ella's direction, was one of the first societies which provided this luxury every season. It soon met with a formidable rival in the quartet concerts at Willis's Rooms, under Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cooper. But the man and the hour were still to come. The concerts were too select and too expensive. Mr. Chappell flew to the rescue with a chosen band of heroes, foremost among whom must always stand M. Joachim.

M. Joachim is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialties; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt, infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his seat at a quartet very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun.

The second violin of the usual Monday Popular quartet is Herr Ries, masterly and unobtrusive. The tenor was until lately Mr. Blagrove, who, an admirable first violin and a great orchestral leader, knows how to shine anywhere; the absence of so eminent an English artist from these truly national concerts is a public misfortune. Signor Piatti, the one violoncello player whom the public like best to hear, completes the finest cast ever heard in England. Of course the description of the Monday Popular players must vary from year to year.

Other players of various merits constantly appear. Lotto, Strauss, Wieniawski, and last, but certainly not least, Madame Norman Neruda, are among the best substitutes which have been provided for M. Joachim. Why Mr. Carrodus is so seldom heard we are at a loss to conjecture.

Mr. Charles Hallé is usually seated at the piano, and as long as he is there the presence of a master is felt and acknowledged by all. Madame Schumann and Madame Goddard are also frequently heard at these concerts.

For one shilling any one can get a seat at these concerts where he can hear perfectly, and enjoy the classical music played in the finest style.

Mr. Henry Holmes's quartets at St. George's Hall deserve honorable mention. They afford one more proof of the increasing popularity of such high-class music. Mr. Holmes is a violinist who does honor to our country, and whose reputation is increasing every year. He has for some years been a favorite abroad.

The crowded and attentive audience which assembles every Monday night throughout the season at St. James's Hall is the latest and most decisive proof of the progress of music in England. When an audience numbering some thousands is so easily and frequently found, it matters little where it comes from. No doubt many connoisseurs are there, but many others also attend who have cultivated, and are cultivating, a general taste for certain higher forms of music, hitherto almost unknown in England.

V.

No survey of music in England, however cursory, should fail to give some account of so pronounced a character as the Musical Amateur. He may be a depressing subject for contemplation, but he is the best possible index to the musical tastes of a people. Given the musical amateurs of a country, and the music they like, and it is easy to say where the nation is in the scale of musical progress. We place Italy and France below Germany when we see that the ordinary Italian is satisfied with melody and a little noise, the ordinary Frenchman with less melody and more noise, while the German insists upon melody, harmony, and thematic treatment combined.

Who are the English amateurs? What do they like? How do they play and sing? In the following pages these questions will receive some definite answers, and these answers may furnish us with a new clew to the state of music in England.

The first obvious description of musical amateurs is People who play the Piano-forte. In twenty years Mr. Broadwood has sold 45,863 pianos; Mr. Collard, 32,000. About 20,000 are annually issued from the manufactories of Great Britain, while about 10,000 foreign pianos are annually imported. From these figures, I believe, it would not be difficult to show that about 400,000 pianos are at present in use in the British Islands, and that about one million persons at least answer to the description of People who play the Piano-forte.

All these are not amateurs, but most of them are, and the exceptions exist chiefly for their benefit.

Most young ladies play the piano as an accomplishment. A girl's education is as much based on the piano-forte as a boy's is on the Latin Grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes objects to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar. Meanwhile it is pleaded that the education of the sexes must be carried on; that some routine must be adopted; that what need not be pursued as an end is nevertheless good as a means; that the Latin Grammar strengthens a boy's memory, and teaches him to study the meaning of words; that the piano makes a girl sit upright and pay attention to details; and against the school-room view of music as training for mind and body we have nothing to say. But the other prevalent view of music as a necessary accomplishment is more open to objection.

In Germany no girl is ashamed to say she cannot play or sing, but in England such an ill-bred admission would be instantly checked by mamma. The consequence is, that young ladies, whose honest ambition would naturally begin and end with Cramer's exercises in the school-room, are encouraged to trundle through Beethoven's sonatas in the drawing-room, and perhaps pass their lives under the impression that they are able to play the "Lieder ohne Worte."

By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance of gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuable as a training, but to the musical girl its value is beyond price. As a woman's life is often a life of feeling rather than of action, and if society, while it limits her sphere of action, frequently calls upon her to repress her feelings, we should not deny her the high, the recreative, the healthy outlet for emotion which music supplies. Joy flows naturally into ringing harmonies, while music has the subtle power to soften melancholy by presenting it with its fine emotional counterpart. A good play on the piano has not unfrequently taken the place of a good cry upstairs, and a cloud of ill temper has often been dispersed by a timely practice. One of Schubert's friends used to say that, although often very cross before sitting down to his piano, a long scramble-duet through a symphony, or through one of his own delicious and erratic piano-forte duets, always restored him to good humor.

But if a person is not musical, piano-forte instruction after a certain point is only waste of time. It may be said, "Suppose there is latent talent?" To this we reply that, as a general rule, musical talent develops early or not at all. It sometimes, though very seldom, happens that a musical organization exists with a naturally imperfect ear. In this case it may be worth while to cultivate the ear. But when the ear is bad, and there is no natural taste for music, we may conclude that the soil is sterile, and will not repay cultivation.

If a boy has no taste for classics, when he goes to the University his tutor tells him to study something else for his degree. Why should not a girl try drawing, or painting, or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on her music when she has perhaps shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary or artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play, or upon songs which are just as well left unsung. But such performances are otherwise inconvenient. Why am I expected to ask a young lady to play, although I know she cannot play, is nervous, dislikes playing before people, and so forth? How many are there who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and to their friends. If they cry over their music lesson, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off, the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the cause of music suffers most of all. We have no hesitation in saying that the rubbish-heaps that accumulate every year under the title of piano-forte music, and which do more than anything to vulgarize musical taste in England, owe their existence to the unmusical people who are expected to play the piano. If such are to play at all, then indeed it is better that they should play anything rather than Beethoven and Mendelssohn; but why should they play at all?

The piano is a noble instrument, less scientifically perfect than the violin and less extensive than the organ; it has more resource than the first, and infinitely more delicacy than the second. With the aid of a piano we can realize for ourselves and for others the most complicated orchestral scores, as well as the simplest vocal melody: intricate harmonies lie beneath our ten fingers, and can be struck out as rapidly as the mind conceives them. There is not a single great work in oratorio, in opera, in quartet, in concerto, or in song, which cannot be readily arranged for two or four hands, and be rendered, if not always with the real instrumental or vocal impressiveness, at least with unerring polyphonal accuracy. And, lastly, there has been written expressly for the piano a mass of music which, for sublimity, pathos, variety, and gradation, is equal to anything in the whole realm of musical conception, while in extent it probably surpasses the music written for all other instruments put together.

And now, what are some of the uses to which we apply this noble instrument, this long-suffering piano? When the gentlemen in the dining-room hear that familiar sound upstairs, they know it is time to have tea in the drawing-room. Let us enter the drawing-room after dinner. The daughter of our hostess is rattling away at the keys, and quite ready for a chat at the same time; if conversation comes her way, she can leave the bass out, or invent one, as it is only the "Sonate Pathétique." She has long passed the conscientious stage, when an indifferent or careless performance caused her the least anxiety. She plays her fantasia now as lightly as she rings the bell, not for its own sake, but because it is time for the gentlemen to come up, or for the ladies to begin a little small-talk, or for somebody to make love. When she gets up another sits down, and continues to provide that indispensable stimulant to conversation called "a little music."

It must be admitted that to be a good player is no distinction in English society. It has its reward, no doubt, in the quiet happiness of long hours — hours of loving application; hours of absorption; hours lived in a world of subtle and delicate emotion, such as musical dreamers alone realize; and, above all, real musicians have the luxury of meeting occasionally those who can listen to and understand them. They give, but they also receive. Good players and good listeners are equally happy in each other's society. How seldom they meet in England! how few, even fine amateur pianists, have anything like a musical circle! It is very seldom that a neighborhood can muster the materials for a Mozart or a Beethoven trio, not to say quartet; and seldom that an amateur has the opportunity of playing a concerto of Mendelssohn's with string accompaniments, or any other accompaniment than that of noisy children or general conversation. But no. Late years have witnessed some remarkable combinations, which, however indifferent, are often respectfully listened to.

The harmonium and concertina force themselves upon our attention. There are certain perfect forms and perfect players of both these instruments; but we deal not now with the master workmen, the Regondis, the Blagroves, the Tamplins, and the Engels. The same instrument which in the hands of these men is a thing of beauty and delight, is capable of tempting the musical amateur into wild and tuneless excesses! We will put it to any impartial person, Was there ever found in the house of an amateur a concertina or harmonium in tune with the piano? Was there ever an amateur who could be deterred from playing these instruments together, however discordant the result? When there is a chance of having a duet, people seem to lose all sense of tune. If the concertina is only about a half semitone flat, the lady thinks she can manage. A little nerve is required to face the first few bars, but before "Il Balen" is over not a scruple remains, and the increasing consternation of the audience is only equalled by the growing complacency of the performers.

The same indifference to tune may be observed in the amateur flute and cornet. Each player has his method of treating the piano, which, as he tells you, is only the accompaniment, and must follow him. If the piano is more than a semitone flat or sharp, the flute inquires whether it cannot be tuned to his instrument. The piano replies that the tuner has just been, and asks whether the flute cannot alter his pitch. This ends in the flute trying to unscrew himself a little. Then he sounds a C with the piano — thinks it is a little better, unscrews a little more, and asks the piano whether that will do. The piano does not know. Cannot flute get a bit flatter? Not a bit. The heat of the room will make it all right, and then they begin.

The cornet is not much better, with this exception, that the cornet is generally ready to play alone, anywhere; for there is this peculiarity about him — he is never tired of playing, as some people are of hearing, the same tunes over and over again, and, after playing them next door for six months every day, if you ask him to your house, he will play them after dinner in your conservatory, with the same touching expression, and crack exactly in the same place. There is a composure about the flute and the cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and an absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy, but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done.

The organist is disturbed if his organ begins to cipher, the violinist if his string breaks, the pianist if the pedal squeaks; but if the flute is out of tune, or plays octaves by mistake, our friend is easily satisfied after unscrewing and screwing up again; and the cornet, however prone to crack, feels quite happy after putting in a new crook, and fidgeting a little with the pistons.

The amateur violin is seldom heard in mixed society. If good, as he usually is, he is fastidious about accompanyists, still more sensitive about conversation, and won't play. If bad, nobody cares to ask him. However, most of us have come across a fine violin amateur, and enjoyed his playing as much as, perhaps more than, that of many professional artists. It is difficult to speak of the bad violin player without being thought censorious; but we all know the shriek of a slate pencil on a slate, and how bad and wanton little boys use it to torment governesses. Better that than the scratch of a greasy bow on a bad fiddle; and better, too, the boy than the man, for the boy knows he is bad and can be stopped, but the absorbed violinist knows not, neither can he be told, neither can he be stopped.

It is difficult to explain the ascendency which the violin gains over the minds of its votaries for good or for evil. It can boast of two distinct types of admirers, between which, as between two poles, all the others may be said to vibrate. There is the man with one bad fiddle, who plays much and miserably, and there is the man who cannot play a note, but has collected a room full of splendid violins, most of which remain unstrung. But we must not dwell on this tempting subject. We proceed to notice the lowest form of the solo instrumentalist.

It is the amateur who plays by ear. Ladies will often gratify you by playing a little of Chopin "by ear"—that means, as much as they can recollect of the tune with any kind of bass. It would be well for all young musicians to remember that it is never safe to attempt Chopin, Mendelssohn, and, above all, Schumann, by heart, without a most careful previous study of the notes, and the regular process of committing a piece to memory: even when once learned, the notes should be occasionally used to refresh the memory and insure accuracy.

The difficulty of expressing or reproducing in notes a given musical idea is greater than at first sight appears. A piece of music is heard, it rings in your ears, you try to learn it, or you sit down and try to play it. If you have little musical culture, merely natural taste and a good ear, you will soon satisfy yourself, and you will say, "That is exactly the tune I heard." Probably it is only an imperfect suggestion of what you have heard. There is sure to exist a gap between it and the original piece. When the subject happens to be good music, even small deviations are fatal to the composer's thought, and a slight change will suffice to vulgarize a theme, just as in poetry a word transposed may destroy the power of a fine line. Who does not see that a note transposed, or left out, or altered, is as fatal to a phrase as the following rearrangement, lately made in our hearing, of one of Mrs. Browning's lines is to the beauty of that line. The verse stands: —

> "O *supreme love!* chief misery,
> The sharp regalia are for thee."

As improved in quotation —

> "O *love supreme!* chief misery,
> The sharp regalia are for thee."

Of course, there can be no harm in a general way of singing and playing by ear to amuse one's self; but how troublesome it is on some occasions to hear people sing and play for your entertainment their so-called reproductions of the opera or classical music, most musicians know very well. But it is not easy to convince them of this; and the poor critic has generally to retire sad and wounded; in short, he is voted a rude, ill natured, or eccentric kind of person, and is hummed and strummed out of court.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

Hawkins, Anthony Hope, a popular English writer of fiction known by his pen-name of "Anthony Hope," was born in Hackney, February 9, 1863. He studied law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-four. His first two ventures in "A Man of Mark" (1889), and "Father Stafford" (1890), were unsuccessful. He then wrote a number of short stories for the "St. James Gazette," some of which were republished in a volume entitled "Sport Royal" (1893). His first success was "Mr. Witt's Widow" (1892). This was followed by "A Change of Air" (1893); "The Dolly Dialogues;" "Half a Hero;" "The Prisoner of Zenda;" "The God in the Car;" "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and "Secret of Wardale Court" (1894); and "Chronicles of Count Antonio" (1895); and "A Little Wizard" and "Phroso" (1896). In 1897 Mr. Hawkins made a tour of America.

Sport Royal.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNALS OF JULIUS JASON, ESQUIRE.

I.

THE SEQUEL TO THE BALL.

Heidelberg seems rather a tourist-ridden, hackneyed sort of place to be the mother of adventures. Nevertheless, it is there that my story begins. I had been travelling on the Continent, and came to Heidelberg to pay my duty to the Castle, and recruit in quiet after a spell of rather laborious idleness at Homburg and Baden. At first sight, I made up my mind that the place would bore me, and I came down to dinner at the hotel looking forward only to a bad dinner and an early bed. The room was so full that I could not get a table to myself, and, seeing one occupied only by a couple of gentlemanly looking men, I made for it, and took the third seat, facing one of the strangers, a short, fair young man, with a little flaxen mustache and a soldier-like air, and having the other, who was older, dark, and clean-shaved, on my left. The fourth seat was empty.

The two gentlemen returned my bow with well-bred negligence, and I started on my soup. As I finished it, I looked up and saw my companions interchanging glances. Catching my eye, they both looked away in an absent fashion, each the while taking out of his pocket a red silk handkerchief and laying it on the table by him. I turned away for a moment, then suddenly looked again and found their eyes on me, and I fancied that the next moment the eyes wandered from me to the handkerchiefs. I happened to be carrying a red handkerchief myself, and thinking either that something was in the wind or perhaps that my friends were having a joke at my expense (though, as I said, they looked well-bred men), I took it out of my pocket, and, laying it on the table, gazed calmly in front of me, my eyes naturally falling on the fair young man.

He nodded significantly to the older man, and held out his hand to me. I shook hands with him, and went through the same ceremony with the other.

"Ah!" said the young man, speaking in French, "you got her letter?"

I nodded.

"And you are willing?"

The first maxim for a would-be adventurer is always to say "yes" to questions. A "no" is fatal to further progress.

"Yes," I answered.

"It will be made worth your while, of course," he went on.

I thought I ought to resent this suggestion.

"Sir," I said, "you cannot possibly mean to suggest" —

The young man laughed pleasantly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "ladies have their own ways of paying debts. If you don't like it —!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," said I, "smiling, "I misunderstood you."

"It is, of course," said the old man, speaking for the first time, and in a loud whisper, "of vital importance that His Royal Highness' name should not appear."

This really began to be mysterious and interesting. I nodded.

"That goes without saying," said the young man. "And you'll be ready?"

"Ready!" I said. "But when?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh, six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That's early hours."

"Well, you must, you know," he answered.

"And," added the old man, "the Countess hopes you'll come to breakfast afterward at ten."

"I'll be there, never fear," said I, "and it's very kind."

"Bravo!" said the young man, clapping me on the shoulder (for we had risen from table). "You take it the right way."

As may be supposed, I was rather puzzled by this time, and decidedly vexed to find I should have to be up so early. Still the mention of His Royal Highness and the Countess decided me to go on for the present; probably the real man — for, unless it were all a mad joke, there must be a real man — would appear in the course of the evening. I only hoped my new friends would, in their turn, take it in the right way when that happened.

"Have you a servant with you?" asked the young man, as we said good-night.

"No," said I; "I am quite alone."

"You are a paragon of prudence," he answered, smilingly. "Well, I'll call you, and we'll slip out quietly."

Just as I was getting into bed, the waiter knocked at my door and gave me a note. It bore no address.

"Is it for me?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "You are the gentleman who dined with Herr Vooght and M. Dumergue?"

I supposed I was, and opened the note.

"You are generous and forgiving, indeed," it said (and said it in English). "What reward will you claim? But do be careful. He is dangerous.— M."

"The devil!" I exclaimed.

The next morning I was aroused at five o'clock by my two friends.

"Good-morning, Herr Vooght," said I, looking just between them.

"Good morning," answered the old man.

"Now, my dear fellow, come along. There's a cup of coffee downstairs," said the other, whom I took to be Dumergue.

After coffee, we got into a close carriage with a pair of horses, and drove two or three miles into the country; my companions said little. Dumergue twice asked in a joking way how I felt, and Vooght puzzled me very much by remarking: —

"They are bringing all the necessaries; but I don't know what they will choose."

When this was said, Dumergue was humming a tune. He went on for five minutes, and then said, with a touch of scorn: —

"My good Vooght, they know our friend's reputation. They will choose pistols."

I could not repress a start. No doubt it was stupid of me not to have caught the meaning of this early expedition before, but it really never struck me that our business might be a duel. However, so it seemed, and apparently I was one of the principals. Dumergue noticed my little start.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Do they know my name?" said I.

"My dear friend, could you expect the Baron to fight with an unknown man? The challenge had to be in your name."

I had clearly been the challenger. I was consumed with curiosity to know what the grievance was, and how the Countess was concerned in the matter.

"The Countess assured us," said Vooght, "that she had your authority."

"As fully as if I had been there," I answered, and Dumergue resumed his tune.

I was sincerely glad that the name of my original had been given, for his reputation for swordsmanship had evidently saved me from a hole in my skin. I was a fair hand with a pistol; but like most of my countrymen, a mere bungler with the rapier. It was very annoying, though, that my friends' exaggerated prudence prevented them mentioning my name; it would have been more convenient to know who I was.

I had not long for reflection, for we soon drew up by a roadside inn, and, getting out of the carriage, walked through the house, where we were apparently expected, into a field behind. There were three men walking up and down, and two of them at once advanced to meet Vooght and Dumergue. I remained where I was, merely raising my hat, and the third man, a big burly fellow with a heavy black mustache, followed my example.

This one, no doubt, was the Baron. To be frank, he looked a brute, and I had very little hesitation in assuming that the merits of the quarrel must be on my side. I was comforted by this conclusion, as I had no desire to shoot an unoffending person. Preliminaries were soon concluded. I overheard one of the Baron's representatives mention the word apology, and add that they would meet us half way, but Dumergue shook his head decisively. This defiant attitude became Dumergue very well; but I, for my part, should have been open to reason.

The Baron and I were placed opposite one another at twelve paces. There were to be two shots — unless, of course, one of us were disabled at the first fire; after that, the seconds were to consider whether the matter need go further.

The word was just about to be given, when to my surprise the Baron cried: —

"Stop!"

Every one looked at him in astonishment.

"Before we fire," he went on, "I wish to ask this gentleman one question. No. I will not be stopped."

His seconds, who had advanced, fell back before his resolute gesture, and he continued, addressing me: —

"Sir, will you do me the honor to answer one question? Are you the person who accompanied — "

Vooght struck in quickly: —

"No names, please!"

The Baron bowed, and began again: —

"On your honor, sir, are you the gentleman who accompanied the lady in question to the masked ball on the night in question?"

These gentlemen were all very diplomatic. I thought I would be diplomatic too.

"Surely this is grossly irregular?" I said, appealing to my supporters.

"I ask for an answer," said the Baron.

"It's nothing but a new insult," said I.

"I have my reasons, and those gentlemen know them."

This was intolerable.

"You mean to fight, or you don't, M. le Baron," said I. "Which is it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your master is well served," he said with a sneer.

His seconds looked bewildered; Vooght bit his nails, and Dumergue swore furiously, and coming near me, whispered in my ear: —

"Shoot straight! Stop his cursed mouth for him!"

I had not the least intention of killing the Baron if I could avoid it without being killed myself; but I thought a slight lesson would improve his manners, and, when the word came, I fired with a careful aim. He evidently meant mischief, for I heard his ball whizz past my ear; I missed him clean, being much out of practice, and, I dare say, rather nervous. I pulled myself together for the second shot, for I saw that my opponent was not to be trifled with, and I should not have been the least surprised to find myself in paradise the next moment. On the word I fired; the Baron fell back with a cry, and simultaneously I felt a tingle in my left hand, and the unmistakable warm ooze of blood. The witnesses ran to my opponent, and raised his head. Dumergue turned round to me.

"Are you hurt?"

"A scratch," I answered, for I found the ball had run up my arm, merely grazing me in its passage.

A hurried consultation followed: then Vooght and Dumergue raised their hats and joined me.

"We had best be off," said Vooght.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No," said Dumergue, with a little disappointment, I thought. "He'll get over it; but he's safe for a week or two. Not a bad shot, Colonel!"

So I was a colonel!

"Now," said Vooght, "we'll drive back, and send you to the Countess."

I had made up my mind to get away from the place as soon as I could, but my curiosity to see the *causa belli* was too strong, and I said I should be delighted to keep my engagement.

Dumergue smiled significantly, and Vooght hurried us into the carriage. We drove back to the town, and then two or three miles into the country again, till we came to a pretty villa, embowered in trees, and standing some two hundred yards back from the road. There was no drive up to the house, a turf walk forming the passage from the highway. Vooght motioned me to get down.

"Don't you accompany me?" I asked.

Dumergue smiled again.

"Oh, no," he said. "Come for us at the hotel, and we'll all be off by the two-o'clock train."

"Unless you are detained," added Vooght.

"I should n't be detained, if I were you," said Dumergue dryly. "Who knows? The Baron may die!"

I was quite determined not to be detained, and said so. I was also quite determined not to keep the rendezvous at the hotel, but to slip away quietly by myself. The Colonel might arrive at any moment.

I watched my friends drive off, and then walked briskly up to the house. A man in livery met me before I had time to ring.

"Are you the gentleman?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to walk straight in? That door, sir. The Countess expects you."

I had my doubts about that, but I walked in, shutting the door swiftly behind me, lest the servant should hear anything. I thought an explosion not improbable.

The room was dim, close curtains shutting out the growing strength of the sunshine. The air was quite thick with the scent of flowers that overpowered without quite smothering the appetizing smell rising from a table profusely spread for breakfast. I had entered softly, and had time to take note of the surroundings before I became aware of a tall, slight figure in white, first moving impetuously toward me, then stopping abruptly in surprise. Presumably, this was the Countess. Charming as she was, with her open blue eyes, fluffy golden hair, and fresh tints, I wondered from what noble house she sprang. However, the fountains of honor are many, and their streams meander sometimes through very winding channels.

The countess stood and looked at me. I bowed and smiled.

"You are naturally surprised," I said, in my smoothest tones.

"I was expecting — another gentleman."

"Yes, I know. I come in his place."

"In his place?" she repeated, in incredulous tones.

"Yes; in the Colonel's place."

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "We need n't mention names."

It suited me perfectly not to mention names.

"I beg pardon," I murmured.

"But how is it possible?" she asked. "Do you know what he was to come for?"

"Oh, yes."

"And he has n't come?"

"No."

She frowned.

"Would n't he come?"

"He could n't. So I came."

"But how did you know anything about it? Did he tell you about the Pr — about the affair?"

"No. I only heard —"

"From him?"

"Yes — that you wanted a champion."

"Oh, that's absurd! Why, you never heard of me!"

"Ah, indeed I have!"

"And — did you recognize me under my new name?"

"Your —"

"My — my title. You know."

"The — he told me that. Must I confess? I jumped at the chance of serving you."

"You had never seen me!"

"Perhaps I had seen your photograph."

She smiled at this, but still looked perturbed.

"Pray don't be distressed," said I. "I am very discreet."

"Oh, I hope so. The Prince" (she spoke in a whisper) "was so urgent about discretion. You have n't seen him?"

"The Prince? No."

"And — when is it to be?"

"I don't quite understand." This who my first truthful remark.

"Why, the duel!"

"Oh, it's all over!"

"Over!"

"Yes — two hours ago."

"And the Baron? No, forgive me. You! Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit. He's hurt."

"Is he dead?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I'm very sorry, Countess. Not quite. Was that necessary?"

"Oh, no. Though he deserved it. He insulted me shamefully."

"Then he did deserve it."

She went off at a tangent.

"What became of my letter?"

"They gave it to me. You only said for the gentleman who dined with your friends."

"Then you read it?" she asked, blushing.

"Yes. How I wish I were the rightful owner of it!"

"Why did n't he come?" she asked again.

"He's going to write and explain."

"And you really came because —"

"May I tell you already? Or have you guessed already?"

She blushed again.

"I don't see what else the Prince could do, you know," she said. "He ought, of course, never to have gone to the ball at all."

"Perhaps not," I answered; "but I suppose he was tempted."

"Do you think very badly of me?"

"I should think you perfection if—"

"Well?"

"You would give me some breakfast."

"Oh, what a shame! You're starving! And after all you have done! Come, I'll wait on you."

My meal was very pleasant. The lady was charming; she satisfied every feeling I had, except curiosity. She was clearly English; equally clearly she was involved with some great people on the Continent. I gathered that the Baron had insulted her when she was with the Prince, and the latter could not, whether for state or domestic reasons, espouse the quarrel. So far I got, but no farther.

"What a debt I owe you!" she said, as she led the way after breakfast to the top of a little tower. An awning was spread overhead, and armchairs on the floor. A cool breeze blew, and stirred her hair.

"I am more than paid!"

"Fancy, if you had been hurt!"

"Better I than the Colonel!" I suggested.

She darted a smile at me.

"Oh, well," she said, "you came and he did n't. I like you best."

It was all very charming, but time was flying, and I began to plan a graceful exit.

"You make it hard to go," I said.

"Yes, I suppose we must go as soon as possible. Herr Vooght said at two o'clock."

I was startled. Delightful as she was, I hardly reckoned on her being one of the party.

"The Prince will be so pleased to see you," she went on.

"Will he?"

"Why, you will have my recommendation!"

"I'm sure it must be all-powerful!"

"But we have two hours before we need start. You must want to rest."

"What a charming tower this is!"

THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG AND COURTYARD

"Yes; such a view. Look, we can see for miles. Only I hate that stretch of dusty road."

I looked carelessly toward the road, along which we had come.

"Look, what a dust!" she said. "It's a carriage! Oh, they'll upset!"

I jumped up. About half a mile off I saw a carriage and pair driven furiously toward the villa. My heart beat.

"Who can it be?" she said.

"Don't be frightened," said I. "Possibly the authorities have found out about the duel."

"Oh!"

"Let me go and see."

"Take care!"

"And in case I have to slip away" —

"I shall go alone. You will join us?"

"Yes. But now, in case" —

"Well?"

"As a reward, may I kiss your hand?"

She gave it me.

"I am glad you came," she said. "Stay, perhaps it's only our friends coming for us."

"I'll go and see."

I was reluctant to cut short our good-by — for I feared it must be final — but no time was to be lost. With another kiss — and upon my honor, I can't swear whether it was her hand or her cheek this time — I rushed downstairs, seized my hat and cane, and dived into the shrubberies that bordered on the turf-walk. Quickly I made my way to within twenty yards of the road, and stopped, motionless and completely hidden by the trees. At that moment, the carriage, with its smoking horses, drew up at the gate.

Dumergue got out; Vooght came next; then a tall, powerful man, of military bearing. No doubt this was the Colonel. They seemed in a hurry; motioning the driver to wait, they walked or almost ran past me up the path. The moment they were by me and round a little curve, I hastened to the gate, and burst upon the driver.

"A hundred marks to the station!"

"But, sir, I am engaged."

"Damn you! Two hundred!" I cried.

"Get in," said he, like a sensible man, bundling back the nosebags he was just putting on his horses. I leaped in, he jumped on the box, and off we flew quicker even than they had come. As we went, I glanced up at the tower. They were there! I saw Vooght and Dumergue lean over for a moment, and then turn as if to come down. The tall stranger stood opposite the lady, and seemed to be talking to her.

"Faster!" I cried, and faster and faster we went, till we reached the station. Flinging the driver his money, I took a ticket for the first train, and got in, hot and breathless. As we steamed out of the town, I saw, from my carriage window, a neat barouche with a woman and three men in it, driving quickly along the road, which ran by the railway. It was my party! Youth is vain, and beauty is powerful. I bared my head, leaned out of the window, and kissed my hand to the Countess. We were not more than thirty yards apart, and, to my joy, I saw her return my salutation, with a toss of her head and a defiant glance at her companions. The Colonel sat glum and still; Vooght was biting his nails harder than ever; Dumergue shook his fist at me, but, I thought, more in jest than in anger. I kissed my hand again as the train and the carriage whisked by one another, and I was borne on my way out of their reach.

II.

AT THE HÔTEL MAGNIFIQUE.

To a reflective mind nothing is more curious than the way one thing leads to another. A little experience of this tendency soon cured me of refusing to go anywhere I was asked, merely because the prospects of amusement were not very obvious. I always went, taking credit of course for much amiability, and I often received my reward in an unexpected development of something new or an interesting revival of a former episode. It happened a few months after my adventure at Heidelberg, that my brother's wife, Jane Jason, asked me, as a favor to herself, to take a stall at the theatre where a certain actress was, after a long and successful career in the provinces, introducing herself to a London audience. Jane is possessed by the idea that she has a keen nose for dramatic talent, and she assured me that her *protégée* was a wonder. I dare say the woman had some talent, but she was an ugly, gaunt creature of forty, and did not shine in Juliet. At the end of the second act I was bored to death, and was pondering whether I knew enough of the play to slip out without Jane being likely to discover my desertion by cross-examination, when my eye happened to fall on the stage-box in the first tier. In the centre seat sat a fair, rather stout man, with the very weariest expression that I ever saw on human face. He was such an unsurpassed impersonation of boredom that I could not help staring at him; I could do so without rudeness, as his eyes were fixed on the chandelier in the roof of the house. I looked my fill, and was about to turn away, and go out for a cigarette, when somebody spoke to me in a low voice, the tones of which seemed familiar.

"Ah, impostor, here you are!"

It was Dumergue, smiling quietly at me. I greeted him with surprise and pleasure.

"How is the Baron?" I asked.

"He cheated the — grave," answered Dumergue.

"And the Countess?"

"Hush! I have a message for you."

"From her?" I inquired, not, I fear, without eagerness.

"No," he replied, "from the Prince. He desires that you should be presented to him."

"Who is he?"

"I forgot. Prince Ferdinand of Glottenberg."

"Indeed. He's in London, then?"

"Yes, in that box," and he pointed to the bored man, and added: —

"Come along; he hates being kept waiting."

"He looks as if he hated most things," I remarked.

"Well, most things are detestable," said Dumergue, leading the way.

The Prince rose and greeted me with fatigued graciousness.

"I am very much indebted to you, Mr. Jason," he said, "for — "

I began to stammer an apology for my intrusion into his affairs.

"For," he resumed, without noticing what I said, "a moment's bewilderment. I quite enjoyed it."

I bowed, and he continued.

"The only things I cling to in life, Mr. Jason, are a quiet time at home and my income. You have been very discreet. If you had n't I might have lost those two things. I am very much obliged. Will you give me the pleasure of your company at supper? Dumergue, the Princess will be delighted to see Mr. Jason?"

"Yes, sir, her Royal Highness will be delighted," answered Dumergue.

"Where was the Princess going?" asked the Prince.

"To a meeting of the Women's International Society for the Promotion of Morality, at the Mansion House, sir."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the Prince.

"His Majesty is much interested in the society, sir."

"I am sure my brother would be. Come along, Mr. Jason."

The Prince and Princess were staying at the Hôtel Magnifique in Northumberland Avenue. We drove thither, and were told that the Princess had returned. Upon further inquiry, made by Dumergue, it appeared that it would be agreeable to her to sup with the Prince and to receive Mr. Jason. So we went into the dining-room and found her seated by the fire. After greeting me, she said to the Prince: —

"I have just written a long account of our meeting to the King. He will be so interested."

She was a small woman, with a gentle manner and a low, sweet voice. She looked like an amiable and intelligent girl of eighteen, and had a pretty, timid air, which made me wish to assure her of my respectful protection.

"My brother," said the Prince, "is a man of catholic tastes."

"It is necessary in a King, sir," suggested Dumergue.

The Prince did not answer him, but offered his arm to his wife, to escort her to the table. She motioned me to sit on her right hand, and began to prattle gently to me about the court of Glottenberg. The Prince put in a word here and there, and Dumergue laughed appreciatively whenever the Princess' descriptions were neat and appropriate — at least, so I interpreted his delicate flattery.

I enjoyed myself very much. The Princess was evidently, to judge from her conversation, a little Puritan, and I always love a pretty Puritan. That rogue Dumergue agreed with all her views, and the Prince allowed his silence to pass for assent.

"We do try at court," she ended by saying, "to set an example to society; and, as the King is unmarried, of course I have to do a great deal."

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a card on a salver. He approached the Princess.

"A gentleman desires the honor of an audience with her Royal Highness," he announced.

"At this time of night!" exclaimed the Princess.

"He says his business will not bear delay, and prays for an interview."

"All business will bear delay," said the Prince, "and generally be the better for it. Who is he?"

"The Baron de Barbot."

"Oh, I must see him," cried the Princess. "Why, he is a dear friend of ours."

I had detected a rapid glance pass between Dumergue and the Prince. The latter then answered: —

"Yes, we must see Barbot. If you will go to the drawing-room, I'll take your message myself."

"That is kind of you," said the Princess, retiring.

"Give me the card," said the Prince, "and ask the Baron to be kind enough to wait a few minutes."

The servant went out, and the Prince turned to me.

"Why did n't you kill him, Mr. Jason?" he asked.

"Is it —" I began.

"Yes, it's your Baron," said Dumergue.

"It's really a little awkward," said the Prince, as though gently remonstrating with fate. "We had arranged it all so pleasantly."

"It would upset the Princess," said Dumergue.

"What upsets the Princess upsets me," said the Prince. "I am a devoted husband, Mr. Jason."

"If there is anything I can do, sir," said I, "rely on me."

"You overwhelm me," said the Prince. "Is there anything, Dumergue?"

"Why, yes, sir. Mr. Jason was at the ball. Why should he have fought, if he was n't?"

"You are right, Dumergue. Mr. Jason, you were at the ball."

"But, sir, I — I don't know anything about the ball."

"It was just like other balls — other *masked* balls," said Dumergue.

"Perhaps a little more so," added the Prince, lighting a cigarette.

"There was a scandal at the last one," Dumergue continued, "and the King strictly forbade any one connected with the Court to go, under pain of his severe displeasure. There had been a rumor that a royal prince was at the one before, and consequently —"

"That royal prince was specially commanded not to go to this one," said the Prince.

"It was bad enough," resumed Dumergue, "that it should be discovered that the Princess' favorite lady-in-waiting, the Countess von Hohstein —"

"Who bore such a high character," interjected the Prince.

"Did go, and moreover, went under the escort of an unknown gentleman — a gentleman whose name she refused to give."

"Was that discovered?" said I.

"It was. This Baron detected her, and, with a view, as we have reason to believe, to compelling her companion to declare himself, publicly insulted her."

"Whereupon," said the Prince, "you very properly knocked him down, Mr. Jason."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"The Princess," continued Dumergue, "was terribly agitated and annoyed at the scandal and the duel which followed. And of course the Countess left the Court, and returned to England."

"To England?"

"Yes; she was a Miss Mason. The King ennobled her at the Princess' request."

I smiled and said: —

"And now there is a question about who her escort was?"

"There is," said Dumergue. "It is believed that the Baron entertains an extraordinary idea that the gentleman in question was no other than —"

"Myself," said the Prince, throwing away his cigarette.

I remembered the Baron's strange questions before the duel.

"Dispose of me as you please, sir," said I.

"Then you were at the ball, and knocked the Baron down!" exclaimed Dumergue.

"A thousand thanks," said the Prince.

"But what are we to do with him now, sir?" asked Dumergue. "The Princess will be expecting him."

"I will go and tell the Princess of Mr. Jason's confession. You go with Mr. Jason, and tell the Baron that the Princess cannot receive him. I want him to see Mr. Jason."

"But, sir," said I, "I did n't fight under my own name."

The Prince was already gone, and Dumergue was half-way downstairs. I followed the latter.

We found the Baron in the smoking-room, taking a cup of coffee. A couple of men sat talking on a settee near him; otherwise the room was empty.

Dumergue went up to the Baron, I following a step or two behind him. The Baron rose and bowed coldly.

"I am charged," said Dumergue, "to express his Royal Highness' regrets that her Royal Highness cannot have the pleasure of receiving you. She has retired to her apartments."

"The servant told me she was at supper."

"He was misinformed."

"I 'm not to be put off like that. I 'll have a refusal from the Princess herself."

"I will inform his Royal Highness."

The Baron was about to answer, when he caught sight of me.

"Ah, there 's the jackal," he said, with a sneer.

I stepped forward.

"Do you refer to me?" I asked.

"Unless I am wrong in recognizing my former antagonist, Colonel Despard."

This was just what I had anticipated.

Dumergue did not seem surprised either.

"Of course it is Colonel Despard," he said. "You would not be likely to forget him, Baron."

We had been speaking in a low tone, but at Dumergue's sneer, the Baron lost his temper. Raising his voice, he said, almost in a shout: —

"Then I tell Colonel Despard that he is a mean hound."

If I assumed the Colonel's name, I felt I must at least defend it from imputations. I began: —

"Once before, Baron, I chastised" —

I was interrupted. One of the men on the settee interposed, rising as he spoke.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but is it Colonel Despard of the Hussars to whom you refer?"

"Yes," said the Baron.

"Then that gentleman is not Colonel Despard," announced our new friend. "I am Colonel Despard's brother-in-law."

For a moment I was at a loss; things were falling out so very unfortunately. Dumergue turned on the stranger fiercely.

"Pray, sir, was your interposition solicited?"

"Certainly not. But if this gentleman says he is Colonel Despard, I take leave to contradict him."

"I should advise you to do nothing of the sort," said I. "M. Dumergue knows me very well."

"This person," said the Baron, "passed himself off as Colonel Despard, and, by that pretext, obtained from me the honor of a duel with me. It appears that he is a mere impostor."

The other man on the settee called out cheerfully, "Bob, send for the police!"

Dumergue looked rather sheepish; his invention failed him.

"Do either or both of these gentlemen," said I, indicating the Baron and the Colonel's brother-in-law, "call me an impostor?"

"I do," said the Baron, with a sneering laugh.

"I am compelled to assert it," said the other, with a bow.

I had edged near the little table, on which the Baron's coffee had been served. I now took up the coffee-pot and milk-jug. The coffee I threw in the Baron's face, and the milk in that of his ally. Both men sprang forward with an oath. At the same moment the electric light went out, and I was violently pulled back toward the door, and some one whispered, "Vanish as quick as you can. Go home — go anywhere."

"All right, sir," said I, for I recognized the Prince's voice. "But what are they doing?"

"Never mind; be off." And the Prince handed me a hat.

I walked quickly to the door, and hailed a hansom. As I drove off, I saw the Prince skip upstairs, and a *posse* of waiters rush toward the smoking-room.

I went home to bed.

The next morning, as I was breakfasting, my man told me two gentlemen were below, and wished to see me. I told him to show them up, and the Prince and Dumergue came in, the former wrapped in a fur coat, with a collar that hid most of his face.

"The Prince would like some brandy in a little soda-water," said Dumergue.

I administered the cordial. The Prince drank it and then turned to me.

"Did you get home all right?" he asked.

"Perfectly, sir."

"After you took leave of us, we had an explanation. Mr. Wetherington — it was Mr. Wetherington at whom you threw the milk — was very reasonable. I explained the whole matter, and he said he was sure his brother-in-law would pardon the liberty."

"I 'm afraid I took rather a liberty with him."

"Oh," said Dumergue, "we made him believe the milk was meant for the Baron, as well as the coffee. I said we took it *au lait* at Glottenberg."

"It's lucky I thought of turning out the light," said the Prince. "I was looking on, and it seemed about time."

"What did the hotel people say, sir?"

"They are going to sue the Electric Company," said the Prince, with a slight smile. "It seems there is a penalty if the light does n't work properly."

"And the Baron, sir?"

"We kicked the Baron out as a blackmailer," said Dumergue. "He is going to bring an action."

"I return to Glottenberg to-day," concluded the Prince; "accompanied by the Princess and M. Dumergue."

I thought this course very prudent, and said so. "But," I added, "I shall be called as a witness."

"No; Colonel Despard will."

"Well, then — "

"He will establish an *alibi. Voilà tout!*"

"I am glad it all ends so happily, sir."

"Well, there is one matter," said the Prince. "I had to tell the Princess of your indiscretion in taking Madame Vooght — "

"Who, sir?"

"Mr. Jason," put in Dumergue, "has not heard that the Countess and Vooght are married."

"Yes," said the Prince, "they are married, and will settle in America. Vooght is a loss; but we can't have everything in this world."

"I hope Herr Vooght will be happy," said I.

"I should think it very unlikely," said the Prince. "But, to return. The Princess is very angry with you. She insists — "

"That I should never be presented to her again?"

"On the contrary; that you should come and apologize in person. Only on condition of bringing you again, could I make my peace for bringing you once."

I was very much surprised, but of course I said I was at the Princess' commands.

"You don't mind meeting us in Paris? We stay there a few days," said Dumergue.

"You see," added the Prince, "Dumergue says there are things called writs, and — "

"I will be in Paris to-morrow, sir."

"I shall be there to-day," said the Prince, rising.

III.

THE MISSION OF THE RUBY.

I could not imagine why the Princess desired to see me. It would have been much more natural to punish the impertinence of which I had no doubt been guilty — I mean, of which it was agreed on all hands that I had been guilty — by merely declining to receive me or see me again. Even the desire for a written apology would have been treating me as of too much account. But she wanted to see me. What I had heard of the Princess' character utterly forbade any idea which ought not to have been, but would have been, pleasant to entertain. No; she clearly wanted me, but what for, I could not imagine.

When I went to claim my audience, the Prince was not visible, nor Dumergue either, and I was at once received by the Princess alone. She was looking smaller and more simple and helpless than ever. I also thought her looking prettier, and I enjoyed immensely the pious, severe, forgiving little rebuke which she administered to me. I humbly craved pardon, and had no difficulty in obtaining it. Indeed, she became very gracious.

"You must come to Glottenberg," she said, "in a few months' time."

"To obey your Royal Highness' commands will be a delightful duty," said I, bowing.

She rose and stood by the fire, "toying" (as the novelists say) with her fan.

"You seem to be an obliging man, Mr. Jason," she said. "You were ready to oblige Madame Vooght."

I made a gesture of half-serious protest.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you would do me a little service."

"I shall be most honored if I may hope to be able to," said I. What did she want?

She blushed slightly, and, with a nervous laugh, said: —

"It's only a short story. When I was a young girl, I was foolish enough, Mr. Jason, to fall in love — or, at least, to think I did. There was a young English *attaché* — I know I can rely on your perfect discretion — at my father's court, and he — he forgot the difference between us. He was a man of rank, though. Well, I was foolish enough to accept from him a very valuable ring — a fine ruby — quite a family heirloom. Of course, I never wore it, but I took it. And when I married, I — "

She paused.

"Your Royal Highness had no opportunity of returning it?"

"Exactly. He had left the court. I did n't know where he was, and — and the post was not quite trustworthy."

"I understand perfectly."

"I saw in the papers the other day that he was married. Of course I can't keep it. His wife ought to have it — and I dare not — I would prefer not to — send it."

"I see. You would wish me — "

"To be my messenger. Will you?"

Of course I assented. She went into an adjoining room, and returned with a little morocco case. Opening it, she showed me a magnificent ruby, set in an old gold ring of great beauty.

"Will you give it him?" she said.

"Your Royal Highness has not told me his name?"

"Lord Daynesborough. You will be able to find him?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you will — you *will* be careful, Mr. Jason?"

"He shall have it safely in three days. Any message with it, madame?"

"No. Yes — just my best wishes for his happiness."

I bowed and prepared to withdraw.

"And you must come and tell me — "

"I will come and make my report."

"I do not know how to thank you."

I kissed her hand and bowed myself out, mightily amused, and, maybe, rather touched at the revelation of this youthful romance. Somehow such things are always touching, stupid as they are for the most part. It pleased me to find that the little Princess was flesh and blood.

She followed me to the door, and whispered, as I opened it:

"I have not troubled the Prince with the matter."

"Wives are so considerate," thought I, as I went downstairs.

On arriving in England, I made inquiries about Lord Daynesborough. I found that it was seven years since he had abruptly thrown up his post of *attaché* without cause assigned.

After this event, he lived in retirement for some time, and then returned into society. Three months ago he had married Miss Dorothy Codrington, a noted beauty with whom he appeared much in love, and had just returned from his wedding-tour and settled down for the season at his house in Curzon Street. Hearing all this, I thought the little Princess might have let well alone, and kept her ring; but her conduct was no business of mine, and I set about fulfilling my commission. I needed no one to tell me that Lady Daynesborough had better, as the Princess would have phrased it, not be troubled with the matter.

I had no difficulty in meeting the young lord. In spite of the times we live in, a Jason is still a welcome guest in most houses, and before long he and I were sitting side by side at Mrs. Closmadene's table. The ladies had withdrawn, and we were about to follow them upstairs. Daynesborough was a frank, pleasant fellow, and scorned the affectation of concealing his happiness in the married state. In fact, he seemed to take a fancy to me, and told me that he would like me to come and see him at home.

"Then," he said, "you will cease to distrust marriage."

"I shall be most glad to come," I answered, "more especially as I want a talk with you."

"Do you? About what?"

"I have a message for you."

"You have a message for me, Mr. Jason? Forgive me, but from whom?"

I leaned over toward him, and whispered, "The Princess Ferdinand of Glottenberg."

The man turned as white as a sheet, and, gripping my hand, said under his breath: —

"Hush! Surely you — you have n't — she has n't sent it?"

"Yes, she has," said I.

"Good God! After seven years!"

General Closmadene rose from his chair. Daynesborough drank off a very large "whitewash," and added: —

"Come to dinner to-morrow — eight o'clock. We shall be alone; and, for Heaven's sake, say nothing."

I said nothing, and I went to dinner, carrying the ruby ring in my breast-pocket. But I began to wonder whether the little Princess was quite as childlike as she seemed.

Lady Daynesborough dined with us. She was a tall, slender girl, very handsome, and, to judge from her appearance, not wanting in resolution and character. She was obviously devoted to her husband, and he treated her with an affectionate deference that seemed to me almost overdone. It was like the manner of a man who is remorseful for having wounded some one he loves.

When she left us, he returned to the table, and, with a weary sigh, said: —

"Now, Mr. Jason, I am ready."

"My task is a very short one," said I. "I have no message except to convey to you the Princess' best wishes for your happiness on your marriage, of which she has recently heard, and to give you the ring. Here it is."

"Have women no mercy?" groaned he.

"I beg your pardon?" said I, rather startled.

"She waits seven years — seven years without a word or a sign — and then sends it! And why?"

"Because you 're married."

"Exactly. Is n't it — devilish?"

"Not at all. It 's strictly correct. She said herself that your wife was the proper person to have the ring now."

He looked at me with a bitter smile.

"My dear Jason," he said, "I have been flattering your acumen at the expense of your morality. I thought you knew what this meant."

"No more than what the Princess told me."

"No, of course not, or you would not have brought it. When we parted, I gave her the ring, and she made me promise, on my honor as a gentleman, to come to her the moment she sent the ring — to leave everything and come to her, and take her away. And I promised."

"And she has never sent till now?"

"I never married till now," he said bitterly. "What 's the matter with her?"

"Nothing that I know of."

He rose, went to a writing-table, and came back with a fat paper book — a Continental Bradshaw.

"You 're not going?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes. I promised."

"You promised something to your wife too, did n't you?"

"I can't argue it. I must go and see what she wants. I — I hope she 'll let me come back."

I tried to dissuade him. I know I told him he was a fool. I think I told him he was a scoundrel. I was not sure of the second, but I thought it wisest to pretend that I was.

"I hope it will be all right," he said, again and again; "but, right or wrong, I must go."

I took an immediate resolution.

"I suppose you'll go by the eleven o'clock train to Paris to-morrow?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, you're wrong. Good-night."

At twelve o'clock the next day, I called in Curzon Street, and sent in my card to Lady Daynesborough.

She saw me at once. I expect that she fancied I had something to do with her husband's sudden departure. She was looking pale and dispirited, and I rather thought she had been crying. Her husband, it appeared, had told her that he had to go to Paris on business, and would be back in three days.

"He did n't tell you what it was?"

"No. Some public affairs, I understood."

"Lady Daynesborough," said I, "you hardly know me, but my name tells you I am a gentleman."

She looked at me in surprise.

"Why, of course, Mr. Jason. But what has that to do —"

"I can't explain. But, if you are wise, you will come with me to Paris."

"Go with you to Paris! Oh! is he in danger?"

"In danger of making a fool of himself. Now, I'll say nothing more. Will you come?"

"It will look very strange."

"Very."

"In fact — most unusual."

"Most."

"Won't there be a — a — scandal, if —"

"Sure to be. Will you come?"

"You must have a reason," she said. "I will come."

We started that evening, nine hours after My Lord, going separately to the station, and meeting on the boat. All through the journey, she scarcely spoke a word. When we were nearing Paris, she asked: —

"Do you know where he is?"

"No; but I can trace him," I replied.

So I could. I bought a paper, and found that Prince and

Princess Ferdinand had, the day before, proceeded from Paris *en route* for Glottenberg. Of course Daynesborough had followed them.

"We must go on," I said.

"Why?"

"Because your husband has gone on."

She obeyed me like a lamb; but there was a look about her pretty mouth that made me doubt if Daynesborough would find her like a lamb.

We went to the principal hotel in Glottenberg. I introduced Lady Daynesborough as my sister, Miss Jacynth Jason, and stated that she was in weak health, and would keep her room for the present. Then I sallied forth, intent on discovering Dumergue; he would be able to post me up in the state of affairs.

On my way, I met the King taking his daily drive. He was a dour, sour-looking, pasty-faced creature, and I quite understood that he would fail to appreciate many of my Prince's characteristics. A priest sat by him, and a bystander told me it was the King's confessor (the Glottenberg family are all of the old church), and added that the King's confessor was no mean power in the state. I asked him where M. Dumergue was lodged, and he directed me to Prince Ferdinand's palace, which stood in a pleasant park in the suburbs of the town.

I found Dumergue in a melancholy condition, though he professed to be much cheered by the sight of me.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you, if anybody, can get us out of this."

"I never knew such people," said I. "What's up now?"

"There has been a — an explosion. Did you ever hear of Daynesborough?"

I said no, and Dumergue told me of the Princess' former *penchant* for him.

"Well?" said I.

"Well, she's invited him here, and he's now in the palace. You may imagine the Prince's feelings."

"I suppose the Prince can turn him out?"

Dumergue shook his head dolefully.

"She holds the trumps," he answered. "Jason, she's a clever woman. We thought we had hoodwinked her. When Daynesborough turned up, looking, I'm bound to say, very sheepish, the Prince was really quite annoyed. He told the

Princess that she must send him away. She refused flatly. 'Then I shall consult my brother,' says the Prince. 'I shall consult the King, too,' said the Princess. 'It 's indecent,' said he. 'It 's not as bad as taking my ladies to masked balls in disguise,' she answered. 'Oh, you think you imposed on me — you and that clumsy young animal (forgive me, my dear fellow), Jason. I am not an idiot. I knew all the time. And now the King will know, too — unless Lord Daynesborough stays just as long as I like.' "

"Confound her," said I.

"There it is," he went on. "The Prince is furious, the Princess triumphant, and Daynesborough in possession."

"What does he mean to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell? She 's a little devil. Fancy pretending to be deceived, and then turning on us like this! You should have heard her describe you, my boy!" and Dumergue chuckled in sad pleasure.

I object to being ridiculed, especially by women. I determined to take a hand in the game. I wondered if they knew that Daynesborough was married.

"I suppose this young Daynesborough enjoys himself?"

"Well, he ought to. He 's got nothing to lose; but he seems a melancholy, glum creature. I think he must be one of the King's kidney."

"Or married, perhaps?" I suggested airily.

"Oh, no. She would n't have him here, if he were married."

I saw that Dumergue did not yet appreciate the Princess in whose household he had the honor to serve.

"She won't compromise herself, I suppose?"

"Not she!" he replied regretfully. "She may compromise the Prince."

I rebuked him for his cynicism, and promised to consider and let him know if anything occurred to me. My hope lay in Daynesborough. I could see that he was *galant malgré lui*, and I thought I could persuade him that he had done all that his mistaken promise fairly entailed on him; or, if I could not convince him, I had a suspicion that his wife might, could, and would, in a very peremptory fashion, if I brought about an encounter between them. I was full of eagerness, for, apart from my zeal in the cause of morality and domestic happiness, I did not approve of being called a clumsy young animal. It was neither true nor witty, and surely abuse ought to be one or the other, if it is to be distinguished from mere vulgar scurrility.

I have been told, by those who know the place, that Glottenberg is not, as a rule, a very exciting residence. But for the next four-and-twenty hours, I, at least, had no reason to grumble at a lack of incidents.

The play began, if I may so express myself, by the Princess sending for the doctor. The doctor, having heard from the Princess what she wanted to do, told her what she ought to do; of course I speak from conjecture. He prescribed a visit to her country villa for a week or two, plenty of fresh air, complete repose, and freedom from worry. Dumergue told me that the Princess considered that the terms of this prescription entailed a temporary separation from her husband, and that the Prince had agreed to remain in Glottenberg. The Princess started for her villa at twelve o'clock on Wednesday morning. The distance was but fifteen miles, and she travelled by road in her own carriage, although the main line of railway from Glottenberg to Paris passed within two miles of her destination.

At one o'clock Lord Daynesborough was received by Prince Ferdinand, having requested an interview for the purpose of taking his leave, as he left for Paris by the five o'clock train. Everybody knew that the Prince and Daynesborough were not on cordial terms; but this fact hardly explained Daynesborough's extreme embarrassment and obvious discomfort during the brief conversation. Dumergue escorted him from the Prince's presence, and said that he was shaking like an aspen-leaf or an ill-made blanc mange.

At three o'clock I went to the hotel, and had an interview with Lady Daynesborough. I then returned to the palace, and made a communication to the Prince. The Prince was distinctly perturbed.

"I never thought she would go so far," he said. "It 's not that she cares twopence about Daynesborough."

"To what, then, sir, do you attribute — "

"Temper; all temper, Mr. Jason. She is angry about that wretched ball, and she wants to anger me."

"Her Royal Highness is, however, giving a handle to her enemies," I ventured to suggest.

"She must come back to-night," said he. "I won't be made to look like a fool."

"My plan will, I hope, dispose of Lord Daynesborough. If so, your Royal Highness might join the Princess."

"I shan't do anything of the sort. I shall have her brought back."

Apparently there was a reserve of resolution latent somewhere in this indolent gentleman.

"Will you go yourself, sir?"

"No. You must do it."

"I, sir! Surely, M. Dumergue —"

"Dumergue 's afraid of her. Will you bring her back?"

"Supposing she won't come?"

"I did n't request you to ask her to come. I requested you to bring her."

I looked at him inquiringly. He inhaled a mouthful of smoke, and added with a nod: —

"Yes, if necessary."

"Will your Royal Highness hold me harmless from the King — or the law?"

"No. I can't. Will you do it?"

"With pleasure, sir."

At ten minutes to five Lady Daynesborough, heavily veiled, and I drove up to the station in a hired cab, and hid ourselves in the third-class waiting-room. At five minutes to five Lord Daynesborough arrived. He wore a scarf up to his nose, and a cap down to his eyes, and walked to the station, unattended and without luggage. He got into a second-class smoking-carriage — one of the long compartments divided into separate boxes by intervening partitions reaching within a yard of the roof, a gangway running down the middle. On seeing him enter, I caught the guard, gave him twenty marks and told him to admit no one except myself and my companion into that carriage. Then I hauled Lady Daynesborough in, and we sat down at the opposite end to that occupied by her husband.

The train started. It was only five-and-twenty minutes' run to the station for the Princess' villa. There was no time to lose.

"Are you ready?" I whispered.

"Yes," she answered, her voice trembling a little.

We rose, walked along, and sat down opposite Lord Daynesborough. He was looking out of the window, although it was dark, and did not turn.

"Lord Daynesborough," said I, "you have forgotten your ticket." And I held out a through ticket to Paris.

He started as if he had been shot.

"Who the devil?" he began — "Jason!"

"Yes," said I. "Here 's your ticket."

"I thought you were in England," he gasped.

"No, I am here."

"Spying on my actions?"

"Acquainted with them."

"I 'll have no interference, sir. If you know me, you will kindly be silent, and leave me to myself."

Time was passing.

"You are going to Paris with this lady," said I.

"You 're insolent, sir — you and your — "

"Don't say what you 'll regret. She 's your wife."

Well, of course he was very much in the wrong, and looked uncommonly ridiculous to boot. Still, the way he collapsed was rather craven. I withdrew for five minutes. Then I returned, and held out the ticket again. He took it.

"If you will leave us for five minutes, Lady Daynesborough?"

She went into the next box. Then I said: —

"Now, we 've only ten minutes. We 're going to change clothes. Be quick."

I took off my coat.

"By God, I 'll not stand this!"

And he rose.

In a moment I had him by the collar, and was presenting a pistol at his head.

"No nonsense!" I whispered. "Off with them!"

He might have known I would not shoot him in his wife's presence; but I could and would have undressed him with my own hands. Perhaps he guessed this.

"Let me go," he muttered.

I released him, and he took off his coat.

The train began to slacken speed. I called to Lady Daynesborough, who rejoined us.

"You have fulfilled your promise," said I to the young man. "And," I added, turning to her, "I have fulfilled mine. Good-night."

I opened the door and jumped out as we entered the station. I stood waiting till the train started again, but Lord Daynesborough remained in his place. I wonder what passed on that journey. She was a plucky girl, and I can only trust she gave him what he deserved. At any rate he never, so far as I heard, ran away again.

I asked my way to the villa and reached it after half an hour's walking. I did not go in by the lodge gates, but climbed the palings, and reached the door by way of the shrubberies. I knocked softly. A man opened the door instantly. He must have been awaiting.

"Is it Milord?" he said in French.

"Yes," I answered, entering rapidly.

"You are expected, Milord."

I did not know his voice and it was dark in the passage.

"I am wet," I said. "Take me to a fire."

"There is one in the pantry," he answered, leading the way

We reached the pantry, and he turned to light the gas.

Looking at me in the full blaze, he started back, then scrutinized me closely, then exclaimed: —

"What? You are not —"

"Oh, yes, I am. I am Lord Daynesborough."

"It 's a lie. You are a robber — a —"

"I am Lord Daynesborough — Lord Daynesborough — Lord Daynesborough!"

At each repetition I advanced a step nearer; at the last I produced my trusty pistol, at the same time holding out a banknote in the other hand.

He took the note.

"You will stay here," I said, "for the next two hours. You will not come out whatever happens. Is there any one else in the house?"

"One maid, Milord, and a man in the stables."

"Where is the maid?"

"In the kitchen."

"Is the man within hearing?"

"No."

"Good. Is the Princess upstairs?"

"She is, Milord."

I made him direct me to the room, and left him. I thought I would neglect the maid, and go straight to work. I went up to the door to which I had been directed, and knocked.

"Come in," said the gentle, childlike voice.

I went in. The Princess was lying on a sofa by the fire, reading a paper-covered book. She turned her head with a careless glance.

"Ah, you have come! Well, I almost hoped you would be afraid. I really don't want you."

This reception would probably have annoyed Lord Daynesborough.

"Why should I be afraid?" I asked, mimicking Daynesborough's voice as well as I could.

Meanwhile I quietly locked the door.

"Why, because of your wife. I know you tremble before her."

I advanced to the sofa.

"I have no wife," I said; "and, seeing what I do, I thank God for it."

She leaped up with a scream, loud and shrill.

A door opposite me opened, and a girl rushed in, crying: —

"Madame!"

"Go back!" I said. "Go back!"

She paused, looking bewildered. I walked quickly up to her.

"Go back and keep quiet;" and, taking her by the shoulders, I pushed her back into the next room.

The Princess rushed to the other door, and, on finding it locked, screamed again.

"Nobody," I remarked, "should embark on these things who has not good nerves."

"She recognized me now. Her fright had been purely physical — I suppose she thought I was a burglar. When she knew me, she came forward in a dignified way, sat down on the sofa, and said: —

"Explain your conduct, sir, if you are in a condition to do so."

"I am sober, madame," said I; "and I have two messages for you."

"You present yourself in a strange way. Pray be brief," and she glanced anxiously at the clock.

"Time does not press, madame," said I. "Nobody will come."

"Nobody will — What do you mean? I expect nobody."

"Precisely, madame — and nobody will come."

Her ivory fan broke between her fingers with a sharp click.

"What do you want?" she said.

"To deliver my messages."

"Well?"

"First, Lord Daynesborough offers his apologies for being compelled to leave for Paris without tendering his farewell."

She turned very red, and then very white. But she restrained herself.

"And the other?"

"His Royal Highness requests that you will avail yourself of my escort for an immediate return to Glottenberg."

"And his reasons?"

"Oh, madame, as if I should inquire them!"

"You are merely insolent, sir. I shall not go to-night."

"His Royal Highness was very urgent."

She looked at me for a moment.

"Why had Lord Daynesborough to leave so suddenly?" she asked suspiciously.

"His wife wished it."

"Did she know where he was?"

"Apparently. She followed him to Glottenberg. She arrived there yesterday."

"Now I see — now I understand! I had to deal with a traitor."

"You must bestow trust if you desire not to be deceived, madame. You dared to use me as a go-between."

"You had had practice in the trade."

The Princess had a turn for repartee. I could not have set her right without quite an argument. I evaded the point.

"And yet your Royal Highness thought me a clumsy animal!"

"Oh," she said, with a slight laugh, "it 's wounded *amour propre*, is it? Come, Mr. Jason, I apologize. You are all that is brilliant and delightful — and English."

"Your Royal Highness is too good."

"And now, Mr. Jason, your device being accomplished, I suppose I may bid you good-night?"

"I regret, madame, that I must press the Prince's request on your notice."

She sighed her usual impatient, petulant little sigh.

"Oh, you are tiresome! Pray go."

"I cannot go without you, madame."

"I am not going — and my establishment does not admit of my entertaining gentlemen," she said, with smiling effrontery.

"Your Royal Highness refuses to allow me to attend you to Glottenberg?"

"I order you to leave this room."

"Finally refuses?"

"Go."

"Then I must add that I am commissioned, if necessary, to convey your Royal Highness to Glottenberg."

"To convey me?"

I bowed.

"You dare to threaten me?"

"I follow my instructions. Will you come, madame, or —"

"Well?"

"Will you be taken?"

I was not surprised at her vexation. Dumergue had, in his haste, called her a "little devil." She looked it then.

"You mean," she asked slowly, "that you will use force?"

I bowed.

"Then I yield," she said, after a pause. I called the maid, and told her to order the carriage in five minutes. The silence was unbroken till it came round. The Princess went into her room, and returned in cloak and hat, carrying a large muff. She was smiling.

"Ah, Mr. Jason, what can a woman do against men? I am ready. We will go alone. The servants can follow."

I handed her into the coach, ordering the coachman to drive fast. He was the only man with us, and we were alone inside.

I began, perhaps stupidly, to apologize for my peremptory conduct. The Princess smiled amiably.

"I like a man of resolution," she said, edging, I thought, a trifle nearer me, her hands nestling in her muff.

Apparently she was going to try the effect of amiability. I was prepared for this. She would not tempt me in that way.

"Your Royal Highness is most forgiving."

"Oh, that is my way," she answered, with the kindest possible glance, and she came nearer still.

"You are a most generous foe."

She turned to me with a dazzling smile.

"Don't say *foe*," she said, with a pretty lingering on the last word. And as she said it, I felt a knife driven hard into my ribs, and the muff dropped to the ground.

"God in heaven!" I cried.

The Princess flung herself into the corner of the carriage.

"Ha — ha — ha! Ha — ha — ha!" she laughed merrily, musically, fiendishly.

I tried to clutch her, I believed I should have killed her, I was half mad. But the blood was oozing fast from the wound — only the knife itself held my life in. Things danced before my eyes, and my hands fell on my lap.

The carriage stopped, the door opened, and the coachman appeared. It was all like a dream to me.

"Take his feet," said the Princess. The man obeyed, and between them they lifted, or, rather, hauled and pushed me out of the carriage, and laid me by the roadside. I was almost in a faint, and the last thing I was conscious of was a pretty mocking mouth, which said: —

"Won't you escort me, Mr. Jason?" — and then added to the coachman, "To Glottenberg — quick!"

I did not die. I was picked up by some good folk, and well tended. Dumergue arrived and looked after me, and in a couple of weeks I was on my legs.

"Now for Glottenberg!" said I.

Dumergue shook his head.

"You won't be admitted to the town."

"Not admitted!"

"No. They have made it up — for the time. There must be no scandal. Come, Jason, surely you see that?"

"She tried to murder me."

"Oh, quite, quite," said he. "But you can't prosecute her."

"And I am to be turned adrift by the Prince?"

"What use would it be to return? No doubt you annoyed her very much."

"I wish you had undertaken the job."

"I know her. I should have ridden outside."

"It is, then, the Prince's wish that I should not return?"

"Yes. But he charges me to say that he will never forget your friendly services."

I was disgusted. But I would force myself on no man.

"Then I'll go home."

"That would be much the best," he answered, with revolting alacrity.

"I say, Dumergue, what does the Princess say about me?"

"She laughs every time your name is mentioned, and — "

"The devil take her?"

"She says you may keep the knife!"

I have it still, a little tortoise-shell-handled thing, with a sharp — a very sharp — point. On the blade is engraved in German letters, "Sophia." It is a pretty toy, and in its delicacy, its tininess, its elegance, its seeming harmlessness, and its very sharp point, it reminds me much of Princess Ferdinand of Glottenberg.

Cordial Relations.

(From "The Dolly Dialogues.")

The other day I paid a call on Miss Dolly Foster for the purpose of presenting to her my small offering on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Mickleham. It was a pretty little bit of jewelry — a pearl heart, broken (rubies played the part of blood) and held together by a gold pin, set with diamonds, the whole surmounted by an earl's coronet. I had taken some trouble about it, and I was grateful when Miss Dolly asked me to explain the symbolism.

"It is my heart," I observed. "The fracture is of your making: the pin — "

Here Miss Dolly interrupted: to tell the truth I was not sorry, for I was fairly gravelled for the meaning of the pin.

"What nonsense, Mr. Carter!" said she; "but it 's awfully pretty. Thanks, so very, very much. Are n't relations funny people?"

"If you wish to change the subject, pray do," said I. "I 'll change anything except my affections."

"Look here," she pursued, holding out a bundle of letters. "Here are the congratulatory epistles from relations. Shall I read you a few?"

"It will be a most agreeable mode of passing the time," said I.

"This is from Aunt Georgiana — she 's a widow — lives at Cheltenham. 'My dearest Dorothea — '"

"Who?"

"Dorothea 's my name, Mr. Carter. It means the gift of heaven, you know."

"Precisely. Pray proceed, Miss Dolly. I did not at first recognize you."

"'My dearest Dorothea, I have heard the news of your engagement to Lord Mickleham with deep thankfulness. To obtain the love of an honest man is a great prize. I hope you will prove worthy of it. Marriage is a trial and an opportunity —'"

"Hear, hear!" said I. "A trial for the husband and —"

"Be quiet, Mr. Carter. 'A trial and an opportunity. It searches the heart and it affords a sphere of usefulness which —' So she goes on, you know. I don't see why I need be lectured just because I'm going to be married, do you, Mr. Carter?"

"Let's try another," said I. "Who's that on pink paper?"

"Oh, that's Georgy Vane. She's awful fun. 'Dear old Dolly, — So you've brought it off. Hearty congrats. I thought you were going to be silly and throw away —' There's nothing else there, Mr. Carter. Look here. Listen to this. It's from Uncle William. He's a clergyman, you know. 'My dear Niece, — I have heard with great gratification of your engagement. Your aunt and I unite in all good wishes. I recollect Lord Mickleham's father when I held a curacy near Worcester. He was a regular attendant at church and a supporter of all good works in the diocese. If only his son takes after him (fancy Archie!) you have secured a prize. I hope you have a proper sense of the responsibilities you are undertaking. Marriage affords no small opportunities; it also entails certain trials —'"

"Why, you're reading Aunt Georgiana again."

"Am I? No, it's Uncle William."

"Then let's try a fresh cast — unless you'll finish Georgy Vane's."

"Well, here's Cousin Susan's. She's an old maid, you know. It's very very long. Here's a bit: 'Woman has it in her power to exercise a sacred influence. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lord Mickleham, but I hope, my dear, that you will use your power over him for good. It is useless for me to deny that when you stayed with me, I thought you were addicted to frivolity. Doubtless marriage will sober you. Try to make good use of its lessons. I am sending you a biscuit tin' — and so on."

"A very proper letter," said I.

Miss Dolly indulged in a slight grimace, and took up another letter.

"This," she said, "is from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Algernon Foster."

"A daughter of Lord Doldrums, was n't she?"

"Yes. 'My dear Dorothea — I have heard your news. I do hope it will turn out happily. I believe that any woman who *conscientiously* does her duty can find happiness in married life. Her husband and children occupy all her time and all her thoughts, and if she can look for few of the *lighter* pleasures of life, she has at least the knowledge that she is of *use* in the world. Please accept the accompanying volumes (it's *Browning*) as a small —' I say, Mr. Carter, do you think it's really like that?"

"There is still time to draw back," I observed.

"Oh, don't be silly. Here, this is my brother Tom's. 'Dear Dol, — I thought Mickleham rather an ass when I met him, but I dare say you know best. What's his place like? Does he take a moor? I thought I read that he kept a yacht. Does he? Give him my love and a kiss. Good luck, old girl. — Tom. P.S. — I'm glad it's not me, you know.'"

"A disgusting letter," I observed.

"Not at all," said Miss Dolly, dimpling. "It's just like dear old Tom. Listen to grandpapa's. 'My dear Granddaughter, — The alliance (I rather like it's being called an alliance, Mr. Carter. It sounds like the Royal Family, does n't it?) you are about to contract is in all respects a suitable one. I send you my blessing, and a small check to help towards your trousseau. — Yours affectionately, Jno. Wm. Foster.'"

"That," said I, "is the best up to now."

"Yes, it's 500," said she, smiling. "Here's old lady M.'s."

"*Whose?*" I exclaimed.

"Archie's mother's, you know. 'My dear Dorothea (as I suppose I must call you now) — Archibald has informed us of his engagement, and I and the girls (there are five girls, Mr. Carter) hasten to welcome his bride. I am sure Archie will make his wife very happy. He is rather particular (like his dear father) but he has a good heart, and is not fidgety about his meals. Of course we shall be *delighted* to move out of The Towers at once. I hope we shall see a good deal of you soon. Archie is full of your praises, and we thoroughly trust his taste. Archie —' It's all about Archie, you see."

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I count a little, too. Oh, look here. Here's Cousin Fred's — but he's always so silly. I sha'n't read you his."

"Oh, just a bit of it," I pleaded.

"Well, here 's one bit. 'I suppose I can't murder him, so I must wish him joy. All I can say is, Dolly, that he 's the luckiest (something I can't read — either fellow or — devil) I ever heard of. I wonder if you 've forgotten that evening —'"

"Well, go on." For she stopped.

"Oh, there 's nothing else."

"In fact, you have forgotten the evening?"

"Entirely," said Miss Dolly, tossing her head. "But he sends me a love of a bracelet. He can't possibly pay for it, poor boy."

"Young knave!" said I severely. (I had paid for my pearl heart.)

"Then come a lot from girls. Oh, there 's one from Maud Tottenham — she 's a second cousin, you know — it 's rather amusing. 'I used to know your *fiancé* slightly. He seemed very nice, but it 's a long while ago, and I never saw much of him. I hope he is really fond of you, and that it is not a mere *fancy*. Since you love him so much, it would be a pity if he did not care deeply for you.'"

"Interpret, Miss Dolly," said I.

"She tried to catch him herself," said Miss Dolly.

"Ah, I see. Is that all?"

"The others are n't very interesting."

"Then let 's finish Georgy Vane's."

"Really," she asked, smiling.

"Yes. Really."

"Oh, if you don't mind, I don't," said she laughing, and she hunted out the pink note and spread it before her. "Let me see. Where was I? Oh, here. 'I thought you were going to be silly and throw away your chances on some of the men who used to flirt with you. Archie Mickleham may not be a genius, but he 's a good fellow and a swell and rich; he 's not a pauper, like Phil Meadows, or a snob, like Charlie Dawson, or —' *shall* I go on, Mr. Carter? No, I won't. I did n't see what it was."

"Yes, you shall go on."

"Oh, no, I can't" and she folded up the letter.

"Then I will," and I 'm ashamed to say I snatched the letter. Miss Dolly jumped to her feet. I fled behind the table. She ran round. I dodged.

"'Or —'" I began to read.

"Stop!" cried she.

"'Or a young spendthrift like that man — I forget his name — whom you used to go on with at such a pace at Monte Carlo last winter.'"

"Stop!" she cried, stamping her foot. I read on: —

"'No doubt he was charming, my dear, and no doubt anybody would have thought you meant it; but I never doubted you. Still were n't you just a little — "

"Stop!" she cried. "You must stop, Mr. Carter."

So then I stopped. I folded the letter and handed it back to her. Her cheeks flushed red as she took it.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said she, biting her lip.

"I was at Monte Carlo last winter myself," said I.

"Lord Mickleham," said the butler, throwing open the door.

RETRIBUTION.

In future I am going to be careful what I do. I am also — and this is by no means less important — going to be very careful what Miss Dolly Foster does. Everybody knows (if I may quote her particular friend Nellie Phaeton) that dear Dolly means no harm, but she is "just a little harumscarum." I thanked Miss Phaeton for the expression.

The fact is that "old Lady M." (here I quote Miss Dolly) sent for me the other day. I have not the honor of knowing the Countess, and I went in some trepidation. When I was ushered in, Lady Mickleham put up her "starers." (You know those abominations! *Pince-nez* with long torture — I mean tortoise — shell handles.)

"Mr. — er — Carter?" said she.

I bowed. I would have denied it if I could.

"My dears!" said Lady Mickleham.

Upon this five young ladies who had been sitting in five straight-backed chairs, doing five pieces of embroidery, rose, bowed, and filed out of the room. I felt very nervous. A pause followed. Then the Countess observed — and it seemed at first rather irrelevant —

"I've been reading an unpleasant story."

"In these days of French influence," I began apologetically (not that I write such stories, or indeed any stories, but Lady Mickleham invites an apologetic attitude), and my eye wandered to the table. I saw nothing worse (or better) than the morning paper there.

"Contained in a friend's letter," she continued, focussing the "starers" full on my face.

I did not know what to do, so I bowed again.

"It must have been as painful for her to write as for me to read," Lady Mickleham went on. "And that is saying much. Be seated, pray."

I bowed, and sat down in one of the straight-backed chairs. I also began, in my fright, to play with one of the pieces of embroidery.

"Is Lady Jane's work in your way?" (Lady Jane is named after Jane, the famous Countess, Lady-in-Waiting to Caroline of Anspach.)

I dropped the embroidery, and put my foot on my hat.

"I believe, Mr. Carter, that you are acquainted with Miss Dorothea Foster?"

"I have that pleasure," said I.

"Who is about to be married to my son, the Earl of Mickleham?"

"That, I believe, is so," said I. I was beginning to pull myself together.

"My son, Mr. Carter, is of a simple and trusting disposition. Perhaps I had better come to the point. I am informed by this letter that, in conversation with the writer the other day, Archibald mentioned, quite incidentally, some very startling facts. Those facts concern you, Mr. Carter."

"May I ask the name of the writer?"

"I do not think that is necessary," said she. "She is a lady in whom I have the utmost confidence."

"That is, of course, enough," said I.

"It appears, Mr. Carter — and you will excuse me if I speak plainly — (I set my teeth) that you have, in the first place, given to my son's bride a wedding present, which I can only describe as —"

"A pearl ornament," I interposed; "with a ruby or two, and —"

"A pearl heart," she corrected; "er — fractured, and that you explained that this absurd article represented your heart."

"Mere *badinage*," said I.

"In execrably bad taste," said she. I bowed.

"In fact, most offensive. But that is not the worst. From my son's further statements it appears that on one occasion, at least, he found you and Miss Foster engaged in what I can only call — "

I raised my hand in protest. The Countess took no notice.

"What I can only call *romping*."

She shot this word at me with extraordinary violence, and when it was out she shuddered.

"Romping!" I cried.

"A thing not only atrociously vulgar at all times, but under the circumstances — need I say more? Mr. Carter, you were engaged in chasing my son's future bride round a table!"

"Pardon me, Lady Mickleham. Your son's future bride was engaged in chasing me round a table."

"It is the same thing," said Lady Mickleham.

"I should have thought there was a distinction," said I.

"None at all."

I fell back on a second line of defence.

"I did n't let her catch me, Lady Mickleham," I pleaded.

Lady Mickleham grew quite red. This made me feel more at my ease.

"No, sir. If you had — "

"Goodness knows!" I murmured, shaking my head.

"As it happened, however, my son entered in the middle of this disgraceful — "

"It was at the beginning," said I, with a regretful sigh.

Upon this — and I have really never been so pleased at anything in all my life — the Countess, the violence of her emotions penetrating to her very fingers, gripped the handle of her "starers" with such force that she broke it in two! She was a woman of the world, and in a moment she looked as if nothing had happened. With me it was different; and that I am not now on Lady Mickleham's visiting-list is due to (*inter alia et enormia*) the fact that I laughed! It was out before I could help it. In a second I was as grave as a mute. The mischief was done. The Countess rose. I imitated her example.

"You are amused?" said she, and her tones banished the last of my mirth. I stumbled on my hat and it rolled to her feet.

"It is not probable," she observed, "that after Miss Foster's marriage you will meet her often. You will move in — er — somewhat different circles."

"I may catch a glimpse of her in her carriage from the top of my 'bus," said I.

"Your *milieu* and my son's — "

"I know his valet, though," said I.

Lady Mickleham rang the bell. I stooped for my hat. To tell the truth I was rather afraid to expose myself in such a defenceless attitude, but the Countess preserved her self-control. The butler opened the door. I bowed, and left the Countess regarding me through the maimed "starers." Then I found the butler smiling. He probably knew the signs of the weather. I would n't be Lady Mickleham's butler if you made me a duke.

As I walked home through the Park I met Miss Dolly and Mickleham. They stopped. I walked on. Mickleham seized me by the coat-tails.

"Do you mean to cut us?" he cried.

"Yes," said I.

"Why, what the deuce — ?" he began.

"I've seen your mother," said I. "I wish, Mickleham, that when you do happen to intrude as you did the other day, you would n't repeat what you see."

"Lord!" he cried. "She's not heard of that? I only told Aunt Cynthia."

I said something about Aunt Cynthia.

"Does — does she know it *all?*" asked Miss Dolly.

"More than all — much more."

"Did n't you smooth it over?" said Miss Dolly reproachfully.

"On reflection," said I, "I don't know that I did — much." (I had n't, you know.)

Suddenly Mickleham burst out laughing.

"What a game!" he exclaimed.

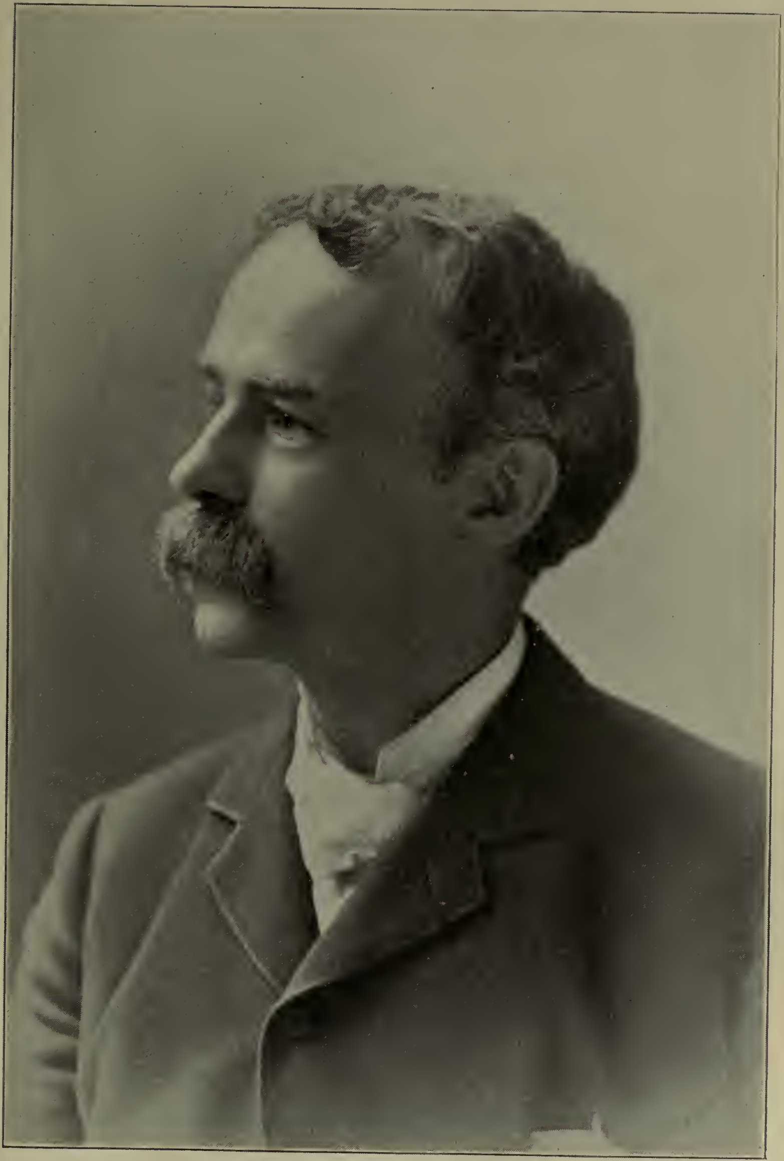
"That's all very well for you," said Dolly. "But do you happen to remember that we dine there to-night?"

Archie grew grave.

"I hope you'll enjoy yourselves," said I. "I always cling to the belief that the wicked are punished." And I looked at Miss Dolly.

"Never you mind, little woman," said Archie, drawing Miss Dolly's arm through his. "I'll see you through. After all, everybody knows that old Carter's an ass."

That piece of universal knowledge may help matters, but I do not quite see how. I walked on, for Miss Dolly had quite forgotten me, and was looking up at Archie Mickleham like — well hang it, in the way they do, you know. So I just walked on.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne, Julian, an American novelist, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne; born in Boston, June 22, 1846. After four years in Harvard University he entered the Scientific School of Harvard in 1867, and the next year went to Dresden to continue the study of civil engineering. On his return to America in 1870 he joined the staff of hydrographic engineers in the New York Dock Department. About this time he contributed several short stories to the magazines. His first novel, "Bressant," appeared in 1873, and was followed by "Idolatry" (1874). His next publication was a collection entitled "Saxon Studies" (1875), contributed first to the "Contemporary Review." "Garth," begun in 1875 in "Harper's Magazine," was published in book form in 1877. At this time Mr. Hawthorne was living in England. To this time belong "Archibald Malmaison," "Prince Saroni's Wife," "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," and numerous short tales. "Sebastian Strome" was published in 1880, "Fortune's Fool" and "Dust," between 1880 and 1883. In 1882 the author returned to America. Since that time he has written "Beatrice Randolph," "Noble Blood," "Love — or a Name," "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife" (1883), "Confessions and Criticisms," "John Parmelee's Curse" (1886), "A Tragic Mystery" and "The Great Bank Robbery" (1887), the last two founded on facts furnished by a New York detective. In 1888 Mr. Hawthorne published "The Professor's Sister;" in 1893, "Six Cent Sam's;" and in December, 1895, was awarded the New York "Herald" prize of $10,000 for his novel "A Fool of Nature." In 1889 he visited Europe with a delegation of fifty workingmen to examine the condition of European industries. For several years subsequent he resided in Jamaica. In 1896–97 he visited India to examine the famine districts for the "Cosmopolitan," and in 1898 went to Cuba as a war correspondent.

James Fenimore Cooper.

More than a century ago, in the town of Burlington, New Jersey, was born a man destined to become one of the best known figures of his time. He was as devout an American as ever lived, for he could arraign the shortcomings of his countrymen as stanchly as he could defend and glorify their ideals. He entered fearlessly and passionately into the life around him, seeing intensely, yet sometimes blind; feeling ardently, yet not always aright; acting with might and conviction, yet not seldom amiss. He loved and revered good, scorned and hated evil, and with the strength and straightforwardness of a bull championed the one and gored the other. He worshipped justice, but lacked judgment; his brain, stubborn and logical, was incongruously mated with a deep and tender heart. A brave and burly backwoods gentleman was he, with a smattering of the humanities from Yale, and a dogged precision of principle and conduct from six years in the navy. He had the iron memory proper to a vigorous organization and a serious observant mind; he was tirelessly industrious — in nine-and-twenty years he published thirty-two novels, many of them of prodigious length, besides producing much matter never brought to light. His birth fell at a noble period of our history, and his surroundings fostered true and generous manhood. Doubtless many of his contemporaries were as true men as he: but to Cooper in addition was vouchsafed the gift of genius; and that magic quality dominated and transfigured his else rugged and intractable nature, and made his name known and loved over all the earth. No author has been more widely read than he; no American author has won even a tithe of his honorable popularity.

Though Jersey may claim his birthplace, Cooper's childhood from his second to his fourteenth year was passed on the then frontiers of civilization, at Cooperstown on the Susquehanna. There in the primeval forest, hard by the broad Lake Otsego and the wide-flowing river, the old Judge built his house and laid out his town. Trees, mountains, wild animals, and wild men nursed the child, and implanted in him seeds of poetry and wrought into the sturdy fibres of his mind golden threads of creative imagination. Then round about the hearth at night, men of pith and character told tales of the Revolution, of battle, adventure, and endurance, which the child, hearing, fed upon with his soul, and grew strong in patriotism and independence. Nobility was innate in him; he conceived lofty and sweet ideals of human nature and conduct, and was never false to them thereafter. The ideal Man — the ideal Woman — he believed in them to the end. And more than twice or thrice in his fictions we find personages like Harvey Birch, Leatherstocking, Long Tom

Coffin, the jailer's daughter in "The Bravo," and Mabel Dunham and Dew-of-June in "The Pathfinder," which give adequate embodiment to his exalted conception of the possibilities of his fellow creatures. For though portrayal of character in the ultra-refined modern sense of the term was impossible to Cooper, yet he perceived and could impressively present certain broad qualities of human nature, and combine them in consistent and memorable figures. Criticism may smile now and then, and psychology arch her eyebrows, but the figures live, and bid fair to be lusty long after present fashions have been forgotten.

But of the making of books, Cooper, during the first three decades of his life, had no thought at all. He looked forward to a career of action; and after Yale College had given him a glimpse of the range of knowledge, he joined a vessel as midshipman, with the prospect of an admiral's cocked hat and glory in the distance. The glory, however, with which the ocean was to crown him, was destined to be gained through the pen and not the sword, when at the age of five-and-thirty he should have published "The Pilot." As a naval officer he might have helped to whip the English in the War of 1812; but as author of the best sea story in the language he conquered all the world of readers unaided. Meanwhile, when he was twenty-one years old he married a Miss Delancey, whose goodness (according to one of his biographers) was no less eminent than his genius, and who died but a short time before him. The joys of wedded life in a home of his own outweighed with him the chances of warlike distinction, and he resigned his commission and took command of a farm in Westchester County; and a gentleman farmer, either there or at his boyhood's home in Cooperstown, he remained till the end, with the exception of his seven-years' sojourn in Europe.

His was a bodily frame built to endure a hundred years, and the robustness of his intelligence and the vivacity of his feelings would have kept him young throughout; yet he died of a dropsy, at the prime of his powers, in 1851, heartily mourned by innumerable friends, and having already outlived all his enmities. He died, too, the unquestioned chief of American novelists; and however superior to his may have been the genius of his contemporary, Walter Scott, the latter can hardly be said to have rivalled him in breadth of dominion over readers of all nationalities. Cooper was a household name from New York to Ispahan, from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro; and the copyright on his works in various languages would to-day amount to a large fortune every year. Three generations have passed since with "The Spy" he won the sympathies of mankind; and he holds them still. It is an enviable record. And although in respect of actual quality of work produced there have been many geniuses greater than he, yet it is fair to remember that Cooper's genius had a great deal of stubborn raw material to subdue before it could proceed to produce anything. It started handicapped. As it was, the man wasted years of time and an immensity of effort in doing, or trying to do, things he had no business with. He would be a political reformer, a critic of society, an interpreter of law, even a master grammarian. He would fight to the finish all who differed from him in opinion; he fought and — incredible as it may seem — he actually conquered the American press. He published reams of stuff which no one now reads and which was never worth reading, to enforce his views and prove that he was right and others wrong. All this power was misdirected; it might have been applied to producing more and better Leatherstockings and Pilots. Perhaps he hardly appreciated at its value that one immortal thing about him, — his genius, — and was too much concerned about his dogmatic and bull-headed Self. Unless the world confessed his infallibility, he could not be quite at peace with it. Such an attitude arouses one's sense of humor; it would never have existed had Cooper possessed a spark of humor himself. But he was uncompromisingly serious on all subjects, or if at times he tried to be playful, we shudder and avert our faces. It is too like Juggernaut dancing a jig. And he gave too much weight to the verdict of the moment, and not enough to that judgment of posterity to which the great Verulam was content to submit his fame. Who cares to-day, or how are we the better or the worse, if Cooper were right or wrong in his various convictions? What concerns us is that he wrote delightful stories of the forest and the sea; it is in those stories, and not in his controversial or didactic homilies, that we choose to discover his faith in good and ire against evil. Cooper, in short, had his limitations; but with all his errors, we may take him and be thankful.

Moreover, his essential largeness appears in the fact that in the midst of his bitterest conflicts, at the very moment when his pamphlets and "satires" were heating the printing-presses and people's tempers, a novel of his would be issued, redolent with pure and serene imagination, telling of the prairies and the woods, of deer and panther, of noble redskins and heroic trappers. It is another world, harmonious and calm; no echo of the petty tumults in which its author seemed to live is audible therein. But it is a world of that author's imagination, and its existence proves that he was greater and wiser than the man of troubles and grievances who so noisily solicits our attention. The surface truculence which fought and wrangled was distinct from the interior energy which created and harmonized, and acted perhaps as the safety-valve to relieve the inward region from disturbance.

The anecdote of how Cooper happened to adopt literature as a calling is somewhat musty, and its only significant feature is the characteristic self-confidence of his exclamation, on laying down a stupid English novel which he had been reading to his wife, "I could write as well as that myself!" Also in point is the fact that the thing he wrote, "Precaution," is a story of English life, whereof at that time he had had no personal experience. One would like to know the name of the novel which touched him off; if it was stupider and more turgid than "Precaution" it must have been a curiosity. Cooper may have thought otherwise, or he may have been stimulated by recognition of his failure, as a good warrior by the discovery that his adversary is a more redoubtable fighter than he had gauged him to be. At all events, he lost no time in engaging once more, and this time he routed his foe, horse and foot. One is reminded of the exclamation of his own Paul Jones, when requested to surrender — "I have n't begun to fight!" "The Spy" is not a perfect work of art, but it is a story of adventure and character such as the world loves and will never tire of. "Precaution" had showed not even talent; "The Spy" revealed unquestionable genius. This is not to say that its merit was actually unquestioned at the time it came out; our native critics hesitated to commit themselves, and awaited English verdicts. But the nation's criticism was to buy the book and read it, and they and other nations have been so doing ever since. Nothing in literature lasts longer, or may be oftener re-read with pleasure, than a good tale of adventure. The incidents are so many and the complications so ingenious that one forgets the detail after a few years, and comes to the perusal with fresh appetite. Cooper's best books are epics, possessing an almost Homeric vitality. The hero is what the reader would like to be, and the latter thrills with his perils and triumphs in his success. Ulysses is Mankind, making sweet uses of adversity, and regenerate at last; and Harvey Birch, Leatherstocking, and the rest are congenial types of Man, acting up to high standards in given circumstances.

But oh! the remorseless tracts of verbiage in these books, the long toiling through endless preliminaries, as of a too unwieldy army marching and marshalling for battle! It is Cooper's way; he must warm to his work gradually, or his strength cannot declare itself. His beginnings abound in seemingly profitless detail, as if he must needs plot his every footstep on the map ere trusting himself to take the next. Balzac's method is similar, but possesses a spiritual charm lacking in the American's. The modern ability of Stevenson and Kipling to plunge into the thick of it in the first paragraph was impossible to this ponderous pioneer. Yet when at length he does begin to move, the impetus and majesty of his advance are tremendous; as in the avalanche, every added particular of passive preparation adds weight and power to the final action. Cooper teaches us, Wellington-like, "what long-enduring hearts can do!" Doubtless, therefore, any attempt to improve him by blue-pencilling his tediousness would result in spoiling him altogether. We must accept him as he is. Dulness past furnishes fire to present excitement. It is a mistake to "skip" in reading Cooper; if we have not leisure to read him as he stands, let us wait until we have.

"Precaution" and "The Spy" both appeared in 1821, when the author was about thirty-two years old. Two years passed before the production of "The Pioneers," wherein Cooper draws upon memory no less than upon imagination, and in which Leatherstocking first makes our acquaintance. As a rule (proved by exceptions), the best novels of great novelists have their scene in surroundings with which the writer's boyhood was familiar. "The Pioneers" and the ensuing series of Leatherstocking tales are placed in the neighborhood of the lake and river which Cooper, as a child, had so lovingly learned by heart. Time had supplied the requisite atmosphere for the pictures that he drew, while the accuracy of his memory and the minuteness of his observation assured ample realism. In the course of the narrative the whole mode of life of a frontier settlement from season to season appears before us, and the typical figures which constitute it. It is history, illuminated by romance and uplifted by poetic imagination. One of our greatest poets, speaking after the second-thought of thirty years, declared Cooper to be a greater poet than Hesiod or Theocritus. But between a poet and a prose-writer capable of poetic feeling there is perhaps both a distinction and a difference.

The birth-year of "The Pioneers" and of "The Pilot" are again the same. Now Cooper leaves, for the time, the backwoods, and embarks upon the sea. He is as great upon one element as upon the other: of whom else can that be affirmed? We might adapt the apophthegm on Washington to him: he was "first on land, first on sea, and first in the hearts of his readers." In "The Pilot" the resources of the writer's invention first appear in full development. His personal experience of the vicissitudes and perils of a seaman's life stood him in good stead here, and may indeed have served him well in the construction of all his fictions. Fertility in incident and the element of suspense are valuable parts of a story-teller's outfit, and Cooper excelled in both; he might have been less adequately furnished in these respects had he never served on a man-of-war. Be that as it may, "The Pilot" is generally accepted as the best sea story ever written. Herman Melville and his disciple Clark Russell have both written lovingly and thrillingly of the sea and seamen, but neither of them has rivalled their common original. Long Tom Coffin is the peer of Leatherstocking himself, and might have been made the central figure of as many and as excellent tales. The three books — "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot" — form a trilogy of itself more than sufficient to support a mighty reputation; and they were all written before Cooper was thirty-five years old. Indeed, his subsequent works did not importantly add to his fame; and many of them of course might better never have been written. "Lionel Lincoln," in 1825, fell far short of the level of the previous romances; but "The Last of the Mohicans," in the year following, is again as good as the best, and the great figure of Leatherstocking even gains in solidity and charm. As a structure, the story is easily criticised, but the texture is so sound and the spirit so stirring that only the cooler after-thought finds fault. Faults which would shipwreck a lesser man leave this leviathan almost unscathed.

At this juncture occurred the unfortunate episode in Cooper's career. His fame having spread over two continents, he felt a natural desire to visit the scene of his foreign empire and make acquaintance with his subjects there; it seemed an act of expediency too to get local color for romances which should appeal more directly to these friends across the sea. Upon these pretexts he set forth, and in due season arrived in Paris. Here, however, he chanced to read a newspaper criticism of the United States government; and true to his conviction that he was the heaven-appointed agent to correct and castigate the world, he sat down and wrote a sharp rejoinder. He was well furnished with facts, and he exhibited plenty of acumen in his statement of them; though his cumbrous and pompous style, as of a schoolmaster laying down the law, was not calculated to fascinate the lectured ones. In the controversy which ensued he found himself arrayed against the aristocratic party, with only the aged Lafayette to afford him moral support; his arguments were not refuted, but this rendered him only the more obnoxious to his hosts, who finally informed him that his room was more desirable than his company. As a Parthian shaft, our redoubtable champion launched a missile in the shape of a romance of ancient Venice ("The Bravo"), in which he showed how the perversion of institutions devised to insure freedom, inevitably brings to pass freedom's opposite. It is a capital novel, worthy of Cooper's fame; but it neither convinced nor pleased the effete monarchists whom it arraigned. In the end accordingly he returned home, with the consciousness of having vindicated his countrymen, but of having antagonized all Europe in the process. It may be possible to win the affection of a people while proving to them that they are fools and worse; but if so, Cooper was not the man to accomplish the feat. It should be premised here that during his residence abroad he had written, in addition to "The Bravo," three novels which may be placed among his better works; and one, "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," whose lovely title is its only recommendation. "The Red Rover" was by some held to be superior even to "The Pilot;" and "Heidenhauer" and "The Headsman of Berne" attempt, not with entire success, to repeat the excellence of "The Bravo." He had also published a volume of letters critical of national features, entitled "Notions of the Americans," which may have flattered his countrymen's susceptibilities, but did nothing to assuage the wounded feelings of those with whom he contrasted them.

Now, when a warrior returns home after having manfully supported his country's cause against odds, and at the cost of his own popularity, he feels justified in anticipating a cordial reception. What then must be his feelings on finding himself actually given the cold shoulder by those he had defended, on the plea that his defence was impolitic and discourteous? In such circumstances there is one course which no wise man will pursue, and that is to treat his aspersers with anything else than silent disdain. Cooper was far from being thus wise: he lectured his fellow-citizens with quite as much asperity as he had erewhile lectured the tyrants of the Old World; with as much justice too, and with an effect even more embroiling. In "A Letter to his Countrymen," "Monikins," "Homeward Bound," and "Home as Found," he admonished and satirized them with characteristic vigor. The last-named of these books brings us to the year 1838, and of Cooper's life the fiftieth. He seemed in a fair way to become a universal Ishmael. Yet once more he had only begun to fight. In 1838 he commenced action against a New York newspaper for slander, and for five years thereafter the courts of his country resounded with the cries and thwackings of the combatants. But Cooper could find no adversary really worthy of his steel, and in 1843 he was able to write to a friend, "I have beaten every man I have sued who has not retracted his libels!" He had beaten them fairly, and one fancies that even he must at last have become weary of his favorite passion of proving himself in the right. Howbeit, peace was declared over the corpse of the last of his opponents, and the victor in so many fields could now apply himself undisturbedly to the vocations from which war had partially distracted him, — only partially, for in 1840, in the heat of the newspaper fray, he astonished the public by producing one of the loveliest of his romances and perhaps the very best of the Leatherstocking series, "The Pathfinder." William Cullen Bryant holds this to be "a glorious work," and speaks of its moral beauty, the vividness and force of its delineations, and the unspoiled love of nature and fresh and warm emotions which give life to the narrative and dialogue. Yet Cooper was at that time over fifty years of age.

Nevertheless, so far as his abilities both mental and physical were concerned, the mighty man was still in the prime of his manhood, if not of his youth. During the seven or eight years yet to elapse, after the close of his slander suits in 1843, before his unexpected death in 1851, he wrote not less than twelve new novels, several of them touching the high-water mark of his genius. Of them may be specially mentioned "Two Admirals" and "Wing-and-Wing," "Wyandotte," and "Jack Tier." Besides all this long list of his works, he published "Sketches of Switzerland" in 1836; "Gleanings in Europe," in a series of eight volumes, beginning 1837; a "Naval History of the United States," in two octavo volumes; and wrote three or four other books which seem to have remained in manuscript. Altogether it was a gigantic life-work, worthy of the giant who achieved it.

Cooper was hated as well as loved during his lifetime, but at his death the love had quenched the hate, and there are none but lovers of him now. He was manly, sincere, sensitive, independent; rough without but sweet within. He sought the good of others, he devoutly believed in God, and if he was always ready to take his own part in a fight, he never forgot his own self-respect or forfeited other men's. But above all he was a great novelist, original and irresistible. America has produced no other man built on a scale so continental.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

THE patrician in literature is always an interesting spectacle. We are prone to regard his performance as a test of the worth of long descent and high breeding. If he does well, he vindicates the claims of his caste; if ill, we infer that inherited estates and blue blood are but surface advantages, leaving the effective brain unimproved, or even causing deterioration. But the argument is still open; and whether genius be the creature of circumstance or divinely independent, is a question which prejudice rather than evidence commonly decides.

Certainly literature tries men's souls. The charlatan must betray himself. Genius shines through all cerements. On the other hand, genius may be nourished, and the charlatan permeates all classes. The truth probably is that an aristocrat is quite as apt as a plebeian to be a good writer. Only since there are fewer of the former than of the latter, and since, unlike the last, the first are seldom forced to live by their brains, there are more plebeian than aristocratic names on the literary roll of honor. Admitting this, the instance of the writer known as "Bulwer" proves nothing one way or the other. At all events, not, Was he a genius because he was a patrician? but, Was he a genius at all? is the inquiry most germane to our present purpose.

An aristocrat of aristocrats undoubtedly he was, though it concerns us not to determine whether the blood of Plantagenet kings and Norman conquerors really flowed in his veins. On both father's and mother's side he was thoroughly well connected. Heydon Hall in Norfolk was the hereditary home of the Norman Bulwers; the Saxon Lyttons had since the Conquest lived at Knebworth in Derbyshire. The historic background of each family was honorable, and when the marriage of William Earle Bulwer with Elizabeth Barbara Lytton united them, it might be said that in their offspring England found her type.

Edward, being the youngest son, had little money, but he happened to have brains. He began existence delicate and precocious. Culture, with him, set in almost with what he would have termed the "consciousness of his own identity," and the process never intermitted: in fact, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, his spiritual and intellectual emancipation was hindered by many obstacles; for, an ailing child, he was petted by his mother, and such germs of intelligence (verses at seven years old, and the like) as he betrayed were trumpeted as prodigies. He was spoilt so long before he was ripe that it is a marvel he ever ripened at all. Many years must pass before vanity could be replaced in him by manly ambition; a vein of silliness is traceable through his career almost to the end. He expatiated in the falsetto key; almost never do we hear in his voice that hearty bass note so dear to plain humanity. In his pilgrimage toward freedom he had to wrestle not only with flesh-and-blood mothers, uncles, and wives, *et id genus omne*, but with the more subtle and vital ideas, superstitions, and prejudices appertaining to his social station. His worst foes were not those of his household merely, but of his heart. The more arduous achievement of such a man is to see his real self and believe in it. There are so many misleading purple-velvet waistcoats, gold chains, superfine sentiments, and blue-blooded affiliations in the way, that the true nucleus of so much decoration becomes less accessible than the needle in the haystack. It is greatly to Bulwer's credit that he stuck valiantly to his quest, and nearly, if not quite, ran down his game at last. His intellectual record is one of constant progress, from childhood to age.

Whether his advance in other respects was as uniform does not much concern us. He was unhappy with his wife, and perhaps they even threw things at each other at table, the servants looking on. Nothing in his matrimonial relations so much became him as his conduct after their severance: he held his tongue like a man, in spite of the poor lady's shrieks and clapper-clawings. His whimsical, hair-splitting conscientiousness is less admirable. A healthy conscience does not whine — it creates. No one cares to know what a man thinks of his own actions. No one is interested to learn that Bulwer meant "Paul Clifford" to be an edifying work, or that he married his wife from the highest motives. We do not take him so seriously: we are satisfied that he wrote the story first and discovered its morality afterwards; and that lofty motives would not have united him to Miss Rosina Doyle Wheeler had she not been pretty and clever. His hectic letters to his mamma; his Byronic struttings and mouthings over the grave of his school-girl lady-love; his eighteenth-century comedy-scene with Caroline Lamb; his starched-frill participation in the Fred Villiers duel at Boulogne, — how silly and artificial is all this! There is no genuine feeling in it: he attires himself in tawdry sentiment as in a flowered waistcoat. What a difference between him, at this period, and his contemporary Benjamin Disraeli, who indeed committed similar inanities, but with a saturnine sense of humor cropping out at every turn which altered the whole complexion of the performance. We laugh at the one, but with the other.

Of course, however, there was a man hidden somewhere in Edward Bulwer's perfumed clothes and mincing attitudes, else the world had long since forgotten him. Amidst his dandyism, he learned how to speak well in debate and how to use his hands to guard his head; he paid his debts by honest hard work, and would not be dishonorably beholden to his mother or any one else. He posed as a blighted being, and invented black evening-dress; but he lived down the scorn of such men as Tennyson and Thackeray, and won their respect and friendship at last. He aimed high, according to his lights, meant well, and in the long run did well too.

The main activities of his life — and from start to finish his energy was great — were in politics and in literature. His political career covers about forty years, from the time he took his degree at Cambridge till Lord Derby made him a peer in

1866. He accomplished nothing of serious importance, but his course was always creditable: he began as a sentimental Radical and ended as a liberal Conservative; he advocated the Crimean War; the Corn Laws found him in a compromising humor; his record as Colonial Secretary offers nothing memorable in statesmanship. The extraordinary brilliancy of his brother Henry's diplomatic life throws Edward's achievements into the shade. There is nothing to be ashamed of, but had he done nothing else he would have been unknown. But literature, first seriously cultivated as a means of livelihood, outlasted his political ambitions, and his books are to-day his only claim to remembrance. They made a strong impression at the time they were written, and many are still read as much as ever, by a generation born after his death. Their popularity is not of the catchpenny sort; thoughtful people read them, as well as the great drove of the undiscriminating. For they are the product of thought: they show workmanship; they have quality; they are carefully made. If the literary critic never finds occasion to put off the shoes from his feet as in the sacred presence of genius, he is constantly moved to recognize with a friendly nod the presence of sterling talent. He is even inclined to think that nobody else ever had so much talent as this little red-haired, blue-eyed, high-nosed, dandified Edward Bulwer; the mere mass of it lifts him at times to the levels where genius dwells, though he never quite shares their nectar and ambrosia. He as it were catches echoes of the talk of the Immortals, — the turn of their phrase, the intonation of their utterance, —and straightway reproduces it with the fidelity of the phonograph. But, as in the phonograph, we find something lacking; our mind accepts the report as genuine, but our ear affirms an unreality; this is reproduction, indeed, but not creation. Bulwer himself, when his fit is past, and his critical faculty re-awakens, probably knows as well as another that these labored and meritorious pages of his are not graven on the eternal adamant. But they are the best he can do, and perhaps there is none better of their kind. They have a right to be; for while genius may do harm as well as good, Bulwer never does harm, and in spite of sickly sentiment and sham philosophy, is uniformly instructive, amusing, and edifying.

"To love her," wrote Dick Steele of a certain great dame, "is a liberal education;" and we might also say the same of the reading of Bulwer's romances. He was learned, and he put into his books all his learning, as well as all else that was his. They represent — artistically grouped, ingeniously lighted, with suitable accompaniments of music and illusion — the acquisitions of his intellect, the sympathies of his nature, and the achievements of his character.

He wrote in various styles, making deliberate experiments in one after another, and often hiding himself completely in anonymity. He was versatile, not deep. Robert Louis Stevenson also employs various styles; but with him the changes are intuitive — they are the subtle variations in touch and timbre which genius makes, in harmony with the subject treated. Stevenson could not have written "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the same tune and key as "Treasure Island;" and the music of "Marxheim" differs from both. The reason is organic: the writer is inspired by his theme, and it passes through his mind with a lilt and measure of its own. I makes its own style, just as a human spirit makes its own features and gait; and we know Stevenson through all his transformations only by dint of the exquisite distinction and felicity of word and phrase that always characterize him. Now, with Bulwer there is none of this lovely inevitable spontaneity. He costumes his tale arbitrarily, like a stage-haberdasher, and invents a voice to deliver it withal. "The Last Days of Pompeii" shall be mouthed out grandiloquently; the incredibilities of "The Coming Race" shall wear the guise of naïve and artless narrative; the humors of "The Caxtons" and "What Will He Do with It?" shall reflect the mood of the sagacious, affable man of the world, gossiping over the nuts and wine; the marvels of "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story" must be portrayed with a resonance and exaltation of diction fitted to their transcendental claims. But between the stark mechanism of the Englishman and the lithe, inspired felicity of the Scot, what a difference!

Bulwer's work may be classified according to subject, though not chronologically. He wrote novels of society, of history, of mystery, and of romance. In all he was successful, and perhaps felt as much interest in one as in another. In his own life the study of the occult played a part; he was familiar with the contemporary fads in mystery and acquainted with their professors. "Ancient" history also attracted him, and he even wrote a couple of volumes of a "History of Athens." In all his writing there is a tendency to lapse into a discussion of the "Ideal and the Real," aiming always at the conclusion that the only true Real is the Ideal. It was this tendency which chiefly aroused the ridicule of his critics, and from the "Sredwardlyttonbulwig" of Thackeray to the "Condensed Novels" burlesque of Bret Harte, they harp upon that facile string. The thing satirized is after all not cheaper than the satire. The ideal *is* the true real; the only absurdity lies in the pomp and circumstance wherewith that simple truth is introduced. There *is* a "Dweller on the Threshold," but it, or he, is nothing more than that doubt concerning the truth of spiritual things which assails all beginners in higher speculation, and there was no need to call it or him by so formidable a name. A sense of humor would have saved Bulwer from almost all his faults, and have endowed him with several valuable virtues into the bargain; but it was not born in him, and with all his diligence he never could beget it.

The domestic series, of which "The Caxtons" is the type, are the most generally popular of his works, and are likely to be so longest. The romantic vein ("Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," etc.) are in his worst style, and are now only in existence as books because they are members of "the edition." It is doubtful if any human being has read one of them through in twenty years. Such historical books as "The Last Days of Pompeii" are not only well constructed dramatically, but are painfully accurate in details, and may still be read for information as well as for pleasure. The "Zanoni" species is undeniably interesting. The weird traditions of the "Philosopher's Stone" and the "Elixir of Life" can never cease to fascinate human souls, and all the paraphernalia of magic are charming to minds weary of the matter-of-factitude of current existence. The stories are put together with Bulwer's unfailing cleverness, and in all external respects neither Dumas nor Balzac has done anything better in this kind; the trouble is that these authors compel our belief, while Bulwer does not. For, once more, he lacks the magic of genius and the spirit of style which are immortally and incommunicably theirs, without which no other magic can be made literarily effective.

"Pelham," written at twenty-five years of age, is a creditable boy's book; it aims to portray character as well as to develop incidents, and in spite of the dreadful silliness of its melodramatic passages it has merit. Conventionally it is more nearly a work of art than that other famous boy's book, Disraeli's "Vivian Grey," though the latter is alive and blooming with the original literary charm which is denied to the other. Other characteristic novels of his are "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Ernest Maltravers," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do with It?" "A Strange Story," "The Coming Race," and "Kenelm Chillingly," the last of which appeared in the year of the author's death, 1873. The student who has read these books will know all that is worth knowing of Bulwer's work. He wrote upwards of fifty substantial volumes, and left a mass of posthumous material besides. Of all that he did, the most nearly satisfactory thing is one of the last, "Kenelm Chillingly." In style, persons, and incidents it is alike charming: it subsides somewhat into the inevitable Bulwer sentimentality towards the end — a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear; but the miracle was never nearer being accomplished than in this instance. Here we see the thoroughly equipped man of letters doing with apparent ease what scarce five of his contemporaries could have done at all. The book is lightsome and graceful, yet it touches serious thoughts: most remarkable of all, it shows a suppleness of mind and freshness of feeling more to be expected in a youth of thirty than in a veteran of threescore and ten. Bulwer never ceased to grow; and what is better still, to grow away from his faults and towards improvement.

But in comparing him with others, we must admit that he had better opportunities than most. His social station brought him in contact with the best people and most pregnant events of his time; and the driving poverty of youth having established him in the novel-writing habit, he hereafter had leisure to polish and expand his faculty to the utmost. No talent of his was folded up in a napkin: he did his best and utmost with all he had. Whereas the path of genius is commonly tortuous and hard-beset: and while we are always saying of Shakespeare, or Thackeray, or Shelley, or Keats, or Poe, "What wonders they would have done had life been longer or fate kinder to them!" — of Bulwer we say, "No help was wanting to him, and he profited by all; he got out of the egg more than we had believed was in it!" Instead of a great faculty hobbled by circumstance, we have a small faculty magnified by occasion and enriched by time.

Certainly, as men of letters go Bulwer must be accounted fortunate. The long inflamed row of his domestic life apart, all things went his way. He received large sums for his books; at the age of forty, his mother dying, he succeeded to the Knebworth estate; three-and-twenty years later his old age (if such a man could be called old) was consoled by the title of Lord

Lytton. His health was never robust, and occasionally failed; but he seems to have been able to accomplish after a fashion everything that he undertook; he was "thorough," as the English say. He lived in the midst of events; he was a friend of the men who made the age, and saw them make it, lending a hand himself too when and where he could. He lived long enough to see the hostility which had opposed him in youth die away, and honor and kindness take its place. Let it be repeated, his aims were good. He would have been candid and un-selfconscious had that been possible for him; and perhaps the failure was one of manner rather than of heart. — Yes, he was a fortunate man.

His most conspicuous success was as a play-writer. In view of his essentially dramatic and historic temperament, it is surprising that he did not altogether devote himself to this branch of art; but all his dramas were produced between his thirty-third and his thirty-eighth years. The first — "La Duchesse de la Vallière" — was not to the public liking; but "The Lady of Lyons," written in two weeks, is in undiminished favor after near sixty years; and so are "Richelieu" and "Money." There is no apparent reason why Bulwer should not have been as prolific a stage-author as Molière or even Lope de Vega. But we often value our best faculties least.

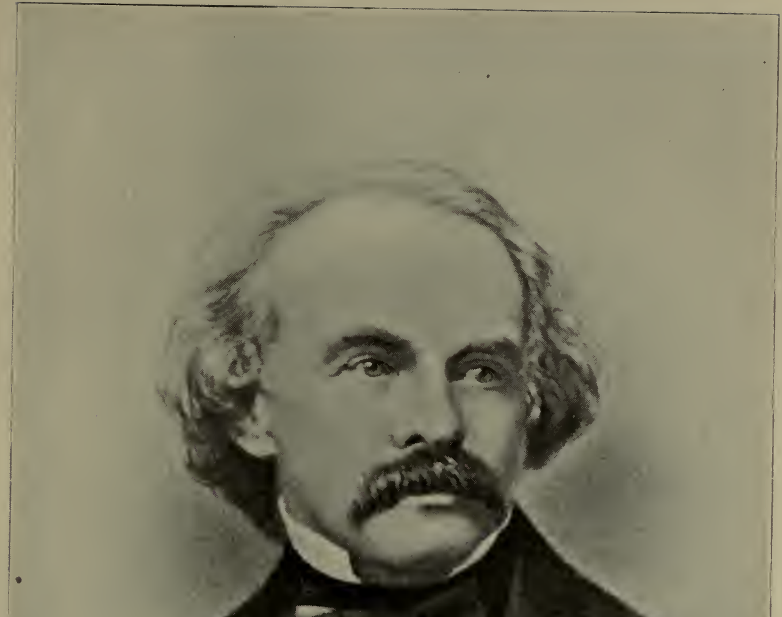
"The Coming Race," published anonymously and never acknowledged during his life, was an unexpected product of his mind, but is useful to mark his limitations. It is a forecast of the future, and proves, as nothing else could so well do, the utter absence in Bulwer of the creative imagination. It is an invention, cleverly conceived, mechanically and rather tediously worked out, and written in a style astonishingly commonplace. The man who wrote that book (one would say) had no heaven in his soul, nor any pinions whereon to soar heavenward. Yet it is full of thought and ingenuity, and the central conception of "vril" has been much commended. But the whole concoction is tainted with the deadness of stark materialism, and we should be unjust, after all, to deny Bulwer something loftier and broader than is discoverable here. In inventing the narrative he depended upon the weakest element in his mental make-up, and the result could not but be dismal. We like to believe that there was better stuff in him than he himself ever found; and that when he left this world for the next, he had sloughed off more dross than most men have time to accumulate.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, the greatest American writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow. After leaving college he lived for several years at Salem, writing much but publishing little. In 1836 he went to Boston to become editor of the "American Magazine," a periodical which proved unsuccessful. In 1837 he put forth, under the title of "Twice-told Tales," a number of pieces which had appeared in various periodicals. A second series of these was issued in 1845. In 1838 he received the appointment of weigher and gauger in the custom-house at Boston; but the Democratic party going out of power in 1841, he was displaced. He was then for a few months a member of the Brook Farm Association at West Roxbury, Mass. In 1843 he took up his residence at Concord, Mass., in the "Old Manse." Here was written the "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1846). In 1845 Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the port of his native town, but was removed in 1849. "The Scarlet Letter," published in 1850, was planned and partly written during his collectorship. He then took up his residence at Lenox, Mass. Here were written "The House of the Seven Gables," the scene of which is laid in Salem, and "The Blithedale Romance."

In 1852 Franklin Pierce was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and Hawthorne wrote, as a campaign document, the life of his old college friend, who, upon his election, appointed him to the lucrative post of United States Consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne held this position until 1857, when he resigned, and for two years travelled with his family upon the Continent, residing for a while at Rome. Returning for a short time to England, he completed "The Marble Faun," which was published in 1860. In this year he returned to America, again taking up his residence at Concord. His health began to decline in the spring of 1864, and he set out, in company with ex-President Pierce, upon a trip in New Hampshire. They reached a hotel in the village of Plymouth, where they were to stop for the night, and in the morning Hawthorne was found dead in his bed.

Besides the books already referred to, Hawthorne published



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"True Stories from History and Biography" (1851); "The Wonder Book for Girls and Boys" (1851); "The Snow Image, etc.," (1852); "Tanglewood Tales" (1853); "Our Old Home," a series of English sketches (1863). After his death a series of selections from his diaries was edited by his wife under the title of "Note Books;" among his papers was also found "Septimus Felton, or the Elixir of Life," some chapters of an unfinished book, "The Dolliver Romance," and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret."

THE MINISTER'S VIGIL.[1]

(From "The Scarlet Letter.")

WALKING in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of somnambulism, Mr. Dimmesdale reached the spot, where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hours of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather-stained with the storm or sunshine of seven long years, and foot-worn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since ascended it, remained standing beneath the balcony of the meeting-house. The minister went up the steps.

It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye-witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night-air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough; thereby defrauding the expectant audience of to-morrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever-wakeful one which had seen him in his closet, wielding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the impulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a disclosure. Poor, miserable man! what right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron-nerved, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once! This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which intertwined, in the same inextricable knot, the agony of heaven-defying guilt and vain repentance.

---

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud; an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the background; as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.

"It is done!" muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. "The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!"

But it was not so. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power, to his own startled ears, than it actually possessed. The town did not awake; or, if it did, the drowsy slumberers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream, or for the noise of witches; whose voices, at that period, were often heard to pass over the settlements or lonely cottages, as they rode with Satan through the air. The clergyman, therefore, hearing no symptoms of disturbance, uncovered his eyes and looked about him. At one of the chamber windows of Governor Bellingham's mansion, which stood at some distance, on the line of another street, he beheld the appearance of the old magistrate himself, with a lamp in his hand, a white nightcap on his head, and a long white gown enveloping his figure. He looked like a ghost, evoked unseasonably from the grave. The cry had evidently startled him. At another window of the same house, moreover, appeared old Mistress Hibbins, the Governor's sister, also with a lamp, which, even thus far off, revealed the expression of her sour and discontented face. She thrust forth her head from the lattice, and looked anxiously upward. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, this venerable witch-lady had heard Mr. Dimmesdale's outcry, and interpreted it, with its multitudinous echoes and reverberations, as the clamor of the fiends and night-hags, with whom she was well known to make excursions into the forest.

Detecting the gleam of Governor Bellingham's lamp, the old lady quickly extinguished her own, and vanished. Possibly, she went up among the clouds. The minister saw nothing further of her motions. The magistrate, after a wary observation of the darkness — into which, nevertheless, he could see but little further than he might into a mill-stone — retired from the window.

The minister grew comparatively calm. His eyes, however, were soon greeted by a little, glimmering light, which, at first a long way off, was approaching up the street. It threw a gleam of recognition on here a post, and there a garden-fence, and here a latticed window-pane, and there a pump, with its full trough of water, and here, again, an arched door of oak, with an iron knocker, and a rough log for the door-step. The Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale noted all these minute particulars, even while firmly convinced that the doom of his existence was stealing onward, in the footsteps which he now heard; and that the gleam of the lantern would fall upon him, in a few moments more, and reveal his long-hidden secret. As the light drew nearer, he beheld, within its illuminated circle, his brother clergyman, — or, to speak more accurately, his professional father, as well as highly valued friend, — the Reverend Mr. Wilson; who, as Mr. Dimmesdale now conjectured, had been praying at the bedside of some dying man. And so he had. The good old minister came freshly from the death-chamber of Governor Winthrop, who had passed from earth to heaven within that very hour. And now, surrounded like the saint-like personages of olden times, with a radiant halo, that glorified him amid this gloomy night of sin, — as if the departed Governor had left him an inheritance of his glory, or as if he had caught upon himself the distant shine of the celestial city, while looking thitherward to see the triumphant pilgrim pass within its gates, — now, in short, good Father Wilson was moving homeward, aiding his footsteps with a lighted lantern! The glimmer of this luminary suggested the above conceits to Mr. Dimmesdale, who smiled, — nay, almost laughed at them, — and then wondered if he were going mad.

As the Reverend Mr. Wilson passed beside the scaffold, closely muffling his Geneva cloak about him with one arm, and holding the lantern before his breast with the other, the minister could hardly restrain himself from speaking.

"A good evening to you, venerable Father Wilson! Come up hither, I pray you, and pass a pleasant hour with me!"

Good heavens! Had Mr. Dimmesdale actually spoken? For one instant, he believed that these words had passed his lips. But they were uttered only within his imagination. The venerable Father Wilson continued to step slowly onward, looking carefully at the muddy pathway before his feet, and never once turning his head towards the guilty platform. When the light of the glimmering lantern had faded quite away, the minister discovered, by the faintness which came over him, that the last few moments had been a crisis of terrible anxiety; although his mind had made an involuntary effort to relieve itself by a kind of lurid playfulness.

Shortly afterwards, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighborhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and, half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go, knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost — as he needs must think it — of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then — the morning light still waxing stronger — old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames, without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages, who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view, with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth, with his King James' ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins, with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night ride; and good Father Wilson, too, after spending half the night at a death-bed, and liking ill to be disturbed, thus early, out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither, likewise, would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolized their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by the bye, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantly have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom, but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which with a thrill of the heart, — but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute, — he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

"Pearl! Little Pearl!" cried he, after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice, — "Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?"

"Yes; it is Hester Prynne!" she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the sidewalk, along which she had been passing. "It is I, and my little Pearl."

"Whence come you, Hester?" asked the minister. "What sent you hither?"

"I have been watching at a death-bed," answered Hester Prynne; — "at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling."

"Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. "Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!"

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

"Minister?" whispered little Pearl.

"What wouldst thou say, child?" asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

"Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noon-tide?" inquired Pearl.

"Nay; not so, my little Pearl," answered the minister; for, with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him; and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which — with a strange joy, nevertheless — he now found himself. "Not so, my child. I shall, indeed, stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow."

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

"A moment longer, my child!" said he.

"But wilt thou promise," asked Pearl, "to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow noon-tide?"

"Not then, Pearl," said the minister, "but another time."

"And what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great judgment day," whispered the minister, — and, strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. "Then, and there, before the judgment-seat, thy mother, and thou, and I, must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!"

Pearl laughed again.

But, before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors, which the night-watcher may so often observe burning out to waste, in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable-peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden-plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel-track, little worn, and, even in the market-place, margined with green on either side; — all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting-link between those two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.

There was witchcraft in little Pearl's eyes; and her face, as she glanced upward at the minister, wore that naughty smile which made its expression frequently so elvish. She withdrew her hand from Mr. Dimmesdale's, and pointed across the street. But he clasped both his hands over his breast, and cast his eyes towards the zenith.

Nothing was more common, in those days, than to interpret all meteoric appearances, and other natural phenomena, that occurred with less regularity than the rise and set of sun and moon, as so many revelations from a supernatural source. Thus, a blazing spear, a sword of flame, a bow, or a sheaf of arrows, seen in the midnight sky, prefigured Indian warfare. Pestilence was known to have been foreboded by a shower of crimson light. We doubt whether any marked event, for good or evil, ever befell New England, from its settlement down to Revolutionary times, of which the inhabitants had not been previously warned by some spectacle of this nature. Not seldom, it had been seen by multitudes. Oftener, however, its credibility rested on the faith of some lonely eye-witness, who beheld the wonder through the colored, magnifying, and distorting medium of his imagination, and shaped it more distinctly in his after-thought. It was, indeed, a majestic idea, that the destiny of nations should be revealed, in these awful hieroglyphics, on the cope of heaven. A scroll so wide might not be deemed too expansive for Providence to write a people's doom upon. The belief was a favorite one with our forefathers, as betokening that their infant commonwealth was under a celestial guardianship of peculiar intimacy and strictness. But what shall we say, when an individual discovers a revelation, addressed to himself alone, on the same vast sheet of record! In such a case, it could only be the symptom of a highly disordered mental state, when a man, rendered morbidly self-contemplative by long, intense, and secret pain, had extended his egotism over the whole expanse of nature, until the firmament itself should appear no more than a fitting page for his soul's history and fate!

We impute it, therefore, solely to the disease in his own eye and heart, that the minister, looking upward to the zenith, beheld there the appearance of an immense letter, — the letter A, — marked out in lines of dull red light. Not but the meteor may have shown itself at that point, burning duskily through a veil of cloud; but with no such shape as his guilty imagination gave it; or, at least, with so little definiteness, that another's guilt might have seen another symbol in it.

There was a singular circumstance that characterized Mr. Dimmesdale's psychological state, at this moment. All the time that he gazed upward to the zenith, he was, nevertheless, perfectly aware that little Pearl was pointing her finger towards old Roger Chillingworth, who stood at no great distance from the scaffold. The minister appeared to see him, with the same glance that discerned the miraculous letter. To his features, as to all other objects, the meteoric light imparted a new expression; or it might well be that the physician was not careful then, as at all other times, to hide the malevolence with which he looked upon his victim. Certainly, if the meteor kindled up the sky, and disclosed the earth, with an awfulness that admonished Hester Prynne and the clergyman of the day of judgment, then might Roger Chillingworth have passed with them for the arch-fiend, standing there with a smile and scowl, to claim his own. So vivid was the expression, or so intense the minister's perception of it, that it seemed still to remain painted on the darkness, after the meteor had vanished, with an effect as if the street and all things else were at once annihilated.

"Who is that man, Hester?" gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, overcome with terror. "I shiver at him! Dost thou know the man? I hate him, Hester!"

She remembered her oath, and was silent.

"I tell thee, my soul shivers at him!" muttered the minister again. "Who is he? Who is he? Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man!"

"Minister," said little Pearl, "I can tell thee who he is!"

"Quickly, then, child!" said the minister, bending his ear close to her lips. "Quickly! — and as low as thou canst whisper."

Pearl mumbled something into his ear, that sounded, indeed, like human language, but was only such gibberish as children may be heard amusing themselves with, by the hour together.

At all events, if it involved any secret information in regard to old Roger Chillingworth, it was in a tongue unknown to the erudite clergyman, and did but increase the bewilderment of his mind. The elvish child then laughed aloud.

"Dost thou mock me now?" said the minister.

"Thou wast not bold! — thou wast not true!" — answered the child. "Thou wouldst not promise to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide!"

"Worthy Sir," answered the physician, who had now advanced to the foot of the platform. "Pious Master Dimmesdale! can this be you? Well, well, indeed! We men of study, whose heads are in our books, have need to be straitly looked after! We dream in our waking moments, and walk in our sleep. Come, good Sir, and my dear friend, I pray you, let me lead you home!"

"How knewest thou that I was here?" asked the minister, fearfully.

"Verily, and in good faith," answered Roger Chillingworth, "I knew nothing of the matter. I had spent the better part of the night at the bedside of the worshipful Governor Winthrop, doing what my poor skill might to give him ease. He going home to a better world, I, likewise, was on my way homeward, when this strange light shone out. Come with me, I beseech you, Reverend Sir; else you will be poorly able to do Sabbath duty to-morrow. Aha! see now, how they trouble the brain, — these books! — these books! You should study less, good Sir, and take a little pastime; or these night-whimseys will grow upon you."

"I will go home with you," said Mr. Dimmesdale.

With a chill despondency, like one awaking, all nerveless, from an ugly dream, he yielded himself to the physician, and was led away.

The next day, however, being the Sabbath, he preached a discourse which was held to be the richest and most powerful, and the most replete with heavenly influences, that had ever proceeded from his lips. Souls, it is said, more souls than one, were brought to the truth by the efficacy of that sermon, and vowed within themselves to cherish a holy gratitude towards Mr. Dimmesdale throughout the long hereafter. But, as he came down the pulpit steps, the gray-bearded sexton met him, holding up a black glove, which the minister recognized as his own.

"It was found," said the sexton, "this morning, on the scaffold where evil-doers are set up to public shame. Satan dropped it there, I take it, intending a scurrilous jest against your reverence. But, indeed, he was blind and foolish, as he ever and always is. A pure hand needs no glove to cover it!"

"Thank you, my good friend," said the minister, gravely, but startled at heart; for so confused was his remembrance, that he had almost brought himself to look at the events of the past night as visionary. "Yes, it seems to be my glove, indeed!"

"And, since Satan saw fit to steal it, your reverence must needs handle him without gloves, henceforward," remarked the old sexton, grimly smiling. "But did your reverence hear of the portent that was seen last night?—a great red letter in the sky,—the letter A, which we interpret to stand for Angel. For, as our good Governor Winthrop was made an angel this past night, it was doubtless held fit that there should be some notice thereof!"

"No," answered the minister, "I had not heard of it."

THE MARKET-PLACE.

(From the "Scarlet Letter.")

THE grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Amongst any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond-servant, or an undutiful child, whom his parents had given over to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping-post. It might be, that an Antinomian, a Quaker, or other heterodox religionist, was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire-water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest. It might be, too, that a witch, like old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter-tempered widow of the magistrate, was to die upon the gallows. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanor on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people amongst whom religion and law were almost identical, and in whose character both were so thoroughly interfused, that the mildest and the severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful. Meagre, indeed, and cold was the sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such by-standers, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty which, in our days, would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule, might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.

It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways, and wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold at an execution. Morally, as well as materially, there was a coarser fibre in those wives and maidens of old English birth and breeding, than in their fair descendants, separated from them by a series of six or seven generations; for, throughout that chain of ancestry, every successive mother has transmitted to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty, and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity, than her own. The women who were now standing about the prison-door stood within less than half a century of the period when the man-like Elizabeth had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen; and the beef and ale of their native land, with a moral diet not a whit more refined, entered largely into their composition. The bright morning sun, therefore, shone on broad shoulders and well-developed busts, and on round and ruddy cheeks, that had ripened in the far-off island, and had hardly yet grown paler or thinner in the atmosphere of New England. There was, moreover, a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to be, that would startle us of the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

"Goodwives," said a hard-featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!"

"People say," said another, "that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

"The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch, — that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she, — the naughty baggage, — little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

"Ah, but," interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, "let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

"What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

"Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! for the lock is turning in the prison door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself."

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman — the mother of this child — stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and her neighbors. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true, that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion, in prison, and had modelled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer, — so that both men and women, who had been familiarly acquainted with Hester Prynne, were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first time, — was that Scarlet Letter, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and enclosing her in a sphere by herself.

"She hath good skill at her needle, that 's certain," remarked one of her female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it! Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

"It were well," muttered the most iron-visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madam Hester's rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter, which she hath stitched so curiously, I 'll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel, to make a fitter one!"

"O, peace, neighbors, peace!" whispered their youngest companion; "do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter, but she has felt it in her heart."

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the King's name!" cried he. "Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly-visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious school-boys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a half-holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face, and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast. It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanor was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market-place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there.

In fact, this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held, in the old time, to be as effectual an agent, in the promotion of good citizenship, as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature, — whatever be the delinquencies of the individual, — no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame; as it was the essence of this punishment to do. In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore, that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street.

Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here, there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect, that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne.

The scene was not without a mixture of awe, such as must always invest the spectacle of guilt and shame in a fellow-creature, before society shall have grown corrupt enough to smile, instead of shuddering, at it. The witnesses of Hester Prynne's disgrace had not yet passed beyond their simplicity. They were stern enough to look upon her death, had that been the sentence, without a murmur at its severity, but had none of the heartlessness of another social state, which would find only a theme for jest in an exhibition like the present. Even had there been a disposition to turn the matter into ridicule, it must have been repressed and overpowered by the solemn presence of men no less dignified than the Governor, and several of his counsellors, a judge, a general, and the ministers of the town; all of whom sat or stood in a balcony of the meeting-house, looking down upon the platform. When such personages could constitute a part of the spectacle, without risking the majesty or reverence of rank and office, it was safely to be inferred that the infliction of a legal sentence would have an earnest and effectual meaning. Accordingly, the crowd was sombre and grave. The unhappy culprit sustained herself as best a woman might, under the heavy weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes, all fastened upon her, and concentrated at her bosom. It was almost intolerable to be borne. Of an impulsive and passionate nature, she had fortified herself to encounter the stings and venomous stabs of public contumely, wreaking itself in every variety of insult; but there was a quality so much more terrible in the solemn mood of the popular mind, that she longed rather to behold all those rigid countenances contorted with scornful merriment, and herself the object. Had a roar of laughter burst from the multitude, — each man, each woman, each little shrill-voiced child, contributing their individual parts, — Hester Prynne might have repaid them all with a bitter and disdainful smile. But, under the leaden infliction which it was her doom to endure, she felt, at moments, as if she must needs shriek out with the full power of her lungs, and cast herself from the scaffold down upon the ground, or else go mad at once.

Yet there were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her eyes, or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them, like a mass of imperfectly shaped and spectral images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active, and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly-hewn street of a little town, on the edge of the Western wilderness; other faces than were lowering upon her from beneath the brims of those steeple-crowned hats. Reminiscences, the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school-days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little domestic traits of her maiden years, came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life; one picture precisely as vivid as another; as if all were of similar importance, or all alike a play. Possibly, it was an instinctive device of her spirit, to relieve itself, by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms, from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.

Be that as it might, the scaffold of the pillory was a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading, since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village, in Old England, and her paternal home; a decayed house of gray stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility. She saw her father's face, with its bald brow, and reverend white beard, that flowed over the old-fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway. She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance, of a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamp-light that had served them to pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her, in memory's picture-gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall gray houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a Continental city; where a new life had awaited her, still in connection with the misshapen scholar; a new life, but feeding itself on time-worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall. Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market-place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople assembled and levelling their stern regards at Hester Prynne, — yes, at herself, — who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom!

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes! — these were her realities, — all else had vanished!

GOVERNOR PYNCHEON.

(From "The House of the Seven Gables.")

JUDGE PYNCHEON, while his two relatives have fled away with such ill-considered haste, still sits in the old parlor, keeping house, as the familiar phrase is, in the absence of its ordinary occupants. To him, and to the venerable House of the Seven Gables, does our story now betake itself, like an owl, bewildered in the daylight, and hastening back to his hollow tree.

The judge has not shifted his position for a long while now. He has not stirred hand or foot, nor withdrawn his eyes so much as a hair's breadth from their fixed gaze towards the corner of the room, since the footsteps of Hepzibah and Clifford creaked along the passage, and the outer door was closed cautiously behind their exit. He holds his watch in his left hand, but clutched in such a manner that you cannot see the dial-plate. How profound a fit of meditation! Or, supposing him asleep, how infantile a quietude of conscience, and what wholesome order in the gastric region, are betokened by slumber so entirely undisturbed with starts, cramp, twitches, muttered dream-talk, trumpet-blasts through the nasal organ, or any the slightest irregularity of breath! You must hold your own breath, to satisfy yourself whether he breathes at all. It is quite inaudible. You hear the ticking of his watch; his breath you do not hear. A most refreshing slumber, doubtless! And yet the judge cannot be asleep. His eyes are open! A veteran politician, such as he, would never fall asleep with wide-open eyes, lest some enemy or mischief-maker, taking him thus at unawares, should peep through these windows into his consciousness, and make strange discoveries among the reminiscences, projects, hopes, apprehensions, weaknesses, and strong points, which he has heretofore shared with nobody. A cautious man is proverbially said to sleep with one eye open. That may be wisdom. But not with both; for this were heedlessness! No, no! Judge Pyncheon cannot be asleep.

It is odd, however, that a gentleman so burthened with engagements — and noted, too, for punctuality — should linger thus in an old lonely mansion, which he has never seemed very fond of visiting. The oaken chair, to be sure, may tempt him with its roominess. It is, indeed, a spacious, and, allowing for the rude age that fashioned it, a moderately easy seat, with capacity enough, at all events, and offering no restraint to the judge's breadth of beam. A bigger man might find ample accommodation in it. His ancestor, now pictured upon the wall, with all his English beef about him, used hardly to present a front extending from elbow to elbow of this chair, or a base that would cover its whole cushion. But there are better chairs than this — mahogany, black-walnut, rosewood, spring-seated and damask-cushioned, with varied slopes, and innumerable artifices to make them easy, and obviate the irksomeness of too tame an ease; — a score of such might be at Judge Pyncheon's service. Yes! in a score of drawing-rooms he would be more than welcome. Mamma would advance to meet him, with outstretched hand; the virgin daughter, elderly as he has now got to be, — an old widower, as he smilingly describes himself, — would shake up the cushion for the judge, and do her pretty little utmost to make him comfortable. For the judge is a prosperous man. He cherishes his schemes, moreover, like other people, and reasonably brighter than most others; or did so, at least as he lay abed, this morning, in an agreeable half drowse, planning the business of the day, and speculating on the probabilities of the next fifteen years. With his firm health, and the little inroad that age has made upon him, fifteen years or twenty — yes, for perhaps five-and-twenty! — are no more than he may fairly call his own. Five-and-twenty years for the enjoyment of his real estate in town and country, his railroad, bank, and insurance shares, his United States stock — his wealth, in short, however invested, now in possession, or soon to be acquired; together with the public honors that have fallen upon him, and the weightier ones that are yet to fall! It is good! It is excellent! It is enough!

Still lingering in the old chair! If the judge has a little time to throw away, why does not he visit the insurance office, as is his frequent custom, and sit a while in one of their leathern-cushioned arm-chairs, listening to the gossip of the day, and dropping some deeply-designed chance-word, which will be certain to become the gossip of to-morrow! And have not the bank directors a meeting, at which it was the judge's purpose to be present, and his office to preside? Indeed they have; and the hour is noted on a card, which is, or ought to be, in Judge Pyncheon's right vest-pocket. Let him go thither, and loll at ease upon his money-bags! He has lounged long enough in the old chair!

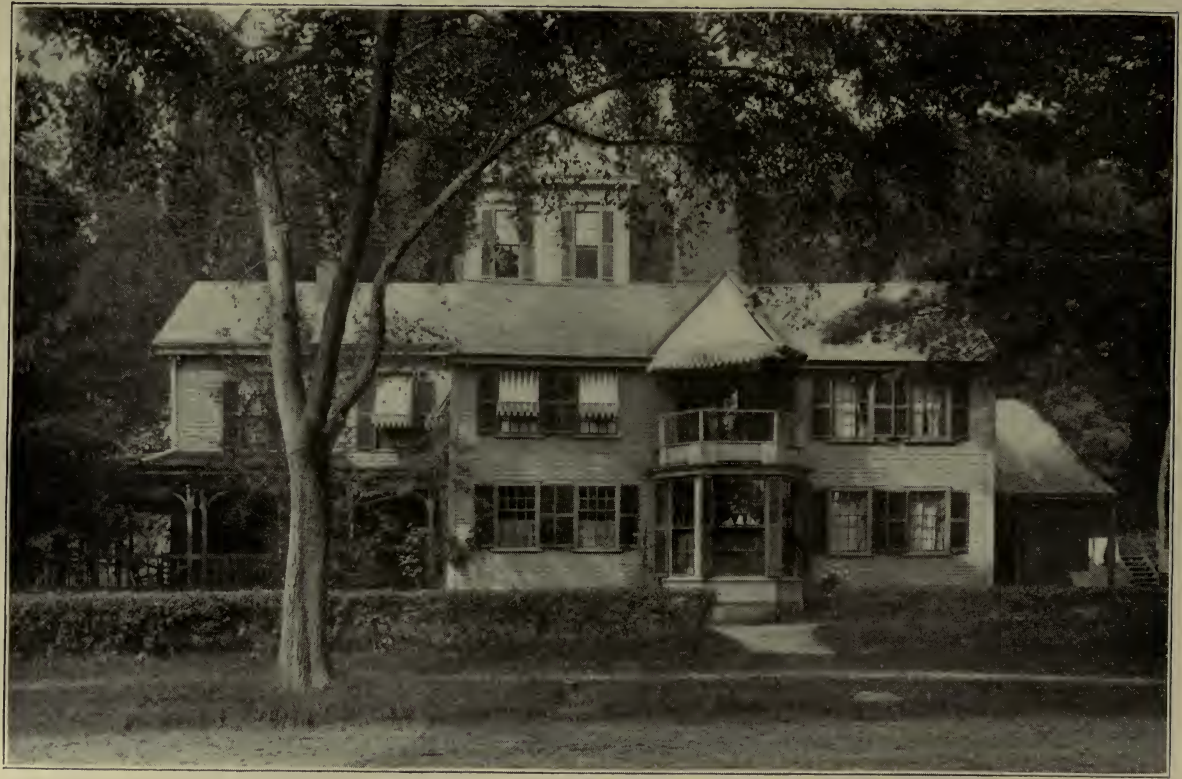
This was to have been such a busy day! In the first place, the interview with Clifford. Half an hour, by the judge's reckoning, was to suffice for that; it would probably be less, but — taking into consideration that Hepzibah was first to be dealt with, and that these women are apt to make many words where a few would do much better — it might be safest to allow half an hour. Half an hour? Why, judge, it is already two hours, by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer! Glance your eye down at it, and see! Ah! he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head, or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful time-keeper within his range of vision! Time, all at once, appears to have become a matter of no moment with the judge!

And has he forgotten all the other items of his memoranda? Clifford's affair arranged, he was to meet a State-street broker, who has undertaken to procure a heavy percentage, and the best of paper, for a few loose thousands which the judge happens to have by him, uninvested. The wrinkled note-shaver will have taken his railroad trip in vain. Half an hour later, in the street next to this, there was to be an auction of real estate, including a portion of the old Pyncheon property, originally belonging to Maule's garden-ground. It has been alienated from the Pyncheons these fourscore years; but the judge had kept it in his eye, and had set his heart on re-annexing it to the small demesne still left around the seven gables; — and now, during this odd fit of oblivion, the fatal hammer must have fallen, and transferred our ancient patrimony to some alien possessor! Possibly, indeed, the sale may have been postponed till fairer weather. If so, will the judge make it convenient to be present, and favor the auctioneer with his bid, on the proximate occasion?

The next affair was to buy a horse for his own driving. The one heretofore his favorite stumbled, this very morning, on the road to town, and must be at once discarded. Judge Pyncheon's neck is too precious to be risked on such a contingency as a stumbling steed. Should all the above business be seasonably got through with, he might attend the meeting of a charitable society; the very name of which, however, in the multiplicity of his benevolence, is quite forgotten; so that this engagement may pass unfulfilled, and no great harm done. And if he have time, amid the press of more urgent matters, he must take measures for the renewal of Mrs. Pyncheon's tombstone, which, the sexton tells him, has fallen on its marble face, and is cracked quite in twain. She was a praiseworthy woman enough, thinks the judge, in spite of her nervousness, and the tears that she was so oozy with, and her foolish behavior about the coffee; and as she took her departure so seasonably, he will not grudge the second tombstone. It is better, at least, than if she had never needed any! The next item on his list was to give orders for some fruit-trees, of a rare variety, to be deliverable at his country-seat, in the ensuing autumn. Yes, buy them, by all means; and may the peaches be luscious in your mouth, Judge Pyncheon! After this comes something more important. A committee of his political party has besought him for a hundred or two of dollars, in addition to his previous disbursements, towards carrying on the fall campaign. The judge is a patriot; the fate of the country is staked on the November election, and besides, as will be shadowed forth in another paragraph, he has no trifling stake of his own, in the same great game. He will do what the committee asks; nay, he will be liberal beyond their expectations; they shall have a check for five hundred dollars, and more anon, if it be needed. What next? A decayed widow, whose husband was Judge Pyncheon's early friend, has laid her case of destitution before him, in a very moving letter. She and her fair daughter have scarcely bread to eat. He partly intends to call on her, to-day, — perhaps so — perhaps not, — accordingly as he may happen to have leisure, and a small bank-note.

Another business, which, however, he puts no great weight on — (it is well, you know, to be heedful, but not over anxious, as respects one's personal health) — another business, then, was to consult his family physician. About what, for Heaven's sake? Why, it is rather difficult to describe the symptoms. A mere dimness of sight and dizziness of brain, was it? — or a disagreeable choking, or stifling, or gurgling, or bubbling, in the region of the thorax, as the anatomists say? — or was it a pretty severe throbbing and kicking of the heart, rather creditable to him than otherwise, as showing that the organ had not been left out of the judge's physical contrivance? No matter what it was. The doctor, probably, would smile at the statement of such trifles to his professional ear; the judge would smile, in his turn; and meeting one another's eyes, they would enjoy a hearty laugh together! But a fig for medical advice! The judge will never need it.

Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look at your watch, now! What — not a glance! It is within ten minutes of the dinner-hour! It surely cannot have slipped your memory that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate. Yes, precisely the most important; although, in the course of your somewhat eminent career, you have been placed high towards the head of the table, at splendid banquets, and have poured out your festive eloquence to ears yet echoing with Webster's mighty organ-tones. No public dinner this, however. It is merely a gathering of some dozen or so of friends from several districts of the State; men of distinguished character and influence, assembling almost casually, at the house of a common friend, likewise distinguished, who will make them welcome to a little better than his ordinary fare. Nothing in the way of French cookery, but an excellent dinner, nevertheless! Real turtle, we understand, and salmon, tautog, canvas-backs, pig, English mutton, good roast beef or dainties of that serious kind, fit for substantial country gentlemen, as these honorable persons mostly are. The delicacies of the season, in short, and flavored by a brand of old Madeira which has been the pride of many seasons. It is the Juno brand; a glorious wine, fragrant, and full of gentle might; a bottled-up happiness, put by for use; a golden liquid,



HAWTHORNE'S HOME

(*The Wayside*)

worth more than liquid gold; so rare and admirable, that veteran wine-bibbers count it among their epochs to have tasted it! It drives away the heart-ache, and substitutes no head-ache! Could the judge but quaff a glass, it might enable him to shake off the unaccountable lethargy which — (for the ten intervening minutes, and five to boot, are already past) — has made him such a laggard at this momentous dinner. It would all but revive a dead man! Would you like to sip it now, Judge Pyncheon!

Alas, this dinner! Have you really forgotten its true object? Then let us whisper it, that you may start at once out of the oaken chair, which seems really to be enchanted, like the one in Comus, or that in which Moll Pitcher imprisoned your own grandfather. But ambition is a talisman more powerful than witchcraft. Start up, then, and, hurrying through the streets, burst in upon the company, that they may begin before the fish is spoiled! They wait for you; and it is little for your interest that they should wait. These gentlemen — need you be told it? — have assembled, not without purpose, from every quarter of the State. They are practised politicians, every man of them, and skilled to adjust those preliminary measures which steal from the people, without its knowledge, the power of choosing its own rulers. The popular voice, at the next gubernatorial election, though loud as thunder, will be really but an echo of what these gentlemen shall speak, under their breath, at your friend's festive board. They meet to decide upon their candidate. This little knot of subtle schemers will control the convention, and, through it, dictate to the party. And what worthier candidate, — more wise and learned, more noted for philanthropic liberality, truer to safe principles, tried oftener by public trusts, more spotless in private character, with a larger stake in the common welfare, and deeper grounded, by hereditary descent, in the faith and practice of the Puritans, — what man can be presented for the suffrage of the people, so eminently combining all these claims to the chief-rulership as Judge Pyncheon here before us?

Make haste, then! Do your part! The meed for which you have toiled, and fought, and climbed, and crept, is ready for your grasp! Be present at this dinner! — drink a glass or two of that noble wine! — make your pledges in as low a whisper as you will! — and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old State! Governor Pyncheon, of Massachusetts!

And is there no potent and exhilarating cordial in a certainty like this? It has been the grand purpose of half your lifetime to obtain it. Now, when there needs little more than to signify your acceptance, why do you sit so lumpishly in your great-great-grandfather's oaken chair, as if preferring it to the gubernatorial one? We have all heard of King Log; but, in these jostling times, one of that royal kindred will hardly win the race for an elective chief-magistracy.

Well! it is absolutely too late for dinner! Turtle, salmon, tautog, woodcook, boiled turkey, South-Down mutton, pig, roast beef, have vanished, or exist only in fragments, with lukewarm potatoes, and gravies crusted over with cold fat. The judge, had he done nothing else, would have achieved wonders with his knife and fork. It was he, you know, of whom it used to be said, in reference to his ogre-like appetite, that his Creator made him a great animal, but that the dinner-hour made him a great beast. Persons of his large sensual endowments must claim indulgence, at their feeding-time. But, for once, the judge is entirely too late for dinner! Too late, we fear, even to join the party at their wine! The guests are warm and merry; they have given up the judge; and, concluding that the free-sellers have him, they will fix upon another candidate. Were our friend now to stalk in among them, with that wide-open stare, at once wild and stolid, his ungenial presence would be apt to change their cheer. Neither would it be seemly in Judge Pyncheon, generally so scrupulous in his attire, to show himself at a dinner-table with that crimson stain upon his shirt-bosom. By the bye, how came it there? It is an ugly sight, at any rate; and the wisest way for the judge is to button his coat closely over his breast, and, taking his horse and chaise from the livery-stable, to make all speed to his own house. There, after a glass of brandy and water, and a mutton-chop, a beef-steak, a broiled fowl, or some such hasty little dinner and supper all in one, he had better spend the evening by the fire-side. He must toast his slippers a long while, in order to get rid of the chilliness which the air of this vile old house has sent curdling through his veins.

Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up! You have lost a day. But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise, betimes, and make the most of it? To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! We, that are alive, may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him that has died to-day, his morrow will be the resurrection morn.

Meanwhile the twilight is glooming upward out of the corners of the room. The shadows of the tall furniture grow deeper, and at first become more definite; then, spreading wider, they lose their distinctness of outline in the dark gray tide of oblivion, as it were, that creeps slowly over the various objects, and the one human figure sitting in the midst of them. The gloom has not entered from without; it has brooded here all day, and now, taking its own inevitable time, will possess itself of everything. The judge's face, indeed, rigid, and singularly white, refuses to melt into this universal solvent. Fainter and fainter grows the light. It is as if another double-handful of darkness had been scattered through the air. Now it is no longer gray, but sable. There is still a faint appearance at the window; neither a glow, nor a gleam, nor a glimmer, — any phrase of light would express something far brighter than this doubtful perception, or sense, rather, that there is a window there. Has it yet vanished? No! — yes! — not quite! And there is still the swarthy whiteness, — we shall venture to marry these ill-agreeing words, — the swarthy whiteness of Judge Pyncheon's face. The features are all gone; there is only the paleness of them left. And how looks it now? There is no window! There is no face! An infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated sight! Where is our universe? All crumbled away from us; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once a world!

Is there no other sound? One other, and a fearful one. It is the ticking of the judge's watch, which, ever since Hepzibah left the room in search of Clifford, he has been holding in his hand. Be the cause what it may, this little, quiet, never-ceasing throb of Time's pulse, repeating its small strokes with such busy regularity, in Judge Pyncheon's motionless hand, has an effect of terror, which we do not find in any other accompaniment of the scene.

But, listen! That puff of the breeze was louder; it had a tone unlike the dreary and sullen one which has bemoaned itself, and afflicted all mankind with miserable sympathy, for five days past. The wind has veered about! It now comes boisterously from the northwest, and, taking hold of the aged frame-work of the seven gables, gives it a shake, like a wrestler that would try strength with his antagonist. Another and another sturdy tussle with the blast! The old house creaks again, and makes a vociferous but somewhat unintelligible bellowing in its sooty throat

— (the big flue, we mean, of its wide chimney) — partly in complaint at the rude wind, but rather, as befits their century and a half of hostile intimacy, in tough defiance. A rumbling kind of a bluster roars behind the fire-board. A door has slammed abovestairs. A window, perhaps, has been left open, or else is driven in by an unruly gust. It is not to be conceived, beforehand, what wonderful wind-instruments are these old timber mansions, and how haunted with the strangest noises, which immediately begin to sing, and sigh, and sob, and shriek, — and to smite with sledgehammers, airy, but ponderous, in some distant chamber, — and to tread along the entries as with stately footsteps, and rustle up and down the staircase, as with silks miraculously stiff, — whenever the gale catches the house with a window open, and gets fairly into it. Would that we were not an attendant spirit here! It is too awful! This clamor of the wind through the lonely house; the judge's quietude, as he sits invisible; and that pertinacious ticking of his watch!

As regards Judge Pyncheon's invisibility, however, that matter will soon be remedied. The north-west wind has swept the sky clear. The window is distinctly seen. Through its panes, moreover, we dimly catch the sweep of the dark, clustering foliage, outside, fluttering with a constant irregularity of movement, and letting in a peep of starlight, now here, now there. Oftener than any other object, these glimpses illuminate the judge's face. But here comes more effectual light. Observe that silvery dance upon the upper branches of the pear-tree, and now a little lower, and now on the whole mass of boughs, while, through their shifting intricacies, the moonbeams fall aslant into the room. They play over the judge's figure, and show that he has not stirred throughout the hours of darkness. They follow the shadows, in changeful sport, across his unchanging features. They gleam upon his watch. His grasp conceals the dial-plate; but we know that the faithful hands have met; for one of the city-clocks tells midnight.

A man of sturdy understanding, like Judge Pyncheon, cares no more for twelve o'clock at night than for the corresponding hour of noon. However just the parallel drawn, in some of the preceding pages, between his Puritan ancestor and himself, it fails in this point. The Pyncheon of two centuries ago, in common with most of his contemporaries, professed his full belief in spiritual ministrations, although reckoning them chiefly of a malignant character. The Pyncheon of to-night, who sits in yonder arm-chair, believes in no such nonsense. Such, at least, was his creed, some few hours since. His hair will not bristle, therefore, at the stories which — in times when chimney-corners had benches in them, where old people sat poking into the ashes of the past, and raking out traditions like live coals — used to be told about this very room of his ancestral house. In fact, these tales are too absurd to bristle even childhood's hair. What sense, meaning, or moral, for example, such as even ghost-stories should be susceptible of, can be traced in the ridiculous legend, that, at midnight, all the dead Pyncheons are bound to assemble in this parlor? And, pray, for what? Why, to see whether the portrait of their ancestor still keeps its place upon the wall, in compliance with his testamentary directions! Is it worth while to come out of their graves for that?

We are tempted to make a little sport with the idea. Ghost-stories are hardly to be treated seriously, any longer. The family-party of the defunct Pyncheons, we presume, goes off in this wise.

First comes the ancestor himself, in his black cloak, steeple-hat, and trunk-breeches, girt about the waist with a leathern belt, in which hangs his steel-hilted sword; he has a long staff in his hand, such as gentlemen in advanced life used to carry, as much for the dignity of the thing as for the support to be derived from it. He looks up at the portrait; — a thing of no substance, gazing at its own painted image! All is safe. The picture is still there. The purpose of his brain has been kept sacred thus long after the man himself has sprouted up in grave-yard grass. See! he lifts his ineffectual hand, and tries the frame. All safe! But is that a smile? — is it not, rather, a frown of deadly import, that darkens over the shadow of his features? The stout colonel is dissatisfied! So decided is his look of discontent as to impart additional distinctness to his features; through which, nevertheless, the moonlight passes, and flickers on the wall beyond. Something has strangely vexed the ancestor! With a grim shake of the head, he turns away. Here come other Pyncheons, the whole tribe, in their half a dozen generations, jostling and elbowing one another, to reach the picture. We behold aged men and grandames, a clergyman with the Puritanic stiffness still in his garb and mien, and a red-coated officer of the old French war; and there comes the shop-keeping Pyncheon of a century ago, with the ruffles turned back from his wrists; and there the periwigged and brocaded gentleman of the artist's legend, with the beautiful and pensive Alice, who brings no pride out of her virgin grave. All try the picture-frame. What do these ghostly people seek? A mother lifts her child, that his little hands may touch it! There is evidently a mystery about the picture, that perplexes these poor Pyncheons, when they ought to be at rest. In a corner, meanwhile, stands the figure of an elderly man, in a leather jerkin and breeches, with a carpenter's rule sticking out of his side-pocket; he points his finger at the bearded colonel and his descendants, nodding, jeering, mocking, and finally bursting into obstreperous, though inaudible, laughter.

Indulging our fancy in this freak, we have partly lost the power of restraint and guidance. We distinguish an unlooked-for figure in our visionary scene. Among those ancestral people there is a young man, dressed in the very fashion of to-day; he wears a dark frock-coat, almost destitute of skirts, gray pantaloons, gaiter boots of patent leather, and has a finely-wrought gold chain across his breast, and a little silverheaded whalebone stick in his hand. Were we to meet this figure at noon-day, we should greet him as young Jaffrey Pyncheon, the judge's only surviving child, who has been spending the last two years in foreign travel. If still in life, how comes his shadow hither? If dead, what a misfortune! The old Pyncheon property, together with the great estate acquired by the young man's father, would devolve on whom? On poor foolish Clifford, gaunt Hepzibah, and rustic little Phœbe! But another and a greater marvel greets us! Can we believe our eyes? A stout, elderly gentleman has made his appearance; he has an aspect of eminent respectability, wears a black coat and pantaloons, of roomy width, and might be pronounced scrupulously neat in his attire, but for a broad crimson stain across his snowy neckcloth and down his shirt-bosom. Is it the judge, or no? How can it be Judge Pyncheon? We discern his figure, as plainly as the flickering moonbeams can show us anything, still seated in the oaken chair! Be the apparition whose it may, it advances to the picture, seems to seize the frame, tries to peep behind it, and turns away, with a frown as black as the ancestral one.

The fantastic scene just hinted at must by no means be considered as forming an actual portion of our story. We were betrayed into this brief extravagance by the quiver of the moonbeams; they dance hand-in-hand with shadows, and are reflected in the looking-glass, which, you are aware, is always a kind of window or door-way into the spiritual world. We needed relief, moreover, from our too long and exclusive contemplation of that figure in the chair. This wild wind, too, has tossed our thoughts into strange confusion, but without tearing them away from their one determined centre. Yonder leaden judge sits immovably upon our soul. Will he never stir again? We shall go mad, unless he stirs! You may the better estimate his quietude by the fearlessness of a little mouse, which sits on its hind legs, in a streak of moonlight, close by Judge Pyncheon's foot, and seems to meditate a journey of exploration over this great black bulk. Ha! what has startled the nimble little mouse? It is the visage of Grimalkin, outside of the window, where he appears to have posted himself for a deliberate watch. This Grimalkin has a very ugly look. Is it a cat watching for a mouse, or the devil for a human soul? Would we could scare him from the window!

Thank Heaven, the night is well-nigh past! The moonbeams have no longer so silvery a gleam, nor contrast so strongly with the blackness of the shadows among which they fall. They are paler, now; the shadows look gray, not black. The boisterous wind is hushed. What is the hour? Ah! the watch has at last ceased to tick; for the judge's forgetful fingers neglected to wind it up, as usual, at ten o'clock, being half an hour, or so, before his ordinary bed-time; — and it has run down, for the first time in five years. But the great world-clock of Time still keeps its beat. The dreary night, — for, oh! how dreary seems its haunted waste, behind us! — gives place to a fresh, transparent, cloudless morn. Blessed, blessed radiance! The day-beam — even what little of it finds its way into this always dusky parlor — seems part of the universal benediction, annulling evil, and rendering all goodness possible, and happiness attainable. Will Judge Pyncheon now rise up from his chair? Will he go forth, and receive the early sunbeams on his brow? Will he begin this new day, — which God has smiled upon, and blessed, and given to mankind, — will he begin it with better purposes than the many that have been spent amiss? Or are all the deep-laid schemes of yesterday as stubborn in his heart, and as busy in his brain, as ever?

In this latter case, there is much to do. Will the judge still insist with Hepzibah on the interview with Clifford?

Will he buy a safe, elderly gentleman's horse? Will he persuade the purchaser of the old Pyncheon property to relinquish the bargain, in his favor? Will he see his family physician, and obtain a medicine that shall preserve him, to be an honor and blessing to his race, until the utmost term of patriarchal longevity? Will Judge Pyncheon, above all, make due apologies to that company of honorable friends, and satisfy them that his absence from the festive board was unavoidable, and so fully retrieve himself in their good opinion that he shall yet be Governor of Massachusetts? And, all these great purposes accomplished, will he walk the streets again, with that dog-day smile of elaborate benevolence, sultry enough to tempt flies to come and buzz in it? Or will he, after the tomb-like seclusion of the past day and night, go forth a humble and repentant man, sorrowful, gentle, seeking no profit, shrinking from worldly honor, hardly daring to love God, but bold to love his fellow-man, and to do him what good he may? Will he bear about with him, — no odious grin of feigned benignity, insolent in its pretence, and loathsome in its falsehood, — but the tender sadness of a contrite heart, broken, at last, beneath its own weight of sin? For it is our belief, whatever show of honor he may have piled upon it, that there was heavy sin at the base of this man's being.

Rise up, Judge Pyncheon! The morning sunshine glimmers through the foliage, and, beautiful and holy as it is, shuns not to kindle up your face. Rise up, thou subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted hypocrite, and make thy choice whether still to be subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted, and hypocritical, or to tear these sins out of thy nature, though they bring the life-blood with them! The avenger is upon thee! Rise up, before it be too late!

What! Thou art not stirred by this last appeal? No, not a jot! And there we see a fly, — one of your common house-flies, such as are always buzzing on the window-pane, — which has smelt out Governor Pyncheon, and alights, now on his forehead, now on his chin, and now, Heaven help us! is creeping over the bridge of his nose, towards the would-be chief-magistrate's wide-open eyes! Canst thou not brush the fly away? Art thou too sluggish? Thou man, that hadst so many busy projects, yesterday! Art thou too weak, that wast so powerful? Not brush away a fly! Nay, then, we give thee up!

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him."

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born; and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of the one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed, —

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

"But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul, — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy, — he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder 's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

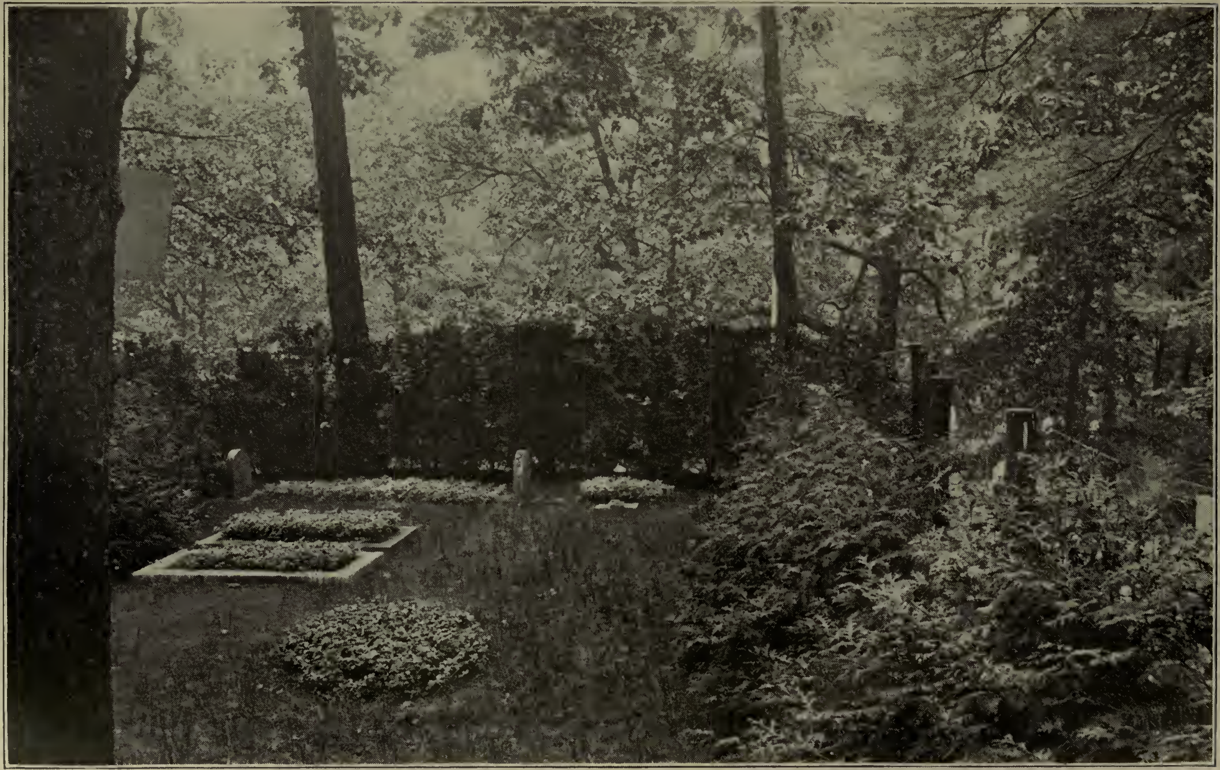
"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest, to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war, — the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,



HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE

(*Concord*)

— when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers.

If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that had outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, — a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Earnest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it ? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine ?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted: —

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

(From "Mosses from an Old Manse.")

NOT a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity to make a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the station-house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman — one Mr. Smooth-it-Away — who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable either to sight or smell had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-Away, "is the famous Slough of Despond, — a disgrace to all the neighborhood, and the greater that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that above twenty thousand cart-loads of wholesome instructions have been thrown in here without effect."

"Very probably! And what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-Away. "You observe this convenient bridge? We obtained a sufficient foundation for it by throwing into the slough some editions of books, — all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very formidable manner; and, in spite of Mr. Smooth-it-Away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loath to cross it in a crowded omnibus, especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the station-house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little wicket-gate which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket-office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in a dispute, I shall merely observe that, so far as my experience goes, the square pieces of pasteboard now delivered to passengers are much more convenient and useful along the road than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the gate of the Celestial City, I decline giving an opinion.

A large number of passengers were already at the station-house awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of these persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man with a huge burden on his back plodding along sorrowfully on foot, while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood setting forth toward the Celestial City as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence — magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' department, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement, while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Beelzebub and the keeper of the wicket-gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate above mentioned as of the worthy and enlightened directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the station-house, — some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations, — and I can conscientiously affirm that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate or more generally agreeable to the passengers are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-Heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt, the directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-Away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brakeman, but, to tell you the truth, our friend Great-Heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill-language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-Heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which — not to startle the reader — appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this? A living creature? If so, he is own brother to the engine he rides upon!"

"Poh, poh! you are obtuse!" said Mr. Smooth-it-Away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine, and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm. "This shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if anything can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable, while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travellers in the old pilgrim guise, with cockle-shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway rather than take advantage of modern improvements excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon they gazed at us with such woful and absurdly compassionate visages that our merriment grew tenfold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine or of his own breath into their faces, and envelop them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad Mr. Smooth-it-Away pointed to a large, antique edifice which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad, and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the footpath still passes his door, and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion we were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders at the sight of the cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-Away, Mr. Live-for-the-World, Mr. Hide-Sin-in-the-Heart, Mr. Scaly-Conscience and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-Repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself — and all the passengers, indeed, — joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter, for our burdens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world, and especially we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite habits which we trusted would not be out of fashion even in the polite circles of the

Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre.

Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position as compared with those of past pilgrims and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builders' skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation, thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement indeed," said I, "yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the palace Beautiful and be introduced to the charming young ladies — Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest — who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-Away as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them — prim, starched, dry and angular — and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well!" said I, much comforted; "then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate — anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian.

Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side of the quag or the other. But on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-Away he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose the inflammable gas which exudes plentifully from the soil is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests forever upon the Valley — a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader have ever travelled through the dark valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get — if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track — a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented — the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake there came a tremendous shriek careering along the Valley as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping place.

The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan — truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions — has designated in terms plainer than I like to repeat as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake, inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-Away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad-iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters and visions of faces horribly grotesque into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself, and had heard the awful murmurs and shrieks and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming themselves into words almost articulate, would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-Away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages — dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with misshapen feet and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes, as if their hearts had caught fire and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity that the laborers at the forge and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these persons — an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow who went by the name of Take-it-Easy — I called him and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-Easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes; "but I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands — no business doing, no fun going on, nothing to drink, and no smoking allowed, and a thrumming of church music from morning till night. I would not stay in such a place if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But, my good Mr. Take-it-Easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer, with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again some day soon. A pleasant journey to you!"

While he was speaking the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones.

Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps, as before, but sometimes, in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins or evil passions seemed to thrust themselves through the vale of light, glaring upon us and stretching forth a great dusky hand as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination — nothing more, certainly; mere delusions which I ought to be heartily ashamed of — but all through the dark valley I was tormented and pestered and dolefully bewildered with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it I could well-nigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern where in his days dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there, but in their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes and sawdust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist, but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant that neither he for himself nor anybody for him has ever been able to describe them. As we reached the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient City of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay and fascinating beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven, stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek farther are mere dreamers, and that if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gate of Vanity they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these perhaps exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation, for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips come from as deep a spiritual source and tend to as lofty a religious aim as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-Deep, the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth, that fine old clerical character the Rev. Mr. This-to-Day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-Morrow, together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment, the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-Spirit, and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-Doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity in all subjects of human or celestial science that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice, and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles — except, doubtless, its gold — becomes exhaled into a sound which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to every person's hand without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes, and with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock, and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion and literature being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-Away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume in an age of pamphlets were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society — the powerful, the wise, the witty and the famous in every walk of life, princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors and philanthropists — all making their own market at the fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man having inherited a splendid fortune laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people pressed eagerly to buy. Some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives, others by a toilsome servitude of years, and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip called Conscience which seemed to be in great demand and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, and a man's business was seldom very lucrative unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet, as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents, and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the fair, and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions situate in the Celestial City were often exchanged at very disadvantageous rates for a few years' lease of small, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides His Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked with a smile that he was a loser by the transaction.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home: the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity, the dealers offering them their purple and fine linen and jewels, and men of wit and humor gibing at them, a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance, while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-Away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows and pointed to a newly-erected temple; but there were these worthy simpletons making the scene look wild and monstrous merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them — his name was Stick-to-the-Right — perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy, and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied; "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend!" rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-Right; "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your lifetime, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair. Yea, though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the blessed city, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad, and unless that be obtained no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions; wherefore every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase-money, which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh! nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-Away, taking my arm and leading me off; "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the City of Vanity, although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still, I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me: amid the occupations or amusements of the fair, nothing was more common than for a person — whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing and however unseasonable the interruption — suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble and be nevermore seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents that they went on with their business as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the fair, I resumed my journey toward the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-Away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity we passed the ancient silver-mine of which Demus was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little farther onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have long since carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted Giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-Away, "but since his death Mr. Flimsy-Faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping-places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-Faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-Away, "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where in former ages the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tombstones had been thrust across the track by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of the mountain I perceived a rusty iron door half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hillside which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-Away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton-hams."

My recollections of the journey are now for a little space dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the Enchanted Ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant Land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings and the bright appearance of an angel in the air speeding forth on some heavenly mission.

The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final station-house by one last and horrible scream in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam-engine, but in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music with height and depth and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison to greet the approach of some illustrious hero who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river to welcome two poor pilgrims who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes and scalding steam at the commencement of our journey — the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well those men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-Away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear! never fear!" answered my friend. "Come! make haste. The ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat — the last improvement on this important route — lay at the river-side puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation, some bawling out for their baggage, some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink, some already pale with the heaving of the stream, some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman, and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground.

Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-Away waving his hand in token of farewell.

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he, with a queer smile and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the dark valley — "oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good-bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-Away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachinnation a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of lurid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore, but the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold — so deadly cold with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river — that with a shiver and a heart-quake I awoke.

Thank heaven it was a dream!

JOHN HAY.

Hay, John, an American novelist, poet, journalist, and diplomat; born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He was educated at Brown University, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Ill., in 1861. In the same year he became Assistant Secretary of President Lincoln, and later his Adjutant and Aid-de-Camp. He served for a time in the Union army, and became an assistant adjutant-general. After the war he was Secretary of Legation at Paris and Madrid, and Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna. In 1870 he returned to the United States, and for six years was employed on the editorial staff of the "New York Tribune." From 1879 to 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State. During his connection with the "Tribune" he became known by his dialect poems "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches." These were afterward published, with others of his verses, in a volume entitled "Pike County Ballads" (1871). In the same year he published "Castilian Days," a collection of sketches of Spanish life. He also, conjointly with John G Nicolay, wrote "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," which was published in the "Century Magazine," in 1886–87, and issued in ten volumes. His collected poems appeared in 1890. In 1897 President McKinley appointed him United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and he was accepted just prior to Queen Victoria's celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. In September, 1898, he was recalled, and appointed Secretary of State.

When Phyllis Laughs.[1]

When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzling eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies,
In the soft curving lips I prize

---

[1] These poems are copyrighted, and are reprinted here by permission of Mr. Hay.

Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Idalian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might,
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

NIGHT IN VENICE.

Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.
We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt — in those rich beams that kissed your hair.
Those breezes warm with bygone lovers' sighs —
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

Hayley, William, an English poet; born at Chichester, October 29, 1745; died at Felpham, a place near there, November 12, 1820. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and studied law; but being possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1792 he became acquainted with Cowper, whose life he wrote ten years later.

Hayley's writings are quite numerous, both in prose and verse, among which are an Autobiography. "Epistle on History" appeared in 1780; "The Triumphs of Temper" in 1781; "Epistles on Epic Poetry" in 1782; an "Essay on Old Maids" in 1785; "Essay on Sculpture" in 1800; and "The Triumphs of Music" in 1804. He wrote also a "Life of Milton" (1794). Cowper and Gibbon commended his "Epistles on Epic Poetry." Of his poetical works the best, besides a few small pieces, are "The Triumphs of Temper" and "Epistles on Epic Poetry."

Inscription for the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise;
His highest virtues to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

Inscription for the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.

Her spotless dust angelic guards defend:
It is the dust of Unwin — Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere his name.

To the Memory of His Mother.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'T was in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme:
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before,
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'T was thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew.
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer;
Nor prayed in vain: thy child from Powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
Oh, might he then receive the happy skill
And force proportioned to his ardent will
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt, William, an English literary critic and essayist; born at Maidstone, Kent, April 10, 1778; died at London, September 18, 1830. He was designed for the Unitarian ministry, but he gave attention to literature and art rather than to theology. At first he attempted portrait-painting with indifferent success. He afterward became connected with several periodicals, for which he wrote criticisms upon art, literature, and literary men. His literary work threw him into the company of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Moore, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. Near the close of his life he fell into great pecuniary straits. His principal works are: "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" (1817); "A Review of the English Stage" (1818); "Lectures on the English Poets" (1818); "On the English Comic Writers" (1819); "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" (1821); "Table Talk" (1821–57); "The Spirit of the Age" (1825); "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (1828).

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN.

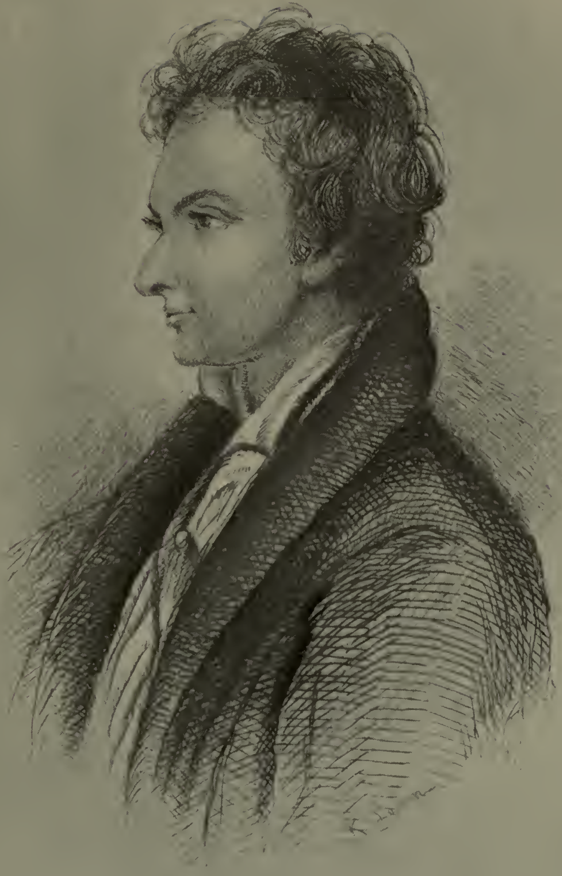
(From "Table Talk.")

"Come like shadows — so depart."

Lamb it was, I think, who suggested this subject, as well as the defence of Guy Fawkes, which I urged him to execute. As, however, he would undertake neither, I suppose I must do both, — a task for which he would have been much fitter, no less from the temerity than the felicity of his pen: —

"Never so sure our rapture to create
As when it touched the brink of all we hate."

Compared with him I shall, I fear, make but a commonplace piece of business of it; but I should be loath the idea was entirely lost, and besides, I may avail myself of some hints of his in the progress of it. I am sometimes, I suspect, a better reporter of the ideas of other people than expounder of my own. I pursue the one too far into paradox or mysticism; the others I am not



Yours

W. Hazlitt.

bound to follow farther than I like, or than seems fair and reasonable.

On the question being started, A—— said, "I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke?" In this A——, as usual, reckoned without his host. Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression of Lamb's face, in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. "Yes, the greatest names," he stammered out hastily, "but they were not persons — not persons." — "Not persons?" said A——, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. "That is," rejoined Lamb, "not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, you mean the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' and the 'Principia,' which we have to this day. Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see any one *bodily* for, is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals; more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them. But who could paint Shakespeare." — "Ay," retorted A——, "there it is: then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?" — "No," said Lamb, "neither. I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage and on book-stalls, in frontispieces and on mantelpieces, that I am quite tired of the everlasting repetition: and as to Milton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like, — it is too starched and puritanical; and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown."

"I shall guess no more," said A——. "Who is it, then, you would like to see 'in his habit as he lived,' if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?" Lamb then named Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the door of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this A—— laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example, he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. Lamb then (as well as I can remember a conversation that passed twenty years ago — how time slips!) went on as follows: —

"The reason why I pitch upon those two authors is, that their writings are riddles, and they themselves the most mysterious of personages. They resemble the soothsayers of old, who dealt in dark hints and doubtful oracles; and I should like to ask them the meaning of what no mortal but themselves, I should suppose, can fathom. There is Dr. Johnson, — I have no curiosity, no strange uncertainty about him: he and Boswell together have pretty well let me into the secret of what passed through his mind. He and other writers like him are sufficiently explicit: my friends whose repose I should be tempted to disturb (were it in my power) are implicit, inextricable, inscrutable.

"When I look at that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the 'Urn-Burial,' I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it. Besides, who would not be curious to see the lineaments of a man who, having himself been twice married, wished that mankind were propagated like trees?

"As to Fulke Greville, he is like nothing but one of his own 'Prologues spoken by the ghost of an old king of Ormus,' — a truly formidable and inviting personage: his style is apocalyptical, cabalistical, a knot worthy of such an apparition to untie; and for the unravelling a passage or two, I would stand the brunt of an encounter with so portentous a commentator!"

"I am afraid in that case," said A ——, "that if the mystery were once cleared up the merit might be lost;" and turning to me, whispered a friendly apprehension that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors he would never become a popular writer.

Dr. Donne was mentioned as a writer of the same period, with a very interesting countenance, whose history was singular, and whose meaning was often quite as *un-come-at-able* without a personal citation from the dead, as that of any of his contemporaries. The volume was produced; and while some one was expatiating on the exquisite simplicity and beauty of the portrait prefixed to the old edition, A—— got hold of the poetry, and exclaiming "What have we here?" read the following: —

"Here lies a She-sun, and a He-moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe."

There was no resisting this, till Lamb, seizing the volume, turned to the beautiful "Lines to his Mistress," dissuading her from accompanying him abroad, and read them with suffused features and a faltering tongue. . . .

Some one then inquired of Lamb if we could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise; and on his name being put to the vote, I was pleased to find that there was a general sensation in his favor in all but A——, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. I was vexed at this superficial gloss, pertinaciously reducing everything to its own trite level, and asked "if he did not think it would be worth while to scan the eye that had first greeted the Muse in that dim twilight and early dawn of English literature; to see the head round which the visions of fancy must have played like gleams of inspiration or a sudden glory; to watch those lips that 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came' as by a miracle, or as if the dumb should speak? Nor was it alone that he had been the first to tune his native tongue (however imperfectly to modern ears); but he was himself a noble, manly character, standing before his age and striving to advance it; a pleasant humorist withal, who has not only handed down to us the living manners of his time, but had no doubt store of curious and quaint devices, and would make as hearty a companion as Mine Host of the Tabard. His interview with Petrarch is fraught with interest. Yet I would rather have seen Chaucer in company with the author of the 'Decameron,' and have heard them exchange their best stories together, — the Squire's Tale against the Story of the Falcon, the Wife of Bath's Prologue against the Adventures of Friar Albert. How fine to see the high mysterious brow which learning then wore, relieved by the gay, familiar tone of men of the world, by the courtesies of genius! Surely the thoughts and feelings which passed through the minds of these great revivers of learning, these Cadmuses who sowed the teeth of letters, must have stamped an expression on their features as different from the moderns as their books, and well worth the perusal! Dante," I continued, "is as interesting a person as his own Ugolino, one whose lineaments curiosity would as eagerly devour in order to penetrate his spirit, and the only one of the Italian poets I should care much to see. There is a fine portrait of Ariosto by no less a hand than Titian's: light, Moorish, spirited, but not answering our idea. The same artist's large colossal profile of Peter Aretino is the only likeness of the kind that has the effect of conversing with 'the mighty dead,' and this is truly spectral, ghastly, necromantic."

Lamb put it to me if I should like to see Spenser as well as Chaucer; and I answered without hesitation: — "No; for his beauties were ideal, visionary, not palpable or personal, and therefore connected with less curiosity about the man. His poetry was the essence of romance, a very halo round the bright orb of fancy; and the bringing in the individual might dissolve the charm. No tones of voice could come up to the mellifluous cadence of his verse; no form but of a winged angel could vie with the airy shapes he has described. He was (to our apprehensions) rather 'a creature of the element, that lived in the rainbow and played in the plighted clouds,' than an ordinary mortal. Or if he did appear, I should wish it to be as a mere vision like one of his own pageants, and that he should pass by unquestioned like a dream or sound —

> '*That* was Arion crowned:
> So went he playing on the wat'ry plain!'"

Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

"I should like," says Mrs. Reynolds, "to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount; and I *have* seen Goldsmith." Every one turned round to look at Mrs. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith.

"Where," asked a harsh, croaking voice, "was Dr. Johnson in the years 1745–6? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years. Was he in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell many years after 'with lack-lustre eye,' yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him; and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate government."

"I thought," said A——, turning short round upon Lamb, "that you of the Lake School did not like Pope?" — "Not like

Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake: I can read him over and over forever!" — "Why, certainly, the 'Essay on Man' must be allowed to be a masterpiece." — "It may be so, but I seldom look into it." — "Oh! then it's his 'Satires' you admire?" — "No, not his 'Satires,' but his friendly epistles and his compliments." — "Compliments? I did not know he ever made any." — "The finest," said Lamb, "that were ever paid by the wit of man. Each of them is worth an estate for life — nay, is an immortality. There is that superb one to Lord Cornbury: —

'Despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.'

Was there ever more artful insinuation of idolatrous praise? And then that noble apotheosis of his friend Lord Mansfield (however little deserved), when, speaking of the House of Lords, he adds: —

'Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!'

And with what a fine turn of indignant flattery he addresses Lord Bolingbroke: —

'Why rail they then, if but one wreath of mine,
O all-accomplished St. John, deck thy shrine?'

Or turn," continued Lamb, with a slight hectic on his cheek and his eye glistening, "to his list of early friends: —

'But why then publish? — Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head;
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
Received with open arms one poet more.
Happy my studies, if by these approved!
Happier their author, if by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.'"

Here his voice totally failed him, and throwing down the book he said, "Do you think I would not wish to have been friends with such a man as this?"

"What say you to Dryden?" — "He rather made a show of himself, and courted popularity in that lowest temple of Fame, a coffee-house, so as in some measure to vulgarize one's idea of him. Pope, on the contrary, reached the very beau-idéal of what a poet's life should be; and his fame while living seemed to be an emanation from that which was to circle his name after death. He was so far enviable (and one would feel proud to have witnessed the rare spectacle in him) that he was almost the only poet and man of genius who met with his reward on this side of the tomb; who realized in friends, fortune, the esteem of the world, the most sanguine hopes of a youthful ambition, and who found that sort of patronage from the great during his lifetime which they would be thought anxious to bestow upon him after his death. Read Gray's verses to him on his supposed return from Greece, after his translation of Homer was finished, and say if you would not gladly join the bright procession that welcomed him home, or see it once more land at Whitehall stairs."

"Still," said Mrs. Reynolds, "I would rather have seen him talking with Patty Blount, or riding by in a coronet coach with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!"

Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. "Yes," said Lamb, "provided he would agree to lay aside his mask."

We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate; only one, however, seconded the proposition. "Richardson?" — "By all means, but only to look at him through the glass door of his back shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works): but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go up-stairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes octavo, or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that 'Joseph Andrews' was low."

There was but one statesman in the whole English history that any one expressed the least desire to see, — Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face, and wily policy; — and one enthusiast, — John Bunyan, the immortal author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him, and that each person would nod under his golden cloud, "nigh sphered in heaven," a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer.

Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm, who was proposed by Baron Field. He presently superseded both Hogarth and Handel, who had been talked of; but then it was on condition that he should act in tragedy and comedy, in the play and farce "Lear" and "Wildair" and "Abel Drugger." What a sight for sore eyes that would be! Who would not part with a year's income at least, almost with a year of his natural life, to be present at it? Besides, as he could not act alone, and recitations are unsatisfactory things, what a troop he must bring with him — the silver-tongued Barry, and Quin, and Shuter, and Weston, and Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard, of whom I have heard my father speak as so great a favorite when he was young! This would indeed be a revival of the dead, the restoring of art; and so much the more desirable, as such is the lurking scepticism mingled with our overstrained admiration of past excellence, that though we have the speeches of Burke, the portraits of Reynolds, the writings of Goldsmith, and the conversation of Johnson, to show what people could do at that period, and to confirm the universal testimony to the merits of Garrick, yet as it was before our time, we have our misgivings, as if he was probably after all little better than a Bartlemy-fair actor, dressed out to play Macbeth in a scarlet coat and laced cocked hat. For one, I should like to have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears. Certainly, by all accounts, if any was ever moved by the true histrionic *æstus*, it was Garrick. When he followed the Ghost in "Hamlet" he did not drop the sword, as most actors do, behind the scenes, but kept the point raised the whole way round; so fully was he possessed with the idea, or so anxious not to lose sight of his part for a moment. Once at a splendid dinner party at Lord ——'s they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what was become of him till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court-yard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius; and they seemed as willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite.

We were interrupted in the heyday and mid-career of this fanciful speculation by a grumbler in a corner, who declared it was a shame to make all this rout about a mere player and farce-writer, to the neglect and exclusion of the fine old dramatists, the contemporaries and rivals of Shakespeare. Lamb said he had anticipated this objection when he had named the author of "Mustapha and Alaham;" and out of caprice insisted upon keeping him to represent the set, in preference to the wild, harebrained enthusiast Kit Marlowe; to the sexton of St. Ann's, Webster, with his melancholy yew-trees and death's-heads; to Decker, who was but a garrulous proser; to the voluminous Heywood; and even to Beaumont and Fletcher, whom we might offend by complimenting the wrong author on their joint productions. Lord Brook on the contrary stood quite by himself, or in Cowley's words, was "a vast species alone." Some one hinted at the circumstance of his being a lord, which rather startled Lamb; but he said a ghost would perhaps dispense with strict etiquette, on being regularly addressed by his title. Ben Jonson divided our suffrages pretty equally. Some were afraid he would begin to traduce Shakespeare, who was not present to defend himself. "If he grows disagreeable," it was whispered aloud, "there is Godwin can match him." At length his romantic visit to Drummond of Hawthornden was mentioned, and turned the scale in his favor.

Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention? And I answered, Eugene Aram. The name of the "Admirable Crichton" was suddenly started as a splendid example of *waste* talents, so different from the generality of his countrymen. The choice was mightily approved by a North-Briton present, who declared himself descended from that prodigy of learning and accomplishment, and said he had family plate in his possession as vouchers for the fact, with the initials A. C. — *Admirable Crichton!* Hunt laughed, or rather roared, as heartily at this as I should think he has done for many years.

The last-named mitre-courtier then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name, — Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz; and perhaps Jonathan Edwards, a Massachusetts man. As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned. Horne [Horne Tooke], who might have a claim to come in under the head of Grammar, was still living. None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I did not plead for the reappearance of those who might be thought best fitted by the abstracted nature of their studies for their present spiritual and disembodied state, and who even while on this living stage were nearly divested of common flesh and blood. As A——, with an uneasy fidgety face, was about to put some question about Mr. Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by Martin Burney, who observed, "If J—— was here, he would undoubtedly be for having up those profound and redoubted scholiasts Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus." I said this might be fair enough in him, who had read or fancied he had read the original works; but I did not see how we could have any right to call up those authors to give an account of themselves in person, till we had looked into their writings.

By this time it should seem that some rumor of our whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritabile genus* in their shadowy abodes; for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of. Gray declined our invitation, though he had not yet been asked; Gay offered to come, and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly; Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley; Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room as abruptly; Otway and Chatterton were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare; Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again; and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn, — an old companion of his who had conducted him to the other world, — to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement, as a show, only to be made an exciseman of, and that he would rather remain where he was. He desired, however, to shake hands by his representative; the hand thus held out was in a burning fever, and shook prodigiously.

The room was hung round with several portraits of eminent painters. While we were debating whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute eloquence, whose features were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us. There was Leonardo, with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him; next him was Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm golden locks; Michael Angelo had placed the model of St. Peter's on the table before him; Correggio had an angel at his side; Titian was seated with his Mistress between himself and Giorgioni; Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him; Claude held a mirror in his hand; Rubens patted a beautiful panther (led in by a satyr) on the head; Vandyke appeared as his own Paris; and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold chains, and jewels, which Sir Joshua eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken; and as we rose to do them homage they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bona fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors —

> "Whose names on earth
> In Fame's eternal records live for aye!"

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew. "Egad!" said Lamb, "those are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them!"

"But shall we have nothing to say," interrogated G. J——, "to the Legend of Good Women?" — "Name, name, Mr. J——," cried Hunt in a boisterous tone of friendly exultation; "name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!" J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections that the name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe; and Lamb impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. Hutchinson was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess. We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as sensible, and in all respects as exemplary, as the best of them could be for their lives! "I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos," said that incomparable person; and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honor due to our friends on the other side of the Channel: Voltaire the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau the father of sentiment; Montaigne and Rabelais, great in wisdom and in wit; Molière, and that illustrious group that are collected around him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the "Tartuffe" at the house of Ninon; Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucauld, St. Evremont, etc.

"There is one person," said a shrill, querulous voice, "I would rather see than all these, — Don Quixote!"

"Come, come!" said Hunt, "I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. Lamb? are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, or Ghenghis Khan?" — "Excuse me," said Lamb; "on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve." — "No, no! come, out with your worthies!" — "What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?" Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. "Your most exquisite reason!" was echoed on all sides; and A—— thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself. "Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Fawkes, that poor fluttering annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion; but if I say any more, there is that fellow Godwin will make something of it. And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it." — "You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice."

"Oh! ever right, Menenius, — ever right!"

"There is only one other person I can ever think of after this," continued Lamb, but without mentioning a Name that once put on a semblance of mortality. "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of his garment!"

The Elizabethan Age.

(From "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.")

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished beyond, perhaps, any other in our history by a number of great men famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honors — statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers; Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and more frequent in our mouths, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher — men whom fame has eternized in her long and brilliant scroll, and who, by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country and ornaments of human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain never shone out fuller or brighter or looked more like itself than at this period. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situations, and in the characters of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach. I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat, independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention as contributing to this general effect was the Reformation which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience, and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watch-word; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back with her island voice from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and louder strain. With that cry the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation; the waters were out; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy, their spirits stirring, their hearts full, and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the greatest things and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy loosened their tongues and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine of the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the vision of the prophets and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment. It created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, and habitual fervor and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the Schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. . . .

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character. But this was not the feeling of the great men in the Age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief). One of them says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety: —

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

This was old honest Dekker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the Age of Elizabeth; in the means of exciting terror and pity; in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy; the sense of shame; in the fond desires, the longing after immortality; in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us. The literature of this age, then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes), first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philosophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature; for much about the same time the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translations to the admiring gaze of the vulgar.

This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves the translators, as it shows the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakespeare has made such admirable use in his "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar;" and Ben Jonson's tragedies of "Catiline" and "Sejanus" may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's "Orations" in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist Aretine, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and others, were familiar to our writers; and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas — for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterward, when it had arrived at its greatest height (itself copied from the Greek and Latin), that enfeebled and impoverished our own. But of the time that we are considering, it might be said without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius. . . .

What also gave an unusual impetus to the mind of men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairyland was realized in new and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropped from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, — everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other mariners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his good Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in his mind in the production of his "Færie Queene."

THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

(From the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.")

FALSTAFF'S wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison where there is cut-and-come-again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapors that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-o'-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propen-

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

sities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

(From the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.")

THE character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility — the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect — as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist" — as Shakespeare has been well called — do not exhibit the drab-colored Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from "The Whole Duty of Man" or from "The

Academy of Compliments"! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behavior either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on this point. In the harassed state of his mind he could not have done much otherwise than he did.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Hearn, Lafcadio, a Greek-American journalist and narrative and descriptive writer, was born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands, June 27, 1850. His father, a gallant Irish surgeon of the English army, married a beautiful maiden of the Ionian Isles, where he chanced to be stationed. He was educated in Great Britain and France. His father died in India, and in a spirit of adventure he left home and came to the United States. From the East, where his occupation had been proof-reading, he drifted to Cincinnati; and there, as a reporter, took his first steps in journalism. Finding that the climate was too severe for his health, he went to New Orleans, and engaged in newspaper work there. Becoming greatly interested in Creole life and customs, he issued there his "Gombo Zhèbes," a compilation of quaint sayings and proverbs in the different Creole patois. He contributed translations from the French to the New Orleans "Times-Democrat," and he became a member of the editorial staff. He spent some time in the West Indies, and then he went to Japan, where he took a native wife and became a naturalized citizen of that country, and adopted the name of Y. Koijumi. He opened a school at Matsue, in the province of Udrumo, where he taught English to the Japanese for four years; he then removed to Kumamoto, in the southern island of Kyushyu. Hearn's American publications include an English translation of "One of Cleopatra's Nights" (1882), from the French of Théophile Gautier; "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature," (1884), being an interpretation of certain Eastern stories and legends; "Gombo Zhèbes" (1885); "Some Chinese Ghosts" (1887); "Chita: a Memory of Last Island" (1889); "Two Years in the French West Indies," and "Youma" (1890); "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" (1894); "Out of the East" (1895), and "Kokoro: Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life" (1896); "Gleanings in Buddha Fields" (1897).

The Legend of L'Île Dernière.[1]

(From "Chita: A Memory of Last Island.")

Thirty years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of even such magical days. July was dying; — for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, — the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes — omens of coming tempest. Nature, — incomprehensible Sphinx! — before her mightiest bursts of rage ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty. . . .

---

[1] Copyrighted, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days, — days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; — the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; — the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all, — hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand. . . .

. . . Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters — the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached, — a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high; — it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed — a third — a feebler fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced — one, two, three, four . . . seven long swells this time; — and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet — until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green; — the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving — one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights: there was no wind! — you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath. . . .

And indeed the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep, — a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil-wells, the volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf-Stream. . . .

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale, — even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf, — as if the rhythm of the sea moulded itself after the rhythm of the air, — as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind, — a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; — the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore: they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale. . . .

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily, and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous: colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan-backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers: the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west — a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished; and the moonless night came.

Then the Wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a Voice moaning across the world, — hooting, — uttering nightmare sounds, — *Whoo! — whoo! — whoo!* — and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; — the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. . . . So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning, — a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer "Star" was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it, — no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason. . . .

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail-packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Barataria Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men, — totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain-heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed: its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side;— the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides; — the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention, then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appals. . . . Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the "Star," and to strain their eyes towards far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend the pilot.

. . . "Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" . . . It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; — and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, — with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving, — a tempest-whirl of spray; — ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke — the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marvelled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart: he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we 've got to take her out in spite of Hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar, — lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the "Star" was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; — "she'll stand it. . . . Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. . . . But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The "Star" rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged — dragged in with the flood, — twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! . . . Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins, — and whirled away. And the naked hull of the "Star" still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas, — hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam, — appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors . . . a sound of music!

. . . Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter: there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, — representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes, — whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multi-colored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the Têche, — mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin — whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned, — something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hour passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests: they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself, — "*Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!*" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields, — to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than harken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms; — wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy-foam of lace, the ivorine loveliness of glossy shoulders and jewelled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet, — than to watch the raging of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack. . . .

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves — those elegant guests; — they jested and sipped rich wines; — they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest;

— mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training; — mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed, young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance; — young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious, — always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

. . . Night wore on; still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the piano-forte pealed, and still the violins sang, — and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the "Star."

"Christ!" he muttered, — "a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! . . . But I guess the "Star" will stay." . . .

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. . . . And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the "Star" reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights, — away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano, — even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz: "l'Invitation à la Valse," — with its marvellous musical swing!

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! — God help us all now! . . . *The Wind waltzes to-night with the Sea for his partner!*" . . .

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One — two — three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south: then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms. . . .

. . . Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels; — some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, — curling about the feet of the dancers. . . . What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; — all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be? . . .

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

— "*Messieurs — mesdames, ce n'est rien.* Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. . . . *Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite!* The water will go down in a few hours, ladies; — it never rises higher than this; *il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a* — My God! what is that?" . . .

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade — rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came, — a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland, — across mad Caillou Bay to the sea-marshes, — lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes! — but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now! . . .

Then rose a frightful cry, — the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear, — the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. . . . *Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables: — during one terrible instant, — against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities, — raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then — then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! . . . One crash! — the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now? — the tornado is shrieking! Another! — chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in: the immense hall rises, — oscillates, — twirls as upon a pivot, — crepitates, — crumbles into ruin. Crash again! — the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

. . . So the hurricane passed, — tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air, — heaping up the ocean against the land, — upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river streamers tugged wildly at their cables, — shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass, — over the agony of Caillou Bay, — the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf, — tearing and swallowing the land in its course, — ploughing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before, — rending islands in twain, — and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses. . . .

REGINALD HEBER.

Heber, Reginald, an English clergyman and poet; born at Malpas, Cheshire, April 21, 1783; died at Trichinopoly, India, April 2, 1826. In 1800 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1803 he wrote his prize poem, "Palestine," which has been pronounced the best poem of the kind ever produced at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1804, he travelled in Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. In 1815 he preached the Bampton Lectures, his subject being "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter." In 1822 he wrote a "Life of Jeremy Taylor," with a critical examination of his writings, and in 1822 was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In 1823 he accepted the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta, this see then including all British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. He wrote a "Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India," which was not published until after his death. His "Life and Unpublished Works," edited by his widow, appeared in 1830. His "Poems" were first published entire in 1841.

Jerusalem.

(From "Palestine.")

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While sons unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
  Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
  The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
  Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
  Must shortly fade away:
And soon — too soon — the wintry hour
  Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
  And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
  Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
  Were all alike divine!
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
  We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
  To keep us still Thy own!

"THE MISSIONARY HYMN."

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF HIS PREACHING A SERMON FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN APRIL, 1820.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Wake not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly:
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall.
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
Set down the bier: he is not dead, but sleeping.
"Young man, arise!" — He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

Trinity Sunday.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Epiphany.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining, —
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Before the Sacrament.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

To His Wife — Written in Upper India.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on — then on; where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

At a Funeral.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
  To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
  Shall live for hell or heaven.

The Moonlight March.

I see them on their winding way;
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.
They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn, — they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way:
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL.

HEGEL, GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German philosopher; born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, August 27, 1770; died at Berlin, November 14, 1831. He was educated at the University of Tübingen. In January, 1801, he went to Jena, and during the next winter gave his first course of lectures on logic and metaphysics. In 1805 he became Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy in the University; in 1806 he went to Bamberg, where he published his "Phenomenology of the Mind" (1807), and for eighteen months was editor of the "Bamberger Zeitung." From 1808 to 1816 he was Rector of the Gymnasium of Nuremberg, and published his "Science of Logic" (1812–16). He was called to the chair of Philosophy at Heidelberg in 1816, and two years later, after the death of Fichte, to Berlin. At Heidelberg he brought out the "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences" (1817). This exposition of his system he enlarged in 1830 to twice its original size. For the thirteen remaining years of his life he gave himself entirely to his work. He published "The Philosophy of Right" and "The Philosophy of Religion" in 1821; "The Philosophy of History" in 1827. Others of his works are on "Psychology;" "Ethics;" "Æsthetics;" and "The History of Philosophy."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

(From "The Philosophy of History.")

GOD is thus recognized as *Spirit* only when known as the Triune. This new principle is the axis on which the History of the World turns. This is *the goal* and the *starting-point* of History. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent his Son," is the statement of the Bible. This means nothing else than that *self-consciousness* had reached the phases of development [*momente*] whose resultant constitutes the Idea of Spirit, and had come to feel the necessity of comprehending those phases absolutely. This must now be more fully explained. We said of the Greeks, that the law for their Spirit was "Man, know thyself." The Greek Spirit was a consciousness of Spirit, but under a limited form, having the element of Nature as an essential ingredient. Spirit may have had the upper hand, but the unity of the superior and the subordinate was itself still Natural. Spirit appeared as specialized in the idiosyncrasies of the genius of the several Greek nationalities and of their divinities, and was represented by *Art*, in whose sphere the Sensuous is elevated only to the middle ground of beautiful form and shape, but not to pure Thought. The element of Subjectivity that was wanting in the Greeks we found among the Romans; but as it was merely formal and in itself indefinite, it took its material from passion and caprice; — even the most shameful degradations could be here connected with a divine dread [*vide* the declaration of Hispala respecting the Bacchanalia, Livy xxxix. 13]. This element of subjectivity is afterwards further realized as Personality of Individuals — a realization which is exactly adequate to the principle, and is equally abstract and formal. As such an Ego [such a personality], I am infinite to myself, and my phenomenal existence consists in the property recognized as mine, and the recognition of my personality. This inner existence goes no further; all the applications of the principle merge in this. Individuals are thereby posited as atoms; but they are at the same time subject to the severe rule of the *One*, which, as *monas monadum*, is a power over private persons [the connection between the ruler and the ruled is not mediated by the claim of Divine or of Constitutional Right, or any general principle, but is direct and individual, the Emperor being the immediate lord of each subject in the Empire]. That Private Right is therefore, *ipso facto*, a nullity, an ignoring of the personality; and the supposed condition of Right turns out to be an absolute destitution of it. This contradiction is the misery of the Roman World.

THE NATURE OF EVIL.

(From "The Philosophy of History.")

THE higher condition in which the soul itself feels pain and longing — in which man is not only "drawn," but feels that the drawing is into himself [into his own inmost nature] — is still absent. What has been reflection on our part must arise in the mind of the subject of this discipline in the form of a consciousness that in himself he is miserable and null. Outward suffering must, as already said, be merged in a sorrow of the inner man. He must feel himself as the negation of himself; he must see that his misery is the misery of his nature — that he is in himself a divided and discordant being. This state of mind, this self-chastening, this pain occasioned by our individual nothingness, — the wretchedness of our [isolated] self, and the longing to transcend this condition of soul, — must be looked for elsewhere than in the properly Roman World. It is this which gives to the *Jewish People* their World-Historical importance and weight; for from this state of mind arose that higher phase in which Spirit came to absolute self-consciousness — passing from that alien form of being which is its discord and pain, and mirroring itself in its own essence. The state of feeling in question we find expressed most purely and beautifully in the Psalms of David, and in the Prophets; the chief burden of whose utterances is the thirst of the soul after God; its profound sorrow for its transgressions, the desire for righteousness and holiness. Of this Spirit we have the mythical representation at the very beginning of the Jewish canonical books, in the account of the Fall. Man, created in the image of God, lost, it is said, his state of absolute contentment, by eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Sin consists here only in Knowledge; this is the sinful element, and by it man is stated to have trifled away his Natural happiness. This is a deep truth, that evil lies in consciousness: for the brutes are neither evil nor good; the merely Natural Man quite as little. Consciousness occasions the separation of the Ego, in its boundless freedom as arbitrary choice, from the pure essence of the Will, — *i. e.*, from the Good. Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of mere Nature, is the "Fall;" which is no casual conception, but the eternal history of Spirit. For the state of innocence, the paradisiacal condition, is that of the brute. Paradise is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain. For the brute is one with God only implicitly [not consciously]. Only Man's Spirit [that is] has a self-cognizant existence. This existence for self, this consciousness, is at the same time separation from the Universal and Divine Spirit. If I hold in my abstract Freedom in contra-position to the Good, I adopt the standpoint of Evil.

THE FALL.

(From "The Philosophy of History.")

THE Fall is therefore the eternal Mythus of Man; in fact, the very transition by which he becomes man. Persistence in this standpoint is, however, Evil, and the feeling of pain at such a condition, and of longing to transcend it, we find in David, when he says: "Lord, create for me a pure heart, a new *steadfast* Spirit." This feeling we observe even in the account of the Fall; though an announcement of reconciliation is not made there, but rather one of continuance in misery. Yet we have in this narrative the *prediction* of reconciliation in the sentence, "The Serpent's head shall be bruised;" but still more profoundly expressed where it is stated that when God saw that Adam had eaten of that tree, he said, "Behold, Adam is become as one of us, knowing Good and Evil." God confirms the words of the Serpent. Implicitly, and explicitly, then, we have the truth that man through Spirit — through cognition of the Universal and the Particular — comprehends God himself. But it is only God that declares this, — not man; the latter remains, on the contrary, in a state of internal discord. The joy of reconciliation is still distant from humanity; the absolute and final repose of his whole being is not yet discovered to man. It exists, in the first instance, only for God. As far as the present is concerned, the feeling of pain at his condition is regarded as a final award. The satisfaction which man enjoys at first, consists in the finite and temporal blessings conferred on the Chosen Family and the possession of the Land of Canaan. His repose is not found in God. Sacrifices are, it is true, offered to Him in the Temple, and atonement made by outward offerings and inward penitence. But that mundane satisfaction in the Chosen Family, and its possession of Canaan, was taken from the Jewish people in the chastisement inflicted by the Roman Empire. The Syrian kings did indeed oppress it, but it was left for the Romans to annul its individuality. The Temple of Zion is destroyed; the God-serving nation is scattered to the winds. Here every source of satisfaction is taken away, and the nation is driven back to the standpoint of that primeval Mythus, — the standpoint of that painful feeling which humanity experiences when thrown upon itself. Opposed to the universal *Fatum* of the Roman World, we have here the consciousness of Evil and the direction of the mind

Godwards. All that remains to be done is that this fundamental idea should be expanded to an objective universal sense, and be taken as the concrete existence of man — as the completion of his nature. Formerly the Land of Canaan, and themselves as the people of God, had been regarded by the Jews as that concrete and complete existence. But this basis of satisfaction is now lost, and thence arises the sense of misery and failure of hope in God, with whom that happy reality had been essentially connected. Here, then, misery is not the stupid immersion in a blind Fate, but a boundless energy of longing. Stoicism taught only that the Negative *is not* — that pain must not be recognized as a veritable existence: but *Jewish* feeling persists in acknowledging Reality and desires harmony and reconciliation within its sphere; for that feeling is based on the Oriental Unity of Nature, — *i. e.*, the unity of Reality, of Subjectivity, with the substance of the One Essential Being. Through the loss of mere outward reality Spirit is driven back within itself; the side of reality is thus refined to Universality, through the reference of it to the One.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Heine, Heinrich, a German poet of the first rank; born at Düsseldorf, Prussia, December 13, 1799; died in Paris, February 17, 1856. He received his early education in the Franciscan convent and in the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, and was then sent to Hamburg. After three years he was removed, in 1819, to the University of Bonn, and six months afterward to Göttingen. He then went to Berlin, studied philosophy under the direction of Hegel, and made acquaintance with the works of Spinoza. His first volume of poetry, entitled "Gedichte," now forming, under the name of "Youthful Sorrows," part of his "Book of Songs," was published in 1822. It was coldly received, and Heine left Berlin for Göttingen, studied law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. In 1823 he had published two successful plays, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," with a collection of short poems, "Lyrical Interludes." In 1827 he republished these poems, together with the first volume, giving the collection the name of "The Books of Songs." They were enthusiastically received, especially in the universities. His "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel"), of mingled prose and poetry (1826–31), was equally successful. In 1831 Heine went to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life. For the next ten years he published prose only, writing for newspapers on politics and literature. He wrote French and German with equal fluency. In 1833 appeared his "History of Modern Literature in Germany," afterward republished under the title of "The Romantic School." "The Salon," a series of essays, was published in four volumes between 1834 and 1840, and a long essay on the "Women of Shakespeare" in 1839. His next poetical work was "Atta Troll, a Summer Night's Dream" (1847). A volume of "New Poems," containing "Germany, a Winter's Tale," appeared in 1844. In 1847 he was attacked with a disease of the spine, and his life thenceforth was one of excruciating suffering. For eight years he was, as he says, "in a state of death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." He retained his mocking good-humor to the last, and in 1850 and 1851 composed a singular poetical work, "Romances," divided into Histories, Lamentations, and

Hebrew Melodies. A volume of "Latest Poems" was written three years afterward. His last work was a translation into French of some of the poems in his "Book of Songs." Throughout his life Heine appeared as a mocker. The bitterest irony pervades his writings. Nothing is sacred. His beautiful thoughts and tender feelings are sometimes followed by a sneer. Yet his poems are characterized by singular beauty of feeling and expression. He seems to have combined two natures always struggling for mastery.

THE TYROLESE.

(From "Italian Travel Sketches." Translated by Elizabeth A. Sharp.)

THE Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honest, brave, and of impenetrable narrow-mindedness. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be ill. I might also call them a noble race, because that they are dainty in the choice of their food, very clean in their habits; only, they are wholly lacking in respect for the dignity of Personalities. The Tyrolese show a sort of smiling humorous servility, which is in reality wholly serious. The women in the Tyrol salute *thee* with such complaisant friendliness, the men shake *thee* so heartily by the hand, and gesticulate over it with such friendly cordiality, as to make you almost believe yourself to be one of their near relations, or at least one of themselves. But in reality they never allow it to escape their memory that they are but ordinary folk, and that you are a man of distinction, who would be in no wise displeased when simple folk, without timidity, put themselves on an equal footing with him. Herein they show an inherently right instinct; the most rigid aristocrat rejoices when he finds an opportunity for condescension; for by this means he feels how high his position is.

At home the Tyrolese practise this servility gratis, abroad they seek to profit thereby. They traffic with their personality, their nationality. These gayly-dressed "counterpane" merchants, these cheery Bua-Tyrolese, whom we see wandering about in their national costume, will readily permit a joke, but something must at the same time be purchased from them.

That Rainer family, who have been in England, understand this thoroughly; moreover, they had an excellent adviser who knew the disposition of the English nobility thoroughly. Hence their good reception in the drawing-rooms of the European aristocracy *in the west end of the town.* When, last summer, in the

A FAMILY SCENE IN THE TYROL

brilliantly-lighted concert-rooms of the fashionable world of London I saw these Tyrolese singers, clad in their national costume, appear upon the platform, and when I heard proceeding from it those songs which are so naïvely and joyously yodelled among the Tyrolese Alps, and wake loving echoes in us, in our northern German hearts, — my soul was wrung with bitter displeasure, the approving smiles of all those lips were to me like the stings of serpents. It was to me as though the purity of the German words were sullied, and as if the sweet mysteries of the German sensibilities were profaned before a strange populace. I could not join in the applause given to these shameless hawkers of modesty; and a Swiss, who quitted the hall with me, moved by the same feelings, justly remarked, "We Swiss give much for our best cheese and our best blood, but we can hardly endure to hear the Alp horn blown in a foreign land, much less to blow it ourselves for gold."

. . . .

The Tyrol is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscape cannot charm when the weather is cloudy and the mind is troubled likewise. With me the latter is always the result of the former; and as it was raining outside, in my heart also there was bad weather.

Only now and again did I venture my head out of the window; then I saw heaven-high mountains that gazed solemnly at me, and that nodded a good journey to me with their huge heads and long gray beards. Here and there I noticed also a little distant blue mountain that seemed to stand tiptoe, and to peer right curiously over the shoulders of the other mountains, doubtless in order to see me. Over all resounded the brawling of the hill-streams, which madly pitched themselves from the heights, and dashed into one seething current in the dark valley depths.

The people stayed in their pretty, clean cottages, which lay strewn about on the great declivities, or perched on the most rugged bluffs, even to the mountain-peaks; pretty, clean cottages, with, usually, a long balcony, which in its turn was ornamented with drying clothes, holy pictures, flower-pots, and girlish faces. These little houses are so tastefully painted, white and green by preference, as though they too wore the national costume, green braces over a white shirt.

When I saw such cottages lying in the desolate rain, my heart would often go out to the people who sat dry and contentedly under those roofs. "Life there," I thought, "must be very sweet and very cosey; and the old grandmother is without a doubt relating homely stories."

While the carriage inexorably drove past I looked back again and again to see the column of bluish smoke wreathing out of the little chimneys; and the rain fell more heavily without and within me, till the drops almost flowed from my eyes.

Often too my heart rose up, and, in spite of the bad weather, it climbed to the people who live right at the crest of the mountain, and who rarely, perhaps once in a lifetime, come down from it, and know little of what happens here below. Of politics they are wholly ignorant, except of the fact that they have an Emperor who wears a white coat and red breeches. That was told to them by an old uncle, who had himself heard it at Innsbruck from Black Sepperl, who had been in Vienna. When the patriots clambered up to them and eloquently represented to them that they had now a Prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches, they seized their guns, kissed wife and child, climbed down the mountains, and allowed themselves to be fought with to the death, for the sake of the white coat and the beloved old red breeches.

In truth it matters nothing for what a man dies if only he dies for that which he loves, and so a warm, loyal death is better than a cold faithless life. The songs of such deaths, the sweet rhymes and ringing words, are alone enough to warm our heart when damp clinging mist and importunate cares depress us. Many such songs resounded through my heart when I drove over the mountains of the Tyrol. The familiar fir-forests whispered many forgotten words of love back to memory. Especially when the great blue mountain-lakes looked at me with such inexpressible yearning out of their azure depths, my thoughts turned again to the two children who loved each other so fondly, and died together. It is an old, old story that no one now believes, and of which I myself only remember a few scattered rhymes: —

"There were two kingly children
Who loved each other truly;
They could not come together,
The water was too deep —"

These words began of themselves to ring over and over in my mind when I saw, by one of those blue lakes, a little girl and boy standing one on either shore; both were wonderfully prettily dressed in the bright national costume, with green pointed beribboned hats on their heads, and they sent each other greetings to and fro: —

> "They could not come together,
> The water was too deep."

. . . .

In Southern Tyrol the weather cleared, the Italian sun gave evidence of its near approach, the mountains became warmer and of more glowing colors; soon I saw the twining vine-tendril upon them, and I could oftener look out of the carriage window. But when my head leant out, my heart followed — my heart with all its love, its sorrows, and its foolishness. It has often happened to me that this poor heart has been pierced through with thorns when it leant out towards the rose-bushes which bloom on the wayside; and the roses of the Tyrol are not at all ugly.

When I drove through Steinach and saw the market, wherein Immermann in his drama depicts the meeting between the "Sandwirth" and his companions, I found that the market was much too small for the meeting of insurgents, but nevertheless big enough wherein to fall in love. There are only a few small white houses there, and out of a little window peeped a little rebel Sandwirthin, who took aim and shot with her big eyes; had the carriage not rolled past so quickly she would have had time to reload, and I certainly would have been struck. I cried, "Coachman, drive on; one cannot joke with so beautiful a foe; she sets fire to the house over one's head."

In my character of a thorough traveller, I should state that the landlady of the inn in Sterzing is herself an old woman, but that she has, in compensation, two young daughters, who, when your heart goes out to them, warm it thoroughly with their reception. But I cannot forget thee, thou most beautiful of all, thou lovely spinner of the Italian frontier! O hadst thou given to me, as Ariadne to Theseus, the thread of the spindle to guide me through the labyrinth of life, the Minotaur would now have been slain, and I would love thee and kiss thee, and never leave thee! "It's a good sign when a woman smiles," says a Chinese writer, and a German author was quite of this opinion when, in Southern Tyrol, on the confines of Italy, he paused before a mountain at whose foot stood one of those little houses, which look at us so amicably with their familiar balcony and their naïve frescoes. On the one side stood a large wooden crucifix, which served as a support to a vine shoot, so that it was a thing of ghastly beauty to see how life embraced death, how the delicate green tendrils wound themselves round the bleeding body and crucified arms and legs of the Saviour. On the other side of the house stood a little dovecot, whose feathered inmates flew hither and thither, while a pure white dove sat upon the point of the pretty little roof, that projected like the arched stone crown of a shrine over the head of the pretty spinner.

She sat in the little gallery and span, not after the method of the German spinning-wheel, but in that primeval way by which the flax-wound thread twirls freely downwards.

So span the king's daughters in Greece. She span, and smiled. The dove brooded stilly above her head, and over the house ranged the high mountains whose snow-peaks glittered in the sun, so that they seemed like solemn giant sentinels, with burnished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I verily believe that she span her threads round my heart, while the carriage drove past somewhat slowly on account of the broad stream of the Eisach, which bounded the other side of the road. The pretty features haunted my memory the whole day; above all I saw that lovely face that a Greek sculptor seemed to have formed out of the perfume of a white rose, aerially delicate, divinely noble, such as perhaps he once, when a youth, dreamt of and much less understood. But I saw them, and read them, those romantic stars, whose magic lit up that antique beauty. The whole day long I saw these eyes, and I dreamt of them in the following night. There she sat again and smiled; the doves fluttered here and there like *amorini;* the white dove over her head waved its wings mystically; behind her more grimly rose the helmeted watchers; before her raced the brook, wilder and more stormily; the vines with anxious haste encircled the crucified wooden figure, whose suffering eyes were opened and whose wounds bled in painful excitement;—but she span and smiled, and to the thread of her distaff hung my heart like a dancing spindle.

. . . .

As the sun's radiance streamed in greater power and beauty out of the heavens, and mountain and castle were veiled in films of gold, so also my heart grew warmer and lighter; in my breast the flowers bloomed again, and flowers sprouted there into light of day, and grew great above my head; and amidst these heart-blossoms of my fancy was the pretty spinner with her heavenly smile. Rapt in such dreams, myself a dream, I entered Italy; and as during the transit I had almost forgotten whither I journeyed, so I almost received a shock when all the great Italian eyes looked at me, and when the brilliantly-colored confusion of the Italian life, with all its reality, its warmth, its chatter, streamed past me.

This happened to me in the town of Trient, which I reached on a lovely Sunday afternoon, at the time when the heat of the day lessens and the Italians wake to walk up and down the streets. This town lies old and ruined in a wide circle of fresh green mountains, which, like gods with eternal youth, look down upon the perishable handiwork of mortals.

Close by lies the high castle, now broken and crumbling, which once commanded the town — a romantic edifice of a romantic age, with pinnacles, parapets, battlements, and with a broad round tower, where now only owls and Austrian invalids are housed. The town itself is also of romantic construction. One is filled with wonder at the first sight of these mediæval houses, with their faded frescoes, their mutilated statues of saints; with their turrets, their barred windows, and those projecting gables disposed in the form of alcoves resting upon gray old worn pillars, themselves in need of support. Such an aspect would be all too mournful did not Nature freshen these dying stones with new life, if the sweet vine did not tenderly and caressingly twine round these tottering pillars, as youth upholds age; and if still sweeter girlish faces did not peep out of those dim oriel-windows, and send a ripple of laughter to the German stranger, who, like a sleep-wandering dreamer, stumbled through the flowering ruins.

I was really as in a dream, in a dream wherein one tries to remember something that one has already dreamed.

I looked alternately at the houses and the people, and it seemed to me almost as though I had seen these houses in their more palmy days, when the colors of their pretty paintings were still brilliant, when the gold decorations of the windows were not yet blackened; and when the marble Madonna, who carries the child in her arms, had still her beautiful head which iconoclastic times have so remorselessly mutilated. The faces of the old women, too, seemed so familiar to me, as though they had been cut out of those old Italian paintings I had, when a boy, once seen in the Düsseldorf galleries. In like manner the old men seemed to be long-forgotten well-known friends, and they looked at me with serious eyes, as through a vista of a thousand years. Even the fresh young girls had the vaguely suggestive air of having died a thousand years ago and of having revived to the full bloom of life; so much so that a shudder went through me, but a sweet shudder, such as I experienced when in the solitary hour of midnight I pressed my lips to those of Marie, a marvellously beautiful woman who had no other fault than that of being dead. Then I laughed at myself once again, and it seemed to me as though the whole town was nought else than a pretty novel that I had once read — that, in truth, I myself had created; and that I was bewitched by my own phantasy, startled by the pictures of my own conjuring. Perhaps, also, I thought, the whole is but a dream, and I would have given a thaler with genuine pleasure for a single box on the ears in order to know whether I was awake or asleep.

I made a narrow escape of receiving this article at a cheaper bargain when I stumbled over the stout fruit-woman at the corner of the market. She contented herself, however, with hurling at me a voluble box on the ears, through which I, at any rate, gained the certainty that I was of a truth in the actual present, in the middle of the market-place of Trient, close to the great fountain out of whose copper tritons and dolphins sprang the purling silver-lucid water. On the left stood an old palace, whose walls were painted with colored allegorical figures, and on whose terrace a few gray Austrian soldiers were being drilled into heroism. To the right stood a little Lombard-Gothic house of capricious construction, from whose interior a sweet, tremulous girlish voice trilled so fresh and clear that the weather-beaten walls trembled with pleasure, or from age; while above, out of a gable window, showed a black head of hair curled with labyrinthine contortions worthy of a comedian, under which was a sharp-featured face, that was rouged only on the left cheek, and looked like a pancake that had been baked only on one side. But in front of me, in the centre, rose the ancient cathedral, not big, not gloomy, but attractive and confiding like cheerful old age.

. . . .

When I pushed aside the green silk *portière* that covered the entrance to the cathedral, and entered the house of God, my body and soul were agreeably refreshed by the incense-laden air that floated therein, and by the soft mysterious light that poured through the stained-glass windows on to the kneeling congregation, mostly women, ranged in long rows on the low rush-chairs.

They prayed with slight movements of the lips, and fanned themselves constantly the while with large green fans, so that nothing was heard but a ceaseless indistinguishable whisper, and nothing was seen but swaying fans and waving veils. The jarring tread of my boots disturbed many a devout one; great Catholic eyes looked at me, half curiously, half enticingly, and would fain have counselled me to kneel down there also, and seek a soul's *siesta*.

In truth, such a cathedral with its shrouded light, its pervading coolness, is an agreeable refuge from the outside, blinding sunshine, and from the oppressive heat. We have no conception of this in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not so comfortably built, and where the light shoots in so glaringly through the unstained windows, and where even the frigidity of the preacher is not sufficient protection against the heat.

One may say what one will, but Catholicism is a good summer religion. It is pleasant to lie on the benches of these old cathedrals, to enjoy there a quiet devotion, a pious *dolce far niente;* one prays and dreams and sins in thought, the Madonnas bend so forgivingly from their niches, their womanly nature forgives even the confusing of the divine features in sinful reveries; and for the overflow of conscience there stands in every corner the necessary brown box, whereby one's sins can be absolved.

In one such box sat a young monk of earnest mien; the face of the lady who confessed her sins to him was concealed from me, half by her white veil, and half by the wooden side of the confessional; nevertheless, a hand appeared beyond this, and upon it my sight was riveted. I could not cease from looking at it. The blue veins and the distinguished polish of the white fingers were so intimately known to me, and all the dream-power of my soul woke into action in order to conceive a face that could belong to this hand.

It was a beautiful hand, not such as appertains to young girls whose hands are half lamb, half rose, but expressionless — hands that are vegetably-animalistic. Hers were much more of an inspired, of an historical beauty, such as are the hands of beautiful people who are highly bred or who have suffered greatly. And this hand also expressed somewhat of pathetic guiltlessness, it seemed as though it had no need for confession, and would not even hear what its owner confessed, but simply waited outside till she was ready. This lasted a long time, however; the lady must have had many sins to relate.

I could wait no longer. My soul pressed an unseen, parting kiss on the lovely hand, which at the same moment quivered, exactly as the hand of the dead Marie was wont to quiver when I touched it. In God's name, I thought, why is the dead Marie in Trient? — and I hurried out of the cathedral.

FANCIES.

(From "Italian Travel Sketches.")

STRANGE! "The Life and Deeds of the ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," was the first book which I read after I reached the age of intelligent boyhood and was somewhat proficient in the art of spelling. I still remember quite distinctly that short time during which I stole away from the house early in the morning to the Hofgarten, in order there to read "Don Quixote" undisturbed. It was a beautiful May day. The budding spring lay smiling in the still morning light, and allowed herself to be praised by the nightingale — her sweet flatterer — who sang his love-song with such caressing tenderness, such enthusiastic ardor, that the abashed buds burst open, the lush grasses and the moted sunbeams hastily kissed each other, the trees and the flowers shivered with pure delight. I, however, sat down upon an old moss-covered stone-seat in the so-called Walk of Sighs, not far from the waterfalls, and rejoiced my little heart with the great adventures of the dauntless knight. In my childish *naïveté* I took everything in serious earnestness.

No matter how absurdly the poor hero was mishandled by Fate, I still thought "That must be so, all that belongs to the days of heroism, ridicule as well as wounds;" and it grieved me deeply, for I sympathized therewith in my soul. I was a child, and unacquainted with the irony which God has created in the world, which in turn the great poet has imitated in his printed little world. I could have shed bitterest tears when, in return for all his magnanimity, the noble knight received only ingratitude and blows. And as I, still unskilled in the art of reading, pronounced every word aloud, all the birds and the trees, the stream and the flowers, heard me; and as these guileless natures, like little children, knew nothing of the world-irony, they too construed everything as sober earnest. They wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight; even a worn-out oak sighed, and the waterfall shook his white beard more vigorously, and seemed to inveigh against the wickedness of the world. We felt that the knight's heroism equally deserved admiration when the lion turned its back on him without desiring to fight, and that his deeds were the more praiseworthy the weaker and more wasted his body became, the rottener the armor which protected him, the more pitiable the nag which carried him. We scorned the vulgar rabble that cudgelled him, and still more the high-born rabble, decked with gayly-colored silken mantles and distinguished by dukes' titles, who held in scorn a man so greatly their superior in powers of mind and in nobility of heart. Dulcinea's knight rose ever higher in my esteem, and won more of my love the longer I read in that wonderful book — which happened daily, and in the same garden, so that by autumn I had already reached the end of the history. Never shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful duel wherein the knight was so ignominiously worsted!

It was a gloomy day; ugly, misty clouds dragged across the gray heavens, the yellow leaves fell sorrowfully from the trees, heavy drops of tears hung on the last flowers whose withered, dying heads drooped mournfully; the nightingales had long since vanished, and I was surrounded on every side with the picture of decay. My heart was like to break when I read how the noble knight lay all dusty and bruised on the ground, and, without raising his visor, spoke to his conqueror in a weak, broken voice as if from the grave, "Dulcinea is the loveliest woman in the world, and I the most luckless knight on earth; but it would not be seemly that my weakness should deny this truth — drive home your lance, knight!"

Alas! this shining knight of the silver moon, who conquered the noblest and most dauntless man on earth, was a masked barber!

. . . .

That is now long ago. Many new springs have bloomed since then, but ever they lack its mighty magic, for ah! I no longer believe the sweet lies of the nightingale, spring's flatterer. I know how her witchery decays; and when I look at the youngest rosebud, in my mind I see it bloom to an aching red, faded and blasted by the winds.

But in my breast there still glows that flaming love that soars yearningly over the earth, that roves adventurously athwart the wide, yawning space of the heavens, that is thrust back therefrom by the cold stars. It sinks home again to the little earth, and sighingly realizes that in the whole of creation there is nothing more beautiful or better than the heart of man. This love is enthusiasm, a truly god-like quality, whether its actions be wise or foolish. Therefore the little boy did not uselessly squander his tears, which he shed over the sorrows of the crazy knight, any more than when as a youth he wept many a night in his study over the death of the holy heroes of Freedom, over King Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over Jesus of Jerusalem, and over Robespierre and Saint Just of Paris.

Now that I have donned the *toga virilis* and am myself a man, tears must have an end; I must act as a man, imitate the great predecessors, and, please God! in the future be wept over by boys and youths. Yes, these are they upon whom we can count in this cold time of ours, for they can be kindled by the glowing aspirations which breathe on them from out the old books, and thus do they understand the flaming heart of the present. Youth is disinterested in thought and feeling, and therefore believes and feels truth to the uttermost, and never wavers wherever a bold acknowledgment of belief and action is concerned. Older people are self-seeking and narrow-minded; they think more of the interest of their capital than of the interests of humanity. They allow their own little bark to sail quietly onward in life's runnel, and take little thought of the seamen battling with the waves on the high seas; or they clamber with pertinacity to the height of mayordom or of the presidentship of their clubs, and shrug their shoulders over the pictures of heroes that the storm has thrown down from the pillars of glory. And thereupon they relate, perchance, how in their youth they themselves had run their heads against the wall; for that wall is the Absolute Law, and for them the one thing existing which, because it is, is therefore reasonable. Wherefore, whosoever cannot endure this most reasonable, unquestionably existing, thoroughly legislated absolutism, are also unreasonable.

Again, these good-for-nothings, who would philosophize us into a meek slavery, are, nevertheless, more estimable than those reprobates who never explain their maintenance of despotism upon rational grounds, but justify it on historical grounds as a right of usage to which in course of time they have habituated mankind, and which therefore is legitimately and lawfully immovable.

Ah! I will not, like Ham, raise the covering from the shame of the Fatherland; but it is terrible how the art has been understood of making slavery garrulous, and how German philosophers and historians have racked their brains in order to defend that despotism — be it never so foolish and blundering — as reasonable or justifiable. Silence is the slave's honor, says Tacitus; those philosophers and historians assert the contrary, and point as argument to the ribbon of honor in their buttonhole.

Perhaps they are right, and I am only a Don Quixote. Perhaps the reading of all manner of wonderful books has turned my head, even as in the case of the Knight of La Mancha; and Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis of Gaul, Mirabeau my Roldan or Agramanth; and I have studied too much the heroic deeds of the French Paladin and the Round Table of the National Convention. Certainly my madness and the fixed ideas which I created out of these books are of an opposite kind to the madness and fixed ideas of him of La Mancha. He wished to re-establish the waning knighthood; I, on the contrary, wish wholly to annihilate whatsoever has survived from that time; and thus we act from totally different motives. My colleague mistook windmills for giants; I, on the contrary, see only vociferous windmills in our modern giants. He mistook a leathern wine-skin for a crafty wizard, and I see only a leather wine-skin in our modern wizards. He mistook every beggar's inn for a castle, every donkey-driver for a knight, every stable wench for a court lady; I, on the contrary, look upon our castles as trumpery inns, our knights as donkey-drivers, our court ladies as stable wenches. Just as he mistook a puppet play for a State action, so do I hold our State action to be a pitiful puppet play. Nevertheless, as bravely as the brave Knight do I strike in amongst the wooden company. Alas! such deeds of heroism often result as badly with me as with him, and like him I have to endure much for the honor of my lady. Were I to deny her only from paltry fear or from a base desire for gain, I could live comfortably in this existing reasonable world. I would lead a pretty Maritorne to the altar, allow myself to be blessed by a fattened magician, banquet with noble donkey-drivers, and beget innocuous novels and more little slaves.

Instead of that, decorated with the three colors of my lady, I must be always upon the defensive and fight my way through unspeakable oppression; and I gain no victory that has not cost me some of my heart's blood. Day and night I am in tribulation, for those enemies are so tough that many whom I have struck to death can nevertheless present themselves with an appearance of life, change themselves into all manner of forms, and molest me day and night. What agonies I have already been forced to endure from these cursed ghosts! Wherever love blossoms for me there they slink in, these malignant sprites, and nip off the guiltless bud. Everywhere, and where I least anticipate it, I discover their silvery, shiny track on the ground; and did I not take great care, I might slip disastrously even in the house of my next love. She might laugh and might consider such apprehensions mere imaginings like those of Don Quixote. But an imagined pain nevertheless hurts; and if a man imagines he has tasted poison he may thus contract consumption — in any case he will grow fat therewith. And that I have become fat is a calumny; at least I have received no fat sinecure, though I possess the necessary talents therefor. There is moreover no trace upon me of the fat things of relationship. I imagine that every possible thing has been given to me that could keep me lean. When I hungered I was fed with serpents; when I thirsted, I was given gall to drink; hell was poured into my heart till I wept poison and sighed forth fire; they crept after me even into my dreams by night — and there I saw the gruesome larvæ, the noble lacquey-faces with grinning teeth, prominent banker nose, and pale, ruffled hands holding bare knives.

Even the old woman who lives near me and is my next wall-neighbor thinks I am mad, especially as the other night in my sleep I gave verbal proof of my madness, and she distinctly heard me when I cried, "Dulcinea is the loveliest woman in the world, and I the most luckless knight upon earth; but it would not be seemly that my weakness should deny this truth — strike home with your lance, knight!"

The French Stage.

My neighbor, the old grenadier, sits pensively before his house door to-day; from time to time he begins one of his old Bonapartist songs, but emotion intercepts his voice; his eyes are red, and, to all appearances, the old fellow has wept.

It is because he went yesterday to Franconi's, and there saw the battle of Austerlitz. He quitted Paris at midnight, and the recollections so dominated his soul that he marched back during the night as though in a state of somnambulism, and reached the village this morning to his great astonishment. He enumerated all the faults of the piece to me; for he had himself been at Austerlitz, where the cold was so intense that his rifle froze to his fingers; at Franconi's, on the contrary, the heat was unbearable. He was quite pleased with the powder smoke, and also with the smell of the horses; only he affirms that at Austerlitz the cavalry had not such well-groomed horses. He could not verify exactly if the manœuvres of the infantry were correct, for at Austerlitz, as in every battle, the smoke was so thick that it was scarcely possible to distinguish what was happening in the neighborhood. But at Franconi's, the smoke, according to the old man, was perfect, and it came so agreeably on his chest that it cured him of his cough.

"And the Emperor?" I asked him.

"The Emperor," answered the old soldier, "he was exactly the same as when in life, in his gray coat, with his little three-cornered hat, and my heart beat in my breast. Ah, the Emperor!" he continued, "God knows how I loved him; I have been often in the fire for him during this life, and even after my death I must go into the fire for him."

Ricon, as the old man was called, pronounced these last words in a sombre, mysterious voice, and it was not the first time that I had heard him use this expression that he should go to hell for the Emperor's sake. As I solemnly urged him to-day to explain to me these strange words, he related to me the following ghastly story: —

When Napoleon carried Pope Pius VI. away from Rome, and had him conveyed to the high cliff castle of Savona, Ricon formed one of the company of grenadiers who guarded him there. Ample liberty was at first afforded to the Pope. He could leave his apartments unhindered at whatever hour he pleased, and repair to the chapel of the castle where he daily celebrated mass. When on these occasions he passed through the great hall, where the imperial guards were stationed, he held out his hand towards them and gave them his blessing. But one morning the guards received express orders to watch the entrance to the papal chambers more rigidly, and to interdict the Pope's passage through the great hall. The ill-luck befell Ricon to draw the lot which devolved on him the fulfilment of this order, on him who had been born in Brittany and was consequently an arch-catholic, and saw in the imprisoned Pope the true vicar of Christ. Poor Ricon stood as sentinel before the apartments of the Pope when he endeavored, as usual, to cross the great hall in order to read mass in the castle chapel. But Ricon stepped forward and explained that he had orders not to allow the Holy Father to pass through. Some of the priests in the suite endeavored in vain to impress upon him what a crime, what a sin, he would commit, what eternal damnation he would bring upon himself if he hindered his Holiness, the Head of the Church, from reading the mass. . . . But Ricon remained immovable. He reminded himself constantly of the impossibility of breaking his orders, and when the Pope finally attempted to emerge further, he exclaimed resolutely, "In the name of the Emperor!" and drove him back with pointed bayonet. A few days later the severe restriction was removed, and the Pope was allowed, as before, to pass through the great hall on his way to celebrate mass. He again gave his benediction to those present, with the single exception of poor Ricon, on whom since that fatal day he looked with severity, and on whom he turned his back while stretching his hand in blessing towards the others. "And yet I could n't have acted otherwise," said the old pensioner, when he related to me this ghastly story; "I could n't act otherwise; I had my orders; I had to obey the Emperor; and upon his command — may God forgive me! — I would have run my bayonet through the body of the Eternal Father himself."

I assured the poor fellow that the Emperor was responsible for all the sins of his great army, which would harm him very little, however, because no devil in hell would dare to touch Napoleon. The old man gave me a ready assent, and alluded as usual with loquacious enthusiasm to the magnificence of the empire, of the imperial days when everything streamed with gold, when everything flourished, whereas to-day everything seemed faded and discolored. Was the time of the empire in France really as beautiful and as happy an era as the Bonapartists, great and small, from Ricon the pensioner to the Duchesse d'Abrantes, represent to us? I doubt it. The fields lay fallow, and the men were led to slaughter. Everywhere mothers' tears and devastated homes. But these Bonapartists are like the tipsy beggar who made the ingenious remark that as long as he remained sober his dwelling appeared only a miserable hut, his wife a bundle of rags and his child a sickly, hungry being; but as soon as he had drank a few glasses of brandy all this misery was suddenly metamorphosed: his hut became a palace, his wife appeared to him a gorgeous attired princess, and his child laughed to him out of its exuberant health. When at times he was censured for his bad management, he asseverated that he had not been given enough brandy to drink, and that his whole household would soon wear a more brilliant aspect. Instead of brandy it was glory, the ambition and the joy of conquest, which intoxicated these Bonapartists to such a degree that they were blind to the real aspect of things during the empire; and now, on every occasion that a lament is uttered over the bad times, they cry: "That will soon change; France will flourish and sparkle if, as formerly, we are given to drink crosses of honor, epaulets, voluntary contributions, Spanish pictures, dukedoms, without stint."

Howsoever it may be, not only the old Bonapartists, but also the great mass of the people, delight to cradle themselves in these illusions, and thus the days of the empire are the poetry of these people: a poetry which still stands in opposition to the commonplace spirit of the victorious *bourgeoisie.* The heroism of the imperial domination is the one thing concerning which the French are still sensitive, and Napoleon is still the only hero in whom they believe.

If you reflect thereupon, dear friend, you will realize the importance of this fact for the French theatre, and the success with which the dramatic authors in this country have such frequent recourse to this solitary well of enthusiasm in the desert of indifference. If in one of those little vaudevilles of the boulevard a scene from the time of the empire is put forward, or the Emperor appears in person, the piece may be detestable, but applause will not lack; for the heart of the spectator plays its part therein, and they applaud their own sentiments and remembrances. There are couplets wherein are catch-words which affect the brain of Frenchmen like the blow of a club, and others which act like an onion on their lachrymal glands. They cry, weep, and excite themselves at the words — *Aigle Français*, *soleil d'Austerlitz*, *Jena*, *les Pyramides*, *la grande armée*, *l'honneur*, *la vieille garde*, *Napoléon*, . . . or when the man himself, *l'homme*, makes his appearance at the end of the piece, as *Deus ex machina!* He always has the magic hat on his head, his hands behind his back, and speaks as laconically as possible. He never sings. I have never seen a vaudeville in which Napoleon has sung. All the others sing. I have actually heard old Fritz, *Frédéric le Grand*, sing in a vaudeville, and such bad verses even that one might have thought he himself had made them.

It is impossible to determine the exact importance of Napoleon upon the future of the French stage. Hitherto the Emperor has only figured in vaudevilles or in decorative and scenic pieces. But the goddess of tragedy claims this heroic figure as her own. It is as though Fortuna, who guided his life so strangely, had reserved him as a special gift for her cousin Melpomene. The tragic poets of all times will celebrate the *forte* of this man in prose and verse. French poets are especially attached to this hero, for the French people have entirely broken with their past; they feel no genuine sympathy for the heroes of the feudal and the courtesanesque days of the Valois and the Bourbons, an epoch which inspires many of them with antipathetic hatred. Napoleon, the son of the Revolution, is the one great dominating figure, the only sovereign-hero who can rejoice the heart of new France.

I have now shown, from another point of view, that the political situation in France is not favorable to furtherance of tragedy. If the French wish to treat the subject of the Middle Ages, or the time of the last Bourbons, they can never again wholly free themselves from the influence of a certain party-spirit, and the poet unconsciously makes an anticipatory modern-liberal opposition against the old king or the knight whom he wishes to celebrate. Hence the dissonances which painfully affect a German who has not in actual fact broken with the past, and still more a German poet who is an adherent of the impartiality of the artistic school of Goethe. The last tones of the Marseillaise must die away before the author and the public in France can again find themselves in the necessary mental attitude to the heroes of their earlier history. And even if the soul of the author were purified from all scoriæ of hatred, his words would not fall upon impartial ears in the stalls, where men sit who have not forgotten the bloody combats they have fought in under the banner of these heroes who parade the scene. Men cannot relish the sight of fathers, whose sons' heads they have cut off on the *Place de Grêve.* This is what interferes with dramatic pleasure. It happens sometimes that the impartiality of the author is so misconstrued that he is accused of anti-revolutionary sentiments. "What is all this knighthood, this fantastic frippery?" calls out the ruffled Republican; and he cries out anathema on the poet who, according to him, adorns the heroes of olden times with an aureole of sympathy in order to corrupt the people and reawaken aristocratic sympathies.

Here, as in many other things, a great affinity is manifested between the French Republicans and the old English Puritans. They scold in much the same tone in their polemics on the theatre, with the difference that these infuse religious fanaticism, and those political fanaticism, into their absurd arguments. Among documents belonging to the time of Cromwell there exists a pamphlet by the famous Puritan, Prynne, entitled "Histrio-Mastrix" (printed 1633), out of which I extract for your amusement the following diatribe against the theatre: —

"There is scarce one devil in hell, hardly a notorious sin or sinner upon earth, either of modern or ancient times, but hath some part or other in our stage plays.

"Oh, that our players, our play-hunters, would now seriously consider that the persons whose parts, whose sins they act and see, are even then yelling in the eternal flames of hell, for these particular sins of theyrs, even then whilst they are playing of these sins, these parts of theyrs on the stage! Oh, that they would now remember the sighs, the groans, the tears, the crys, and shrieks that these wickednesses cause in hell, whilst they are acting, applauding, committing, and laughing at them in the playhouse!"

. . . .

Mine own well-beloved friend, I feel, this morning, as though I wore on my head a crown of poppies which lulled my senses and feelings to sleep. Sulkily I shake my head from time to time, and a few stray ideas awake therein, but only to tumble over on the other side again, and to snore as though for a wager. Sallies of wit, the fleas of the brain which spring up between the slumbering thoughts, are not especially lively, but are rather more sentimental and dreamy. Is it the spring air, or the different manner of living, which produces this torpor? Here, I go to bed about nine o'clock without being tired. Far from enjoying a sound sleep which enchains the whole body, I toss all night in a sort of somnolent hallucination. In Paris, on the contrary, where I could not go to bed till long after midnight, my sleep was of iron. I did not rise from dinner till about eight o'clock, and then we usually drove off to the theatre. Dr. Detmold from Hanover, who spent last winter in Paris, always accompanied us and kept us lively, even when the piece was of the nature of a soporific. We laughed much, criticised much, and talked much scandal together. Be not disturbed, dear friend, you occupied a very flattering place in our conversations; we always paid you a tribute of warmest praise.

You are surprised that I went so much to the theatre; for you know I am not usually a frequenter of the play-house. From caprice, this winter, I absented myself from life in the *salons;* and in order that the friends, who rarely saw me at their houses, should not discover me at the theatre, I usually selected a proscenium seat, in a corner where I could screen myself completely from the eyes of the public. These proscenium seats, at any time, are my favorite places. From them one sees everything that is enacted, not only on the stage but in the wings, in those wings where art ceases and lovely nature plays its part. When a pathetic tragedy is being performed on the stage before us, and when behind the wings one sees at the same time glimpses into the free and easy life of the comedians, this double aspect recalls to us the antique wall-pictures, or the frescoes in the Munich Glyptothek, and in many Italian palaces where, in the ornamented corners of the great historical pictures, humorous arabesques, Olympian jokes, Bacchanalian and Satyr-idylls are figured forth.

I frequented the Théâtre-Français very little. That house has for me somewhat of the mournfulness of the desert. There the spectres of the old tragedies reappear, with dagger and poisoned cup in their wan hands; and the air is full of the powder of classic perukes. It is most unbearable when these classic boards are at times yielded up to the mad play of modern Romanticism, or when, in order to satisfy the tastes of an old and a young public, a mixture of Classicism and Romanticism is compounded into a sort of tragic *juste-milieu.* These French tragic poets are emancipated slaves, who always carry one end of the classic chain about with them. A fine ear can easily distinguish a clanking at each of their steps, as in the days of the lordship of Agamemnon and of Talma.

I am far from rejecting the old French tragedy unreservedly. I respect Corneille, and I like Racine. They have left masterpieces which will remain forever on pedestals in the temple of art. For the theatre, their day is past. They have fulfilled their mission to a public of noble folk who loved to consider themselves the inheritors of antique heroism, or who at all events did not repulse this heroism with a petty bourgeois spirit. Under the Empire, the heroes of Corneille and Racine could still rely on the greatest sympathy when they played before the box of the great Emperor, or stalls filled with kings. Those days are past. The old aristocracy is dead; Napoleon is dead also; the throne is an ordinary arm-chair covered with red velvet; and to-day is the reign of the *bourgeoisie*, of the heroes of Paul de Kock and Eugène Scribe.

The hermaphrodite style and the anarchy of taste which is produced in the Théâtre-Français is detestable. Most of the innovators incline towards a naturalism which in high tragedy is as false as the bombastic imitation of classic pathos. You know all too well, dear Lewald, the naturalistic method after the manner of Iffland which once raged through Germany, and was routed from Weimar, chiefly by the influence of Goethe and Schiller. It is a similar naturalism which seeks to spread itself here, and its advocates rail against metrical form and measured diction. If this form were to consist only of the alexandrine, as it was delivered in the monotonous declamatory sing-song of the old period, these people would have reason on their side, and even prose and the flattest conversational tone would then be preferable for the stage. But in that case real tragedy would succumb, for it requires rhythmic language and a declamation distinct from mere conversational tones. I would even exact these conditions for all kinds of dramatic works. It is necessary, at all events, that the stage should not be a banal repetition of life, but should show an ennobled existence, if not by rhythm and declamation, at least by the general tone, and by the innate solemnity of the drama. For the theatre is another world, as distinct from ours as the stage is from the stalls. Between the theatre and reality the orchestra is interposed, the music and the line of footlights. Reality, after having wandered athwart the empire of sound and of the footlights, reveals itself, purified and harmonized, to us in the theatre. The beautiful sounds of the music vibrate through it like a dying echo, and it is illuminated with the fairy-like reflections of the mysterious lights. They are magic chords and magic lights which, to a prosaic public, seem contrary to nature, and which, nevertheless, are more natural than ordinary nature, for it is nature exalted by art to a sublime divinity.

The foremost tragic poets among the French are still Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo. I name this one last because his activity, dramatically speaking, is neither so great nor so successful as that of his rival, in spite of the fact that he surpasses, in poetic value, all his contemporaries on this side of the Rhine. I certainly do not deny him the possession of dramatic talent, as do many people who, with perfidious intent, exalt his lyrical greatness. He is a poet, and has mastery over every form of poetry. His dramas are as worthy of praise as are his odes. But in the theatre rhetoric is more effective than poetry; and the reproaches which are cast at the poet when one of his pieces fails would more fittingly apply to the mass of the public who are much less sensitive to the naïve accents of nature, to profound inventions, to psychological finesse, than to pompous phrases, coarse neighings of passion, and to the devices of the green-room — that is to say, what is here called in theatrical slang, *brûler les planches.*

Victor Hugo, especially in France, is not yet estimated at his full worth. German criticism and German impartiality render him a greater meed of appreciation and more independent praise. Here, not only does incompetent criticism, but also political party-spirit, stand in the way of his recognition. The Carlists regard him as a renegade who hastened to chant the July revolution on his lyre, which still vibrated with the last chords of the consecration hymn of Charles X. The Republicans suspect his zeal for the popular cause, and detect in every phrase a secret predilection for the aristocracy and catholicism. Neither is he in favor with the invisible church of the Saint Simoniens, which is everywhere and nowhere, like the Christian Church before the days of Constantine. For these men regard art as sacerdotal, and demand that every work of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, shall witness to the sanctity of its high mission, that its aim is the well-being and beautifying of human nature. Now, Victor Hugo's works in nowise bear this moral impress; indeed, they sin completely against these generous but mistaken exigencies of the new doctrine. I call them mistaken, for, as you know, I uphold the autonomy of art, which must not be the servant of either religion or politics, but must, on the contrary, be an aim to itself, as the world itself. We recognize herein the same banal objections that Goethe had to encounter from our pious ones; like him, Victor Hugo has to hear the inapt censure that he lacks enthusiasm for the ideal, that he is devoid of morals, that he is a callous egoist, etc. Then a false criticism pronounces his talent of giving a concrete form to a thought, which we praise as his highest quality, to be a fault, and asserts that his creations lack inherent poetry, *poésie intime*, that with him color and contour are the essentials, that his poetry is wholly objective and material. In short, they blame him for his praiseworthy individuality, for his plastic sense.

And this injustice was dealt him, not by the older classical writers, who made war upon him with Aristotelian weapons only and are long since vanquished, but by his former colleagues, a fraction of the Romantic school, who have completely overthrown themselves together with their literary gonfalonieri. Almost all his old friends have forsaken him, and, to say the truth, have forsaken him through his own fault, wounded by that egotism which is very advantageous for the creation of a masterpiece, but very detrimental to social intercourse. Even Sainte-Beuve was not proof against it; even Sainte-Beuve, who was formerly the most faithful herald of his glory, blames him to-day. As in Africa, when the king of Darfur rides out in state, a panegyrist goes before him crying at the top of his voice, "Here comes the buffalo, the true descendant of a buffalo, the bull of bulls; all the others are oxen, this is the only true buffalo!" Thus Sainte-Beuve, each time that Victor Hugo stepped before the public with a new work, ran before him, blew the trumpet, and celebrated the buffalo of poetry. This is so no longer. Sainte-Beuve now vaunts the ordinary calves and the distinguished cows of French literature; the friendly voice blames or is silent, and France's great poet will nevermore find fitting honor in his own country.

Yes, Victor Hugo is the greatest of poets in France, and, as many will say, he could even in Germany take a first rank among poets. Victor Hugo has imagination, creative power, intuition, and over and above this a lack of tact, which is never found with the French, but only with us. His mind is not harmonious; he abounds in efflorescences of bad taste, like Grabbe and Jean Paul. He has not the fine measure which we admire in the classical writers. His muse, in spite of its magnificence, is hampered with a certain German awkwardness. I might say of his muse what is said of beautiful Englishwomen: she has two left hands.

Alexandre Dumas is not so great a poet, but he possesses qualities wherewith he can excel as a dramatist much better than Victor Hugo. He possesses that uncompromising expression of passion which the French call *verve*, and in many respects he is more French than Hugo. He sympathizes with all virtues, with all vices, with all the wants, with the perpetual restlessness of his countrymen. He is enthusiastic, fiery, a born comedian, generous, frivolous, a braggart, a true son of France, that Gascony of Europe. He speaks from the heart to the heart, is understood, and applauded. His head is an hostelry that is oftentimes frequented by good thoughts, which, however, never pass more than one night therein; very often it remains empty. No one has such dramatic talent as Dumas. The theatre is his proper sphere. He is a born stage-poet, and all dramatic material belongs to him by right, whether he find it in Schiller, Shakespeare, or Calderon. He extracts new effects therefrom, and melts the old coins, in order to stamp them afresh with the impress of the day's currency. He should certainly be thanked for his thefts from the past, since he therewith enriches the present. An unjust critic, in an article which appeared a long time ago in the "Journal des Débats" in the midst of deplorable circumstances, did the poor poet much harm with the ignorant crowd, by pointing out the striking parallelisms between many scenes in his pieces and in those of foreign tragedies. Nothing is more unjust than this reproach of plagiarism. In art there exists no sixth commandment; the poet may take material for his work wherever he can find it; he may appropriate whole columns with their sculptured capitals, providing that the temple for whose support he destines them be magnificent. Goethe understood this well, and even Shakespeare before him. Nothing is more foolish than to demand from the poet that he shall create his own stuff out of himself; that would be originality. It reminds me of a fable in which the spider speaks to the bee. The spider reproached the bee for gathering the sweetness of a thousand flowers wherewith to make its wax and its honey; "while I," she triumphantly added, "draw my whole art-tissue out of myself in original threads."

As I said, the article against Dumas in the "Journal des Débats" appeared to light under deplorable circumstances. It was the production of one of those young scribblers, written in blind obedience to the commands of Victor Hugo, and it was printed in a paper whose editors are on the most friendly terms with him. Hugo was generous enough not to deny his privity to the appearance of this article, and he believed that, as is customary with literary friendships, he had given his old friend Dumas the death-stroke at the appropriate moment. As a matter of fact, a lugubrious crape veil has since then shrouded Dumas' reputation, and many people opine that if this veil were raised, nothing would be found behind it. But since the representation of such a drama as "Edmund Kean," Dumas' reputation has been reinstated in all its glory, for he has therewith given fresh evidence of his great dramatic talent.

This piece, which is certainly made to succeed likewise on a German stage, is conceived and executed with a vivacity which I have never seen equalled. There is a spontaneity, a newness of means, evolved as it were out of himself, a plot whose complications grow naturally one out of the other, a sentiment which speaks direct from heart to heart; in short, a creation. Dumas may be reproached for sundry little faults against external accessories of costume and locality, but the whole picture is, nevertheless, a striking reality. He carried me in memory back again to old England, and I thought I saw before me the late Edmund Kean, whom there I saw so often. This illusion was in no doubt in great part produced by the actor who played the principal *rôle*, notwithstanding that the imposing figure of Frederic Lemaître differs greatly from the small, undersized figure of Kean. But the latter had, however, something in his personality and in his acting which I find again in Frederic Lemaître. There is a remarkable affinity between the two men. Kean was one of those exceptional natures who, by means of a certain rapidity of movement, of a strange tone of voice, and of still stranger use of his eyes, interpreted and rendered, not the ordinary everyday sentiments, but all that the heart of man can contain of the unusual, the bizarre, the extraordinary. It is the same with Frederic Lemaître. He is one of those terrible *farceurs* before whom Thalia pales with fright, and Melpomene smiles with joy. Kean was one of those men whose characters defy all the frictions of civilization, and who are made, I will not say of better, but of quite other stuff than we are; genuine originals with one faculty, but with this unique, extraordinary faculty dominating all their surroundings, full of an illimitable power that is undefined and ignored by themselves, an infernally divine power that we call *das dämonische*. This *dämonische* is to be found to a more or less degree in the words or actions of all great men. Kean was not a many-sided actor. It is true that he could play a great many different characters, but in these characters it was always his own that he reproduced. But in them he always presented striking truths to us. Although ten years have passed since I saw him, he is always present in my memory in the *rôles* of Shylock, Othello, Richard, and Macbeth. Many obscure passages in these dramas of Shakespeare have been completely elucidated to me by the wonderful power of his personification. He had a range of modulation in his voice which revealed a whole existence of terror; in his eyes, lightnings which illumined the sombre depths of a titanic soul; and in the movements of hands, head, feet, an impulsiveness which said more than could a commentary in four volumes by Franz Horn.

DÜSSELDORF.

(From "Book Le Grand." Translation of Charles G. Leland.)

YES, madam, there was I born; and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities — those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Gōttingen, and Schöppenstadt — should contend for the honor of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried; and among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive, — for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr van Geldern and the young Herr van Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me when a child in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rosebush grows over her grave; she loved rose perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old Canonicus also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, "William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!" and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

DÜSSELDORF, HEINE'S BIRTHPLACE

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home*, I mean the Völkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant-girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk — O Lord! madam, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world; and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armor and a long hanging wig.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over them and slept in peace; and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good-morning, father!" and he replied, "Good-morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this; for one morning, when we awoke and would say, "Good-morning, father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town-house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woollen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read murmuringly the handbill. An old in-valid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him, and asked why he wept? And he replied, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town-councillors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince-Elector had *abducted!*" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end; that all the fair flower-gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun; and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker; a few stars glimmered sparely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, a poor child, wandered in anguish around, until, before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly spiteful-looking woman who held something in her apron like a human head — but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing, and spelling "The Prince-Elector has abducted." . . .

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before: the Roman emperors, chronology, the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic — Lord! my head is still giddy with it! — all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like again!" But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are moreover regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with my learning to count! and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule: "four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one:" but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

THE PHILISTINE OF BERLIN.

(From "Italy.")

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems — yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of ennui and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I for a whole day taken my stand and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "commercial councillor" or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many. If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver and the dish goes round to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil — perhaps next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine who has prepared this evil now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather to-day!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt at last come to lie in some church-yard next to that same Philistine, and when on the Day of Judgment thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!" — then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather to-day!"

"Foine wey-ther to-day!"

O reader, if you could only have heard the tone — the incomparable treble-bass — in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself, — the arch-prosaic, widow's-savings-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose, — you would at once have said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself."

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green: he even praises *us!*" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. . . .

But after all, between you and me, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd; and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony."

"No, we have n't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin; and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise: — "Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people, — the wisest folks in the world, — who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously: only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private: but all of these regulations were of no avail; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world: stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

HEINE'S VISIT TO GOETHE.

(Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.)

WHEN I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking

Greek to him; but as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him — and when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.

ATLAS.

(Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.)

AH me, most wretched Atlas! All the world,
The whole great world of sorrow I am bearing;
I bear what is unbearable, and breaking
Is now my heart within me.

Thou haughty heart, thou hast now what thou wouldst!
For happy thou wouldst be, supremely happy,
Else be supremely wretched, haughty heart;
And lo! now art thou wretched.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair:
With gold is her garment glittering,
As she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman
  The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
  The Lorelei has done!

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING.

(Translation of Ernest Beard.)

MY heart with hidden tears is swelling,
  I muse upon the days long gone;
The world was then a cosey dwelling,
  And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all 's at sixes and at sevens,
  Our life 's a whirl, a strife for bread;
There is no God in all the heavens,
  And down below the Devil 's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
  So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
And if our wee bit love were taken,
  There 'd be no living anywhere.

WILL SHE COME?

(Translation of Ernest Beard.)

EVERY morning hears me query:
  Will she come to-day?
Every evening answers, weary:
  Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
  Sleep I never know;
Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
  Through the day I go.

KATHARINA.

(Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.)

A LUSTROUS star has risen on my night,
A star which beams sweet comfort from its light,
And brightens all my earthly lot;
          Deceive me not!

Like as still moonward swells the heaving sea,
So swells and flows my soul, so wild and free,
Aloft to that resplendent spot, —
          Deceive me not!

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Helps, Sir Arthur, an English essayist and historian; born at Streatham, Surrey, July 10, 1813; died in London, March 7, 1875. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1835 he published "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd." On leaving the University he became private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1840–41 was secretary to Lord Morpeth in Ireland. After this he had no official post until 1860, when he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, an office which he retained during his life. He was the author of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business" (1841); two plays, "Henry the Second," and "Catherine Douglas" (1843); "The Claims of Labor, an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed" (1844); "Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon" (1847–51); "Companions of My Solitude" (1851); "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" (1848–52); "The Spanish Conquest of America" (1855, 1857 and 1861); "Oulita the Serf," a tragedy (1858); "Friends in Council, Second Series" (1859); "Organization in Daily Life" (1862); "The Life of Las Casas," the Apostle to the Indians (1868); "Life of Columbus," "Life of Pizarro," and "Realmah" (1869); "Casimir Maremma" (1870); "Brevia, Short Essays and Aphorisms," "Conversations on War and General Culture," and "Life of Hernando Cortes" (1871); "Thoughts on Government," and "The Life and Labor of Sir Thomas Brassey" (1872); "Talks About Animals and their Masters" (1873); "Ivan de Biron" (1874); and "Social Pressure" (1875). Helps is best known by his social essays and by his histories of the Spanish conquest of America.

On Pleasantness.

(From "Friends in Council.")

There is a class of unpleasant people often met with in the world, whose unpleasantness it is difficult to assign the cause for. They are not necessarily unkind persons: they are not ungenerous: and they do not appear to act or talk from any malice. But somehow or other they are mostly unfortunate in what they say. They ask the wrong thing, or they omit to ask the right. They bring forward the disagreeable reminiscence, the ludicrous anecdote about you which you would rather not hear repeated in a large company, the painful circumstance which you wish was well buried and out of sight. If you have any misfortune, they rush to prove to you that your own folly is the cause. If you are betrayed, they knew that it would be so, and remember that they have often told you so. They never seem to know that there may be a time when they should abstain from wisdom, and abound in consolation. They cannot imagine that the poor unfortunate is not in a state just then to bear all this wisdom. In fact, to use a metaphor, it seems as if they had supernaturally large feet, with which they go stamping about and treading upon other people's toes in all directions. You think that they can have no feelings themselves; but you find that they suffer as much as other persons when they have to endure people with natures like their own. They appear, if I may say so, to be persons of thoroughly awkward minds. But this alone will not explain the nature of such a peculiar class of individuals. After much meditation upon them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or being of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they do and say the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is, that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortunes, which enables them to look at another's griefs and errors from his point of view, because it has already become their own.

I began by saying, how rare pleasantness is! Look round at the eminent men of any age: are many of them pleasant? Pursue your researches throughout society: the pleasant people will never be found to be so numerous as to fatigue you in counting them up. Then, again, some persons are pleasant only when they are with one companion: others only in a large company, where they can shine. Whereas, the really pleasant person is pleasant everywhere, and with everybody.

The most skilful guidance of self-interest, the uttermost watchfulness of craft, will not succeed for any long time in making a man agreeable. The real nature soon breaks out; and it is this nature that eventually makes, or unmakes, the pleasantness of the character in your estimation.

As a remarkable illustration of this, it may be noted that harshness to another person goes some way to destroy a man's pleasantness to you. Putting it at the lowest, you never feel secure with such a man that what he manifests to others will not, sooner or later, be shown to you. To insure pleasantness, there must be genuine kindness and a respect for humanity. Indeed, I would go further, and would say, that a pleasant person is likely to be polite to a dog. I have no doubt Sir Walter Scott was.

If I were to attempt to describe a pleasant person, I should say that he must be imaginative, and given to exercise his imagination in behalf of others; as he will thus be disposed to make the best of everything and everybody. His confidence in the good-will of others inspires them with a like confidence in him. Moreover, he will be one who does not expect too much of human beings or of the world in which he lives. Many men, having begun by hopes impossible to be realized, vent their disappointment ever afterward upon all those with whom they come in contact, and are anything but pleasant people.

A certain receptivity coincides well with pleasantness in a character; but this is totally distinct from a habit of mere concession which you feel to belong to weakness of character. Above all, there is a largeness of nature to be observed in the men who are remarkable for pleasantness. They may be irritable in temper; they may have plenty of failings and of vices; but they are never captious, tiresome, small-minded, small-hearted people. Consider Alcibiades, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Henry Fitz Empress, Leo the Tenth, Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, Charles the Second of England, Bolingbroke, Louis the Fourteenth, Bishop Berkeley, Mirabeau, Fox, the late Lord Melbourne, Sir Walter Scott, Goethe, and Burns; and you will see that what I have said has some truth in it.

It is one of the most certain characteristics of a supremely pleasant person that he is at his ease in every society, is unembarrassed with a prince, and, what is far more difficult, is not uncomfortable with his own servant, if he is thrown into near society with him, as on a journey.

Lord Bacon, commenting upon diet, declares that there should be a variety, but that it should tend to the more generous extreme. That is exactly what should happen in the formation of a pleasant character. It should tend to credulity rather than to suspicion, to generosity than to parsimoniousness, be apt to think well rather than to think ill of others, looking everywhere for the excuse instead of the condemning circumstance.

A man blessed with such a character it is good fortune to meet; and speaking with him at the corner of the street enlivens the beginning, and cheers the end of a working day. "*Gratior it dies*" applies to the presence of such a person more than it ever did to an Augustus or a Mæcenas.

Now I maintain that it would be a very laudable ambition to endeavor to become a pleasant person; and that it is not at all a work left for fools or for merely empty good-natured persons. There are many who are almost dying for fame, who are longing for great office which they will probably fill badly, who think life wonderfully well spent if they can amass a sum of money which they will not know what to do with when they have got it. I venture to put before them a new ambition — that of becoming pleasant to their fellow-creatures. It is a path in which they will not be jostled by a crowd of competitors.

It might be thought that women, who are excluded from some of the higher objects of ambition, would be especially inclined to cultivate pleasantness; and I do think that they are pleasanter than men. But still there are a great many hard, unpleasant women; and, judging from what little I have seen of the world, I should say that women do not cultivate pleasantness to that extent that might be expected of them. The reason probably is, that they make their circle a very limited one, and are content, I suppose, with being exceedingly agreeable in that circle.

I have been mainly thinking of that pleasantness (the only kind that I have any faith in) which proceeds from sweetness of disposition and broad geniality of nature. But it will be instructive, as well as curious, to observe how rare it is that men are, intellectually speaking, pleasant, — in short, how few persons excel in conversation. This man spoils conversation by asking large questions which have not been fairly worked up to in the course of the conversation. That man is too verbose, and talks in a parliamentary fashion. Another is too exhaustive. He takes every case that can happen. You see beforehand that there is only one branch of the subject which he is really going to deal with, or to say anything new about; and your impatience is not slight as he calls up and dismisses the various parts of the question which he is *not* going to enter into. Then there is the man who interrupts all good talk with bad jesting. Then there is the parenthetical talker — often an excellent, scrupulous man — who qualifies every adjective with a parenthesis; and if, unhappily, he indulges in a narrative, scatters it into fragments by many needless explanations and qualifications. He is particular in fixing a date which has nothing whatever to do with the gist of the story. Then there is the utterly unmethodical talker, who overruns his game; who has come to the end of a story or an argument, before he has well begun it; and yet occupies more time than if he took things up in an orderly manner. Then there is the man who deals in repetition. Again, there is a large class of persons who talk famously, who have none of the defects before mentioned, who are bright in repartee, swift in rejoiner, terse in statement, and thoroughly skilful as combatants. But combat is what they love, and sophistry is what they clothe themselves in. You feel that it is a perfect chance as to which side they will take in any argument. In fact it chiefly depends upon what others have said, for these men are sure to oppose. When you are talking with a man of that class, you feel that if you had not taken this side, he would not have taken that. And if, just to try him, you veer skilfully round, you soon find him occupying the position which you have abandoned. Now, good conversation is not law, and you do not want to have it made the mere sport of intellectual advocacy. I grieve to say that such a man as Dr. Johnson was one of this class, and with me it would have taken off great part of the pleasure of listening to him. On the other hand, in a conversation with Burke, you might have had what was lengthy, or what was declamatory, but you would have had the real outcome of the man's mind — and that to me is what is precious in conversation. Again, turning to a new fault, you have very clever men whose opinions you would like to learn, but they are over-cautious. They love to elicit other people's thoughts; and, when you part from them, you find they have said out to you nothing of their own. They have paid you the ill-compliment of seeming to think that you were not to be trusted with their thoughts. Then there is the rash talker, often very witty and very brilliant; but those who sit round him, especially his host, are a little afraid each moment of what he will say next, and of whether it will not be something offensive to somebody. I remember an apprehensive host describing to me once the escapades of such a man in a mixed company, and ending by saying, "I thought all the time how I should have liked to have left them all there, and got at once into a cold bath in my own room." Lastly, I must notice the self-contained talker, whose talk is monologue — not that he necessarily usurps the conversation — but that he does not call anyone else out, as it were, or make answer to anyone. He merely imparts fragments of his own mind, but has no notion of the art of weaving them into conversation; and so a texture is produced consisting of threads running in one direction only. He makes speeches: he does not enter into a debate.

I think I have shown from the above how difficult it is for a man to be, intellectually speaking, a pleasant companion. But so greatly more effective in this matter are the moral than the intellectual qualities, that a man shall have any one of these faults, or all of them combined that will admit of combination, and yet be a pleasant and welcome companion, if he be but a genial and good fellow.

An eastern monarch (I think it was Tippoo Saib), after stating succinctly in his letters what he had to say, used to conclude with the abrupt expression, "What need I say more?" So I too, having shown you that pleasantness proceeds from good qualities, that it is rare, that it is a worthy object of ambition, beg you all for the future to study to be pleasant. What need I say more?

On the Art of Living with Others.

The Iliad for war; the Odyssey for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say, that passions may rage round a tea-table, which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside, worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourselves to it if we like, but the hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth. The various relations of life, which bring people together, cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a state where there will, perhaps, be no occasion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavor to see whether there are any methods which may make these relations in the least degree more harmonious now.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and requestion their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that every thing is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite); but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is Heaven and Hell in those rooms, the same Heaven and Hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness: cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even then the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel: and that, not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement — for the same reason that Charles the Second liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were "as good as a play."

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But to cut off the means and causes of bad temper is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides, it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill-temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humor and sour sensitiveness, which especially belong to equal intimacy (though indeed they are common to all), are best to be met by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit: moulding the one and expressing the other.

A Love Story.

"What a thing love is, and what a pity it is that all the qualities which might help a woman or a man in any other affair in life, seem to have no influence in this, the greatest; where wisdom, forethought, and resolve appear to have no room for any action whatever." "Then you too, dear uncle, have not altogether escaped this madness," Mildred exclaimed. "What a happy woman she would have been, the woman that you loved! except that she would have had too much of her own way, and we women like to battle a little, or manœuvre, for our influence." A bright thought struck me, which, in my previous cogitations, had never come into my mind, — that I would tell her my own story, never hitherto told to any one, and that I should thus be able tacitly to moralize on hers. "Yes, my dear," I replied, "I have been in love, and indeed, I am so still. You may smile, Mildred, but such is the truth; and as it may do you some good to hear my story, I will tell it.

"Her name was Alice."

"Ah, the same as my mother's."

Yes it was, and we were brought up together. She was fourteen when I was seventeen, and I loved her more year after year, as the years went on, almost without knowing what love is. I went to college. Now you will be surprised to learn that I was not naturally a student. Passionately fond of music, doting upon poetry, I made my own little sonnets in those days, as we boys all did, and was a devoted lover of nature and of art, but not at all a student. I cannot imagine any youth to whom it could have been a greater suffering to immure himself in study than it was to me. But I did it. I found out that I loved Alice, that the only chance of winning her was to obtain what is called some success in life, and I resolved to succeed. Always reverence a scholar, my dear, — if not for the scholarship, at least for the suffering and the self-denial which have been endured to gain the scholar's proficiency. Fond, as I have told you, I was of music, I laid it aside during my college life, and never once permitted myself to go to a musical party. As for poetry, I carefully kept away from it, as if it were some evil thing. The slight recreation of looking at newspapers and reviews I permitted to myself; and well can I remember the stern restraint I exercised on meeting by chance with extracts from modern poetical works, which I would not allow myself to read until after the day I had taken my degree.

I can see that you often pity Milverton for his unremitting labor. Now I should be the last man to depreciate the labors of any friend, still less of Milverton, but they cannot be compared with those of a very weary solitary scholar. In the one case the stimulus is immediate: the result comes quickly. An article is prepared, a speech delivered, a report drawn up, a book written; and there is immediate action on the world, or there seems to be. Opposition only serves to increase ardor, and success or failure alike promote new endeavors. Not so with the solitary student. His aims are far off, and the results to him — But no more of this.

My only pleasure was in correspondence with your —, with my Alice; and our letters, though of the tamest description, in which there was more talk of conic section than of love, were an inexpressible comfort to me.

I succeeded. I became nearly the first man of my year in both of the great subjects of examination. I might now come home with some hope at least of having made a beginning of fortune.

I dare say, my dear, you would like to know what Alice was like. No love story is complete without such a description of the heroine. Well, there is a picture in Paris, at the palace of the Luxembourg, called "Les illusions perdues." A noble figure of a man, in the prime of life, or rather beyond the prime of life, when the leaf is just beginning to turn yellow at the edges, is sitting on a marble quay. His head bends forward, his arms fall down, in utter dejection. It is sunset. A barque is putting off from the quay; and the barque is crowded with gay minstrels, happy children, and bright-eyed damsels —

"Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm."

Nobody regards him — the dejected man. Nor does he look at them. He has just glanced at them. They are not, however, in his thoughts; but they have brought back, in long array, what Tennyson calls

"Portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

It is to my mind one of the most affecting pictures I have ever seen. But that is not its peculiar merit in my eyes. One of the girls in the centre of the boat, who is leaning her head upon her hand and looking upward, is the image of what my Alice was.

The chief thing I had to look forward to in this journey we are making was, that we might return by way of Paris, and that I might see that picture again. You must contrive that we do return that way. Ellesmere will do anything to please you, and Milverton is always perfectly indifferent as to where he goes, so that he is not asked to see works of art, or to accompany a party of sight-seers to a cathedral. We will go and see this picture together once; and once I must see it alone.

I returned home from college, as I said, and found Alice as loving as ever. We walked together and we talked together, and she was never tired of questioning me about my struggles, the rivals I had overcome, and the pleasures I had resisted; but I had not the courage to tell her that it was for her dear sake I had fought the battle.

Presently there came to our quiet house a young soldier. His Christian name was Henry. — "Why, that was my father's," Mildred exclaimed. — He was a nephew of Alice's father, and the two cousins walked together, and rode together, for Alice had to show Henry the beautiful country where we lived. I had not been on horseback for many years, and did not like to show my awkwardness as a beginner in the presence of her whom I loved. It was a very pleasant time. I began to love Henry as a brother, and the more so from the contrast of our two characters. He was a frank, bold, fearless, careless, gay young man. One day he went over to see some old companions who were quartered in the neighboring town. Alice and I were alone again, and we walked out together in the evening. We spoke of my future hopes and prospects. I remember that I was emboldened to press her arm. She returned the pressure, and for a moment there never was, perhaps, a happier man. Had I known more of love, I should have known that this evident return of affection was anything but a good sign; "and," continued she, in the unconnected manner in which you women sometimes speak, "I am so glad that you love dear Henry. Oh! if we could but come and live near you when you get a curacy, how happy we should all be." This short sentence was sufficient. There was no need of more explanation. I knew all that had happened, and felt as if I no longer trod upon the firm earth, for it seemed a quicksand under me.

The agony of that dull evening, the misery of that long night! I have sometimes thought that unsuccessful love is almost too great a burden to be put upon such a poor creature as man. But He knows best; and it must have been intended, for it is so common.

The next day I remember I borrowed Henry's horse, and rode madly about, bounding through woods (I who had long forgotten to ride) and galloped over open downs. If the animal had not been wiser and more sane than I was, we should have been dashed to pieces many times. And so by sheer exhaustion of body I deadened the misery of my mind, and looked upon their happy state with a kind of stupefaction. In a few days I found a pretext for quitting my home, and I never saw your mother again, for it was your mother, Mildred, and you are not like her, but like your father, and still I love you. But the great wound has never been healed. It is a foolish thing, perhaps, that any man should so dote upon a woman, that he should never afterward care for any other, but so it has been with me; and you cannot wonder that a sort of terror should come over me when I see anybody in love, and when I think that his or her love is not likely to be returned. And now, Mildred, I come to what was the purpose of my telling you this story, — to express to you my hope that you are not in my plight, and to ask you, frankly, whether you are not in danger of loving Milverton?

MILDRED. Not now: not in any danger. I will tell you what saved me. I had for a long time been struggling against the feelings that were besetting my heart in favor of my cousin, not only from the natural pride of women, but also for the sake of another who, perhaps, even then, loved him much better, and would be less able to control her love. You can easily divine whom I mean. Indeed, I see you have already divined it.

You recollect the serious illness that my cousin Milverton had last year. You remember how anxious we were all about him. He was attended by the great doctor A——. We were not living in the house with my cousin, but used to leave him the last thing at night, and come again the first thing in the morning.

Upon arriving at the house early one morning I found, both from the report of the nurse and of his servant, that he had passed a worse night than usual and that some symptoms of a dangerous character were aggravated. Words cannot tell the anxiety with which I waited the arrival of Dr. A——. At last the doctor came. Dr. A——, besides being one of the most eminent physicians of the day, is a great scholar, and a great practical chemist. In this last-mentioned capacity he was especially welcome to my cousin, who was then deeply engaged in some researches which needed the aid of chemistry. Long and frequent used to be the discussions between himself and the doctor upon certain vexed points.

I sat on the stairs, waiting in direful suspense for the doctor to come out. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, three quarters of an hour. I augured the worst from the long visit of the doctor. At last he came out of the sick man's room with a happy expression on his countenance, though a very thoughtful one. I rushed up two or three steps to meet him. "It is good news," I exclaimed. "I think we shall do it, I really do think we shall do it," he replied. "It will be one of the most useful discoveries of modern times, and will immortalize us both. But you girls do not care for these things." "But your patient?" I said, rather peevishly,—"Is he better? Is it a crisis that has passed? Do you know that he was very ill all last night, and that they thought of sending for you?" A sudden expression of dismay came over the old man's face, and he absolutely blushed. "Good heavens, I did not think of asking him how he was; I never was so ashamed of myself in my life. We began talking of this confounded invention of ours. I told him what I had done, he told me what he had thought, and—but I must go back into the room," and away hurried the doctor back into the patient's room.

I took up my station again on the stairs. This time it was not with a radiant face that the doctor re-appeared, but with an unmistakable air of vexation and mortification on his countenance. "I have been very remiss," he said. "Get this made up directly, and I will be back again in a few hours." In the course of the day my cousin grew worse, and the crisis of the disorder really did come on in twenty-four hours' time. It ended, however, as you know, most favorably, and he was cured.

And so was I: for I thought to myself, here is a man not at all indifferent to pain, but, on the contrary, exquisitely sensitive to it, as most men of his kind are, and yet so absorbed is he in his plans and projects that he can forget to take even the most ordinary care of himself. Such a man will never love any woman deeply, at least, as I should like to be loved. With a more devoted person, like my sister Blanche, for instance, it might be otherwise.

DUNSFORD. I really think you came to a most harsh and unjustifiable conclusion, my dear; but I am glad you came to it. Forgive me for saying so, but you never could have loved, Mildred.

MILDRED. Perhaps so. Indeed I am not sure that there is not too much sympathy between my cousin and myself for love. The sympathy between us is still intense; and I would forego almost any earthly pleasure to further his purposes, when I am under the full influence of his quiet enthusiasm for them. I would willingly remain unmarried to be of any use or comfort to him, but I could not be married to him. And now, father Confessor, I have finished my confession to you.

We walked home silently amidst the mellow orchards glowing ruddily in the rays of the setting sun.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (Browne), an English poet; born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793; died near Dublin, Ireland, May 16, 1835. She was noted for rare personal beauty and for precocity of genius, to which in after years she added an acquaintance with French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, together with some skill as a musician and artist. At the age of fourteen she put forth a little volume of poems entitled "Early Blossoms," and four years afterward another entitled "The Domestic Affections." The literary labors of Mrs. Hemans fairly commenced soon after the separation from her husband, which occurred in 1818. She wrote several narrative poems of considerable length, of which "The Forest Sanctuary" is the longest and best. She also wrote two tragedies, "The Vespers of Palermo," and "The Siege of Valencia." The greater part of the poems of Mrs. Hemans consists of short pieces which may be styled Lyrics. Four years before her death she took up her residence in Ireland. Her constitution began to give way, and some time before her death she almost entirely lost the use of her limbs.

The Treasures of the Deep.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
  Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,
  Bright things which gleam unrecked-of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
    We ask not such from thee.

Yet more — the depths have more! What wealth untold,
  Far down and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
  Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
    Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more — the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
  Above the cities of a world gone by;

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
  Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
    Man yields them to decay.

Yet more — the billows and the depths have more!
  High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters' roar,
  The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
    Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
  The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
  And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown —
    But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
  Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
  Yet must thou hear a voice: Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee —
    Restore the dead, thou Sea!

The Hour of Death.

  Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
  And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

  Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer —
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

  The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears — but all are thine.

  Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain —
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season — all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and tempests rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Lost Pleiad.

And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked! — thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started, —
Thou that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence;
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning:
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning —
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
E'en as a dewdrop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus — and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chim
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
  Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
  As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
  Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depth of the desert gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
  This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
  Freedom to worship God.

Elysium.

  Fair wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadow of thy laurel bowers,
  Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things.

  Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
  Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains! But thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

  And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers making sweet reply
  To Summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel?
Called from the dim procession of the dead; —
Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise
With the bright wine at nation's feasts went round;
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains, and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home.

They of the daring thought: —
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied,
Whose flight through stars and seas and depths had sought
The soul's far birthplace — but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls. The shades o'erhang their way;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice;
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from Summer's burning eye.

And these — of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home: thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land, with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind. — From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head;
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell.

Calm on its leaf-strewn bier
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile! Elysium, what wert thou
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which in its clear eyes shone,
Like Spring's first wakening. But that light was past:
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast?—

Not where thy soft winds played;
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep.
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love.

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee:
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She kept each folded flower in sight:—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers —
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth: —
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Towards spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending,
Whence their sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;
The hall, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways — to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

PATRICK HENRY.

Henry, Patrick, an American orator and statesman; born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799. Being unsuccessful in business and having reached the age of twenty-four, he resolved to become a lawyer, and at once took a foremost place in his profession. His legal practice became at once larger than that of any other lawyer in Virginia. In the spring of 1765 he was elected to the House of Burgesses. Tidings of the passage of the Stamp-Act by the British Parliament had just reached the colonies, and Henry introduced a series of resolutions pronouncing the Stamp-Act unconstitutional and subversive of British and American liberty. He supported these resolutions by his world-famous speech; and from that day became the acknowledged leader in Virginia politics. In 1776 he was elected the first Governor of the State of Virginia, and was re-elected in 1777 and 1778. He was re-elected in 1784, again in 1785; but declined election for another term, and resumed the practice of law; and, though frequently solicited, held no further public office. Jefferson declared that he was the greatest of orators, and John Randolph that he was "Shakespeare and Garrick combined." "The Life of Patrick Henry" has been written by William Wirt (1817), by Alexander H. Everett, in "Sparks's American Biography" (1844), and by Moses Coit Tyler, in the "American Statesmen" series (1887). Another "Life" has been published by his grandson, William Wirt Henry.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1775.

(From Wirt's "Life of Henry.")

Mr. President: —

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

On the Return of the Refugees.

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

(From Wirt's "Life of Henry.")

We have, sir, an extensive country without population: what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? People, sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country: observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations and at some distant period, — lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them, — or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope single-handed with the proudest oppressor of the Old World. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power: and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth — able, sir, to take care of herself,

"Give me liberty or give me death"

PATRICK HENRY SPEAKING TO THE DELEGATES IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1775

without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, sir, you must have men; you cannot get along without them: those heavy forests of valuable timber under which your lands are groaning must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men; your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in. The population of the Old World is full to overflowing; that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this: they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode, that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess Liberty stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World, tell them to come, and bid them welcome — and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their king hath acknowledged our independence, the quarrel is over, peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection in a political view in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!* — what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

HERACLITUS.

Heraclitus, a celebrated Greek metaphysician and philosopher; born at Ephesus, probably about 535 B.C.; died there probably about 475 B.C. Though but little is definitely known of this eminent personage, enough has been gleaned from his works to warrant the assumption that he was one of the most subtle and profound of the logicians of Ancient Greece. It is only in recent years that his true position has been assigned to him in the history of philosophy. Not only his immediate disciples, but his critics as well, including Plato, have systematically laid stress upon those features of his doctrines which are least indicative of his real point of view. Heraclitus must be understood as claiming not only the unreality of the abstract notion of being, except as the correlative of not being, but also the physical doctrine that all phenomena are in a continual state of transition from non-existence to existence and *vice versa*, without distinguishing these propositions or qualifying them by any reference to the relation of thought to experience. "Everything is and is not; all things are, and nothing remains."

Fragments.

Listening, not to me, but to the Word, it is wise for men to confess that all things are one.

Though the Word always speaks, yet men are born without understanding for it, both before they hear it, and at first after they have heard it. For though all things are produced according to this Word, men seem to be unaware of it, making attempts at such words and deeds as I explain by separating them according to their nature, and telling them as they are. But other men fail as completely to recognize what they do while they are awake as they forget what they do when asleep.

Having ears and understanding not, they are like deaf men. To them the proverb applies: "While they 're here they 're yonder."

Evil witnesses to men are the eyes and ears of them that have barbarous souls.

For many men have no wisdom regarding those things with which they come in contact, nor do they learn by experience. They are opinions even to themselves.

If thou hope for that which is past hope, thou shalt not find it; for it is past searching and past finding out.

Those who search for gold dig much earth and find little.

Nature loves to hide herself.

The King whose oracle is in Delphi neither reveals nor conceals, but indicates.

The Sibyl, with inspired lips, uttering words unmeet for laughter, unadorned, unanointed, reaches with her voice across a thousand years, because of the god that is in her.

Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears.

Much learning doth not teach understanding; else it had taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, yea, and Xenophanes, and Hecatæus.

Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, pursued information most of all men, and making selections from these writings, he produced a wisdom of his own — much learning, little wit!

Of all the men whose words I have heard, no one hath gone far enough to recognize that the Wise is separate from all things.

For the Wise is one — to know the principle whereby all things are steered through all.

This world, which is the same for all, neither any god nor any man made; but it was always, is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, kindling by measure and dying out by measure.

Of fire, the transformations are, first, sea; and of sea half is earth, half fire.

All things are exchanged for fire, and fire for all things; as all goods are exchanged for gold, and gold for all goods.

The sea is spread abroad, and meted out with the same measure as it was before the earth was brought forth.

Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire. Water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water.

The fire, when it cometh, shall try all things and overcome all things.

The thunderbolt is at the helm of the universe.

The Sun shall not transgress his bounds; else the Fates, the handmaids of Justice, will find it out.

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, surfeit and famine. He changeth as fire when it is mingled with spices, and is named as each man listeth.

You cannot step twice into the same river; for other and ever other waters flow on.

War is the father of all things and the king of all things: yea, some it appointed gods, and others men; some it made slaves, and others free.

They understand not that that which differs agrees with itself: a back-returning harmony, as of the bow and the lyre.

An invisible harmony is better than a visible.

Let us make no random guesses about the greatest things.

Asses would prefer garbage to gold.

The sea is the purest and the foulest water: for fishes, drinkable and wholesome; for men, undrinkable and hurtful.

Immortals are mortal; mortals immortal, living each other's death and dying each other's life.

It is death for souls to become water; and for water it is death to become earth. But from earth is born water, and from water soul.

The upward and the downward way are one and the same. Beginning and end are identical.

The bounds of the soul thou shalt not find, though thou travel every way.

Like a torch in the night, man is lit and extinguished.

A world-period is a child playing with dice. To a child belongs the sovereignty.

Into the same stream we step in and step not in; we are and are not.

Common to all is wisdom. They who speak with reason must take their stand upon that which is common to all, as firmly as a State does upon its law, and much more firmly. For all human laws are fed by the one Divine law; it prevaileth as far as it listeth, and sufficeth for all, and surviveth all.

Even they that sleep are laborers and co-workers in all that is done in the world.

Though the Word is universal, most men live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

We must not act and speak as if we were asleep. When we are awake we have one common world; but when we are asleep each turns aside to a world of his own.

A foolish man bears the same relation to a divinity as a child to a man.

The people must fight for its law as for a wall.

Those that fall in war, gods and men honor.

It is not better that what men desire should befall them; for it is disease that causes health; sweet, bitter; evil, good; hunger, satisfaction; fatigue, rest.

It is hard to fight with passion; for what it desires to happen, it buys with life.

One man to me is ten thousand, if he be the best. For what is their mind or sense? They follow [strolling] minstrels, and make the mob their schoolmaster, not knowing that the evil are many, the good few. For the best choose one thing in preference to all, eternal glory among mortals; but the many glut themselves like cattle. In Priene was born Bias, the son of Teutames, whose intelligence was superior to that of all others.

It were fitting that the Ephesians should hang themselves on reaching manhood, and leave the city to the boys; for that they cast out Hermodorus, the worthiest man among them, saying: "Let there be no one worthiest man among us; if there be, let him be elsewhere and with others."

Dogs bark at every one they do not know. A foolish man is wont to be scared at every [new] idea.

Justice will overtake the framers and abettors of lies.

With man, character is destiny.

There remaineth for men after death that which they neither hope for nor believe. Then they desire to rise and become guardians of the quick and the dead.

Polluted [murderers] are cleansed with blood, as if one, having stepped into mud, should wipe himself with mud.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Herbert, George, an English clergyman and poet; born at Montgomery, Wales, April 3, 1593; died at Bemerton, Wiltshire, in February, 1632. He was educated at Westminster and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1615, and Public Orator in 1619. He was ordained deacon about 1622, but for some years hesitated about being ordained. Upon his ordination in 1626 he was made Prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia. In 1630 Charles I. presented him with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which he held until his death two years afterward. Herbert was known as "the holy George Herbert." Among Herbert's works (none of which were published during his lifetime) are "The Priest to the Temple," in prose, "Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences," etc., collected and translated from a variety of sources; "The Church Militant," in verse; and "The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations." This last, by far the most important of Herbert's works, met with universal favor, not less than twenty thousand copies having been sold within a few years of its publication; and it still holds its place in public estimation.

The Collar.

(From "The Temple.")

I struck the board and cried, "No more!
I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure, there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?

No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and make to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Awake, take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of lust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
"If I lacked anything."

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

The Elixir.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

The Pilgrimage.

I travelled on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold, —
Save one good angel,[1] which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, — "None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey, death is fair,
And but a chair."

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by, —
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

---

[1] A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

ON MAN.

MY God, I hear this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

My body is all symmetry
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:

Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star,
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fount rains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he 'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

A Bosom Sin.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound,
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears;
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

To all Angels and Saints.

O glorious Spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown
If not upon his head, yet in his hands!

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old.
Thou art the cabinet where the Jewels lay;
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where His pleasure no injunction lays
('T is your own case), ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.
A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame
To praise Thy name:
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy BLESSED SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

PARADISE.

I BLESS Thee, Lord because I *Grow*
Among Thy trees, which in a *row*
To Thee both fruit and order *ow.*

What open force or hidden *Charm*
Can blast my fruit, or bring me *harm,*
While the enclosure is Thine *arm?*

Inclose me still for fear I *Start,*
Be to me rather sharp and *tart,*
Then let me want thy head and *art.*

When thou dost greater judgments *Spare*
And with thy knife but prune and *pare,*
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful *are.*

Such sharpness shows the sweetest *Friend:*
Such cuttings rather heal than *rend:*
And such beginnings touch their *end.*

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

Herder, Johann Gottfried von, one of the most gifted of the so-called classical group of German writers, born at Mohrungen, East Prussia, August 25, 1744; died at Weimar, December 18, 1803. He was intended for a surgeon, but having fainted during the first operation of which he was a witness, he turned his attention to theology, and studied at Königsberg. Toward the close of 1764 he was appointed teacher and preacher in the Cathedral School at Riga. In 1770 he was appointed Court Preacher at Bückberg. The University of Göttingen offered him the chair of Theology, but his acceptance of it was prevented by a call to Weimar, in 1776, and the Grand Duke appointed him Court Preacher, General Superintendent, and Councillor of the Upper Consistory. In 1781 he became President of the Upper Consistory. His works, sixty volumes in all, relate to literature, art, philosophy, history, and religion. Among them are: "Fragments of Recent German Literature" (1767); "Critical Forests" (1769); "The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" (1782); "Ideas towards a Philosophy" (translated into English under the title "Outlines of the History of Mankind") (1784–91); "The Cid," and "Folk-Songs."

Man a Link between Two Worlds.

Everything in Nature is connected: one state pushes forward and prepares another. If, then, man be the last and highest link, closing the chain of terrestrial organization, he must begin the chain of a higher order of creatures as its lowest link, and is probably, therefore, the middle ring between the two adjoining systems of the creation. He cannot pass into any other organization upon earth without turning backward and wandering in a circle. That he should stand still is impossible; since no living power in the dominions of the most active goodness is at rest: thus there must be a step before him, close to him, yet as exalted above him as he is pre-eminent over the brute, to whom he is at the same time nearly allied. This view of things, which is supported by all the laws of Nature, alone gives us the key to the wonderful phenomenon of man, and at the same time to the only philosophy of his history. . . .

Far as the life of man here below is from being calculated for entirety, equally far is this incessantly revolving sphere from being a repository of permanent works of art, a garden of never-failing plants, a seat to be eternally inhabited. We come and go: every moment brings thousands into the world, and takes thousands out of it. The Earth is an inn for travellers; a planet, on which birds of passage rest themselves, and from which they hasten away. The brute lives out his life; and, if his years be too few to attain higher ends, his inmost purpose is accomplished: his capacities exist, and he is what he was intended to be. Man alone is in contradiction with himself, and with the Earth: for, being the most perfect of all creatures, his capacities are the farthest from being perfected, even when he attains the longest term of life before he quits the world. But the reason is evident: his state, being the last upon this Earth, is the first in another sphere of existence, with respect to which he appears here as a child making his first essays. Thus he is the representative of two worlds at once; and hence the apparent duplicity of his essence. . . .

If superior creatures look down upon us, they may view us in the same light as we do the *middle species*, with which Nature makes a transition from one element to another. The ostrich flaps his feeble wings to assist himself in running, but they cannot enable him to fly; his heavy body confines him to the ground. Yet the organizing Parent has taken care of him, as well as of every middle creature; for they are all perfect in themselves, and only appear defective to our eyes. It is the same with man here below: his defects are perplexing to an earthly mind; but a superior spirit that inspects the internal structure, and sees more links of the chain, may indeed pity, but cannot despise him. He perceives why man must quit the world in so many different states, young and old, wise and foolish, grown gray in second childhood, or an embryo yet unborn. Omnipotent goodness embraces madness and deformity, and all the degrees of cultivation, and all the errors of man, and wants not balsams to heal the wounds that death alone could mitigate. Since probably the future state springs out of the present, as our organization from inferior ones, its business is no doubt more closely connected with our existence here than we imagine. The garden above blooms only with plants of which the seeds have been sown here, and put forth their first germs from a coarser husk. If, then, as we have seen, sociality, friendship, or active participation in the pains and pleasures of others, be the principal end to which humanity is directed, the finest flower of human life must necessarily there attain the vivifying form, the overshadowing height, for which our heart thirsts in vain in any earthly situation. Our brethren above, therefore, assuredly love us with more warmth and purity of affection than we can bear to them: for they see our state more clearly; to them the moment of time is no more, all discrepancies are harmonized, and in us they are probably educating unseen partners of their happiness, and companions of their labors. But one step farther, and the oppressed spirit can breathe more freely, the wounded heart recovers: they see the passenger approach it, and stay his sliding feet with a powerful hand.

Since, therefore, we are of a middle species between two orders, and in some measure partake of both, I cannot conceive that the Future state is so remote from the Present, and so incommunicable with it, as the animal part of man is inclined to suppose, and indeed many steps and events in the history of the human race are to me incomprehensible, without the operation of superior influence. A divine economy has certainly ruled over the human species from its first origin, and conducted him into the course the readiest way.

Thus much is certain, that there dwells an infinity in each of man's powers, which cannot be developed here, where it is repressed by other powers, by animal senses and appetites, and lies bound as it were to the state of terrestrial life. Particular instances of memory, of imagination, nay, of prophesy and prehension, have discovered wonders of that hidden treasure which reposes in the human soul; and indeed the senses are not to be excluded from this observation. That diseases and partial defects have been the principal occasions of indicating this treasure, alters not the nature of the case; since this very disproportion was requisite to set one of the weights at liberty, and display its power.

The expression of Leibnitz, that the soul is a mirror of the universe, contains perhaps a more profound truth than has usually been educed from it: for the powers of a universe seem to lie concealed in her, and require only an organization, or a series of organizations, to set them in action. Supreme goodness will not refuse her this organization, but guides her like a child in leading-strings, gradually to prepare her for the fulness of increasing enjoyment, under a persuasion that her powers and senses are self-acquired. Even in her present fetters *space* and *time* are to her empty words: they measure and express relations of the body, but not of her internal capacity, which extends beyond time and space, when it acts in perfect internal quiet. Give thyself no concern for the place and hour of thy future existence: the Sun, that enlightens thy days, is necessary to thee during thy abode and occupation upon earth; and so long it obscures all the celestial stars. When it sets, the universe will appear in greater magnitude; the sacred night, that once enveloped thee, and in which thou wilt be enveloped again, covers thy Earth with shade, and will open to thee the splendid volume of immortality in Heaven. There are habitations, worlds, and spaces that bloom in unfading youth, though ages and ages have rolled over them, and defy the changes of time and season; but everything that appears to our eyes decays, and perishes, and passes away; and all the pride and happiness of Earth are exposed to inevitable destruction.

This earth will be no more, when thou thyself still art, and enjoyest God and his creation in other abodes, and differently organized. On it thou hast enjoyed much good. On it thou hast attained an organization, in which thou hast learned to look around and above thee as a child of Heaven. Endeavor, therefore, to leave it contentedly, and bless it as the field where thou hast sported as a child of immortality, and as the school, where thou hast been brought up in joy and in sorrow, to manhood. Thou hast no farther claim on it; it has no farther claim on thee. As the flower stands erect, and closes the realm of the subterranean inanimate creation, to enjoy the commencement of life, in the region of day; so is man raised above all the creatures that are bowed down to the Earth. With uplifted eye and outstretched hand, he stands as a son of the family, awaiting his father's call.

OUTLIVING OURSELVES.

WHAT we call outliving ourselves — that is, a kind of death — is, with souls of the better sort, but sleep, which precedes a new waking, a relaxation of the bow which prepares it for new use. So rests the fallow field, in order to produce the more plentifully hereafter. So dies the tree in winter, that it may put forth and blossom anew in the spring. Destiny never for-sakes the good man, as long as he does not forsake himself, and ignobly despair of himself. The Genius which seemed to have departed from him returns to him again at the right moment, bringing new activity, fortune, and joy. Sometimes the Genius comes in the shape of a friend, sometimes in that of an unexpected change of times. Sacrifice to this Genius even though you see him not! Hope in back-looking, returning Fortune, even when you deem her far off! If the left side is sore, lay yourself on the right; if the storm has bent your sapling one way, bend it the other way, until it attains once more the perpendicular medium. You have wearied your memory? Then exercise your understanding. You have striven too diligently after seeming, and it has deceived you? Now seek being. That will not deceive. Unmerited fame has spoiled you? Thank Heaven that you are rid of it, and seek, in your own worth, a fame which cannot be taken away. Nothing is nobler and more venerable than a man who, in spite of fate, perseveres in his duty, and who, if he is not happy outwardly, at least deserves to be so. He will certainly become so at the right season. The Serpent of time often casts her slough, and brings to man in his cave, if not the fabled jewel in her head and the rose in her mouth, at least medicinal herbs which procure him oblivion of the past, and restoration to new life.

Philosophy abounds in remedies designed to console us for misfortunes endured, but unquestionably its best remedy is when it strengthens us to bear new misfortunes, and imparts to us a firm reliance on ourselves. The illusion which weakens the faculties of the soul comes, for the most part, from without. But the objects which environ us are not ourselves. It is sad indeed, when the situation in which a man is placed is so embittered and made so wretched, that he has no desire to touch one of its grapes or flowers, because they crumble to ashes in his hands, like those fruits of Sodom. Nevertheless, the situation is not himself; let him, like the tortoise, draw in his limbs and be what he can and ought. The more he disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. Thereby the soul grows stronger and revivifies itself, like an ever-springing fountain. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its streams shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fulness, with an irrepressible motion. That which others show us of ourselves is only appearance. It has always some foundation, and is never to be wholly despised; but it is only the reflection of our being in them, mirrored back to us from their own; often a broken and dim form, and not our being itself. Let the little insects creep over and around you, and be at the uttermost pains to make you appear dead; they work in their nature. Work you in yours, and live! In fact, our breast, our character, keeps us always more and longer upright than all the acumen of the head, than all the cunning of the mind. In the heart we live, and not in the thoughts. The opinions of others may be a favorable or unfavorable wind in our sails. As the ocean its vessels, so circumstances at one time may hold us fast, at another may powerfully further us; but ship and sail, compass, helm, and oar, are still our own. Never, then, like old Tithonus, grown gray in the conceit that your youth has passed away. Rather, with newly awakened activity, let a new Aurora daily spring from your arms.

A SONG OF LIFE.

(Translation of Alfred Baskerville.)

TIME more swift than wind and billows
  Fleeth. Who can bid it stay?
To enjoy it when 't is present,
  To arrest it on its way,
This, ye brothers, will the fleeting
  Of the wingèd days restrain;
Let us strew life's path with roses,
  For its glory soon will wane!

Roses! for the days are merging
  Into winter's misty tide;
Roses! for they bloom and blossom
  Round about on every side.
On each spray there blossom roses,
  On each noble deed of youth;
Happy he who, till its warning,
  E'er hath lived a life of truth.

Days, O be ye like a garland,
  Crowning locks of snowy white,
Blooming with new brightness round them,
  Like a youthful vision bright.

E'en the dark-hued flowers refresh us
  With repose of matchless price,
And refreshing breezes waft us
  Kindly into Paradise.

A Legendary Ballad.

(Translation of Mary Howitt.)

Among green, pleasant meadows,
  All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
  Of the Virgin and her Child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
  A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
  That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
  Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
  Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
  He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
  And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother:
  And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended,
  'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
  And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
  Come down and play with me!

"I'll find thee flowers the fairest,
  And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries
  If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy Mother,
  Put him down from off thy knee!
For in these silent meadows
  There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely:
  The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
  But spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamèd
  A lovely dream of joy:
She thought she saw young Jesus
  There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
  Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
  A thousandfold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
  Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
  Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill."

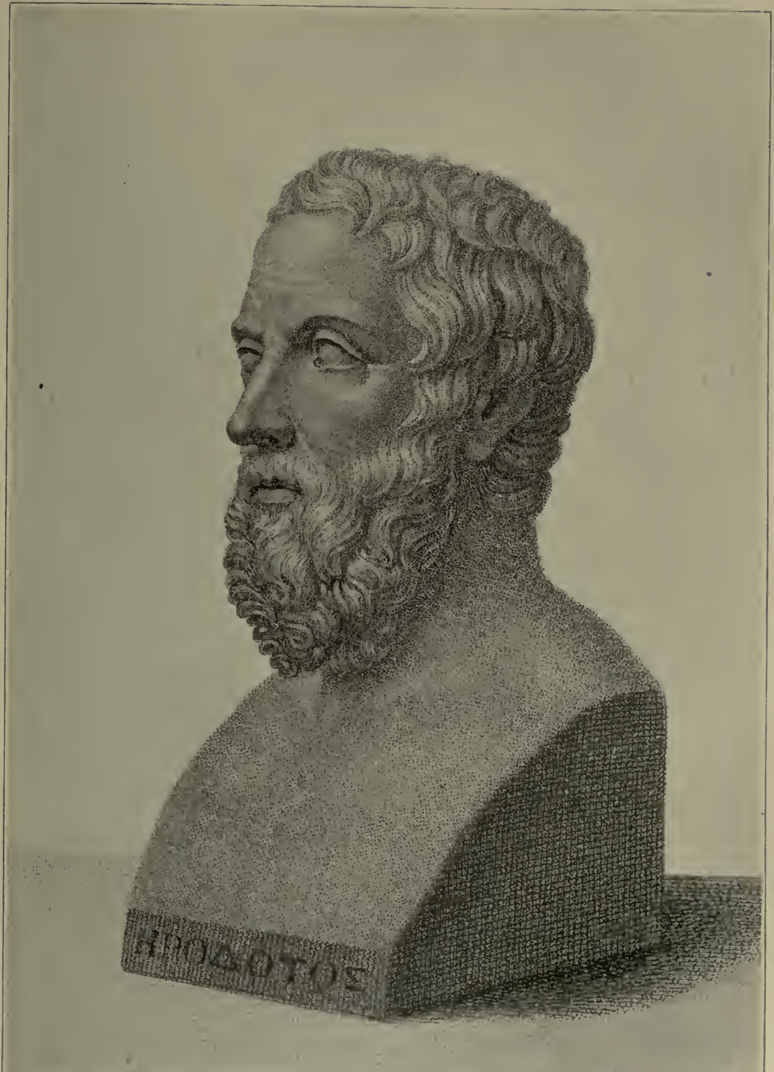
Thus tenderly and kindly
  The fair child Jesus spoke,
And full of careful musings
  His anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
  In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
  Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
  "O mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
  A-coming down to me!

"And in his hand he beareth
  Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries, —
  Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
  Her tears could not restrain;
But she knew he was with Jesus
  And she did not weep again.



HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS.

Herodotus, a Greek traveller and historian; born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, about 484, B. C.; died probably at the Greek colony of Thurium, in Italy, about 420 B. C. Of his personal history little is authentically recorded. His journey to Egypt probably took place when he was twenty-four years of age, and he seems to have remained in that country about six years. His other journeyings, the dates of which are uncertain, took him to Babylon, Susa, the Persian capital, Scythia, Thrace, and all over Greece proper, Asia Minor, and some of the Grecian islands, covering nearly all the habitable globe as it was known to the Greeks. He also picked up such vague information as he could of the regions lying beyond those which he visited. At the age of about thirty-seven he took up his residence at Athens, and entered upon the composition of his great work, to which the remaining years of his life were devoted. He is supposed to have written another work upon Assyrian History, but if it was written, no part of it is now extant. The work of Herodotus has been often translated into English, notably by Cary and Beloe. But the earlier translations are superseded by that of George Rawlinson (1858–60; third edition, 1873), assisted by his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Sir James Gardner Wilkinson.

The Inundation of the Nile.

Perhaps, after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward, on this obscure subject, one ought to prove some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer-time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country which the Sun-god approaches the nearest, and which he passes most directly over, will be scantiest of water, and that there the streams which feed the river will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this: The sun, in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way: As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven — that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that winds that blow from this quarter — the south and southwest — are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burden of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone.

It is the sun, also, in my opinion, which, by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air of Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly bodies reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noon-day, while on the other hand the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe this passage across Europe would affect the Ister exactly as the Nile is affected at the present day. And with respect to the fact that no breeze blows from the Nile, I am of the opinion that no wind is likely to arise in very hot countries, for breezes love to blow from some cold quarter.

THE COURSE OF THE NILE.

THE course of the Nile is known, not only throughout Egypt, but to the extent of four months' journey either by land or water above the Egyptian boundary; for on calculation it will be found that it takes that length of time to travel from Elephantiné to the country of the "Deserters." There the direction of the river is from west to east. Beyond, no one has any certain knowledge of its course, since the country is uninhabited by reason of the excessive heat.

I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrené. Once upon a time, they said, they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when it chanced that in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile, how that its sources were unknown to all men. Etearchus upon this mentioned that some Nasimonians had come over to his court, and when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale. (The Nasimonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtis and a tract of no great size toward the east.)

They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously. The coast of Libya along the sea which washes it to the north, throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloris, which is its farthest, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts; while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand, very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert.

The young men therefore despatched on this errand by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, travelled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sands they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men, under the middle height, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasimonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasimonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Here let me dismiss Etearchus the Ammonian, and his story, only adding that (according to the Cyrenæans) he declared that the Nasimonians got safe back to the country, and that the men whose city they had reached were sorcerers.

With respect to the river which ran by their town, Etearchus conjectured it to be the Nile; and reason favors that view. For the Nile certainly flows out of Libya, dividing it down the middle, and as I conceive — judging the unknown from the known — rises at the same distance from its mouth as the Ister. The latter river has its source in the country of the Celts near the city Pyrené, and runs through the middle of Europe, dividing it into two portions. The Celts live beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe. Thus the latter flows through the whole of Europe before it finally empties itself into the Euxine at Istria, one of the colonies of the Milesians. Now as this river flows through regions that are inhabited, its course is perfectly well known; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give any account, since Libya, the country through which it passes, is desert and without inhabitants. As far as it was possible to get information by inquiry, I have given a description of the stream. It enters Egypt from the parts beyond. Egypt lies almost exactly opposite the mountainous region of Cilicia, whence a lightly equipped traveller may reach Sinopé on the Euxine in five days by the direct route. Sinopé lies opposite the place where the Ister falls into the sea. My opinion, therefore, is that the Nile, as it traverses the whole of Libya, is of equal length with the Ister. And here I take my leave of this subject.

About the Crocodile.

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile. During the four winter months they eat nothing. They are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full-grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue. It cannot move its under jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves its upper jaw, and not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on the land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide upon, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus. . . .

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease; otherwise he gives much trouble.

The Phœnix.

They have also another sacred bird called the Phœnix, which I myself have never seen except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity even in Egypt, only coming there (according to accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance — if it is like the pictures — is as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside; after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

Modes of Embalming.

There are a set of men in Egypt who practise the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect is said to be after the manner of Him whom I do not think it religious to name in connection with such a matter; the second is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them, and having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task.

The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following: They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs. Next, they make a cut along the flank, with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm-wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every sort of spicery, except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round from head to foot with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue; and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued: Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disembowelling, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it might be likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practised in the case of the poorer classes, is to clean out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in the natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

Helen and the Siege of Troy.

I made inquiry of the priests, whether the story which the Greeks tell about Ilium is a fable or no. In reply they related the following particulars, of which they declared that Menelaus had himself informed them: —

After the rape of Helen, a vast army of Greeks, wishing to render help to Menelaus, set sail for the Teucrian territory. On their arrival they disembarked, and formed their camp, after which they sent ambassadors to Ilium, of whom Menelaus was one. The embassy was received within the walls, and demanded the restoration of Helen, with the treasures which Alexander had carried off, and likewise demanded satisfaction for the wrong done. The Teucrians gave at once the answer in which they persisted ever afterward, backing their assertions sometimes even with oaths, to wit, that neither Helen nor the treasures claimed were in their possession: both the one and the other had remained, they said, in Egypt; and it was not just to come upon them for what Proteus, king of Egypt, was detaining. The Greeks, imagining that the Teucrians were merely laughing at them, laid siege to the town, and never rested until they finally took it.

So Menelaus travelled to Egypt, and on his arrival sailed up the river as far as Memphis, and related all that had happened. He met with the utmost hospitality, received back Helen unharmed, and recovered all his treasures. After this friendly treatment Menelaus, they said, behaved most unjustly toward the Egyptians; for as it happened that at the time when he wanted to take his departure, he was detained by the wind being contrary, and as he found this obstruction continue, he had recourse to a most wicked expedient. He seized, they said, two children of the people of the country, and offered them up in sacrifice. When this became known, the indignation of the people was stirred, and they went in pursuit of Menelaus, who, however escaped with his ships to Libya, after which the Egyptians could not say whither he went. The rest they knew full well, partly by the inquiries which they had made, and partly from the circumstances having taken place in their own land, and therefore not admitting of doubt.

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children, and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. At any rate, if they determined to refuse at first, yet afterward, when so many of the Trojans fell on every encounter with the Greeks, and Priam, too, in each battle lost a son, sometimes two or three, and even more, if we may credit the epic poets, I do not believe that even if Priam himself had been married to her, he would have declined to deliver her up, with the view of bringing the series of calamities to a close. Nor was it as if Alexander had been heir to the crown, in which case he might have had the chief management of affairs, since Priam was already old. Hector, who was his elder brother, and a far braver man, stood before him, and was the heir to the kingdom on the death of their father Priam. And it could not be Hector's interest to uphold his brother in his wrong when it brought such dire calamities upon himself and the other Trojans. But the fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said — Divine Providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done, the gods will surely visit them with great punishments. Such, at least, is my view of the matter.

THE DESCENT OF RHAMPSINITUS TO HADES.

WHEN Proteus died, Rhampsinitus, so the priests informed me, succeeded to the throne. His monuments were the western gateway of the temple of Vulcan, and the two statues which stand in front of this gateway, called by the Egyptians the one Summer, the other Winter, each twenty-five cubits in height. The statue of Summer, which is the northernmost of the two, is worshipped by the natives, and has offerings made to it; that of Winter, which stands toward the south, is treated in precisely the contrary way. King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. . . .

This same king, I was also informed by the priests, descended alive into the region which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Ceres, sometimes winning and sometimes suffering defeat. After a while he returned to earth, and brought with him a golden napkin, the gift of the goddess. From this descent of Rhampsinitus into Hades, and return to earth again, the Egyptians, I was told, instituted a festival, which they certainly celebrated in my day. On what occasion it was that they instituted it — whether upon this or upon any other — I cannot determine. The following are the ceremonies: On a certain day in the year the priests weave a mantle, and binding the eyes of one of their number with a fillet, they put the mantle upon him, and take him with them into the roadway conducting to the temple of Ceres, when they depart and leave him to himself. Then the priest, thus blindfolded, is led (they say) by two wolves to the temple of Ceres, distant twenty furlongs from the city, where he stays a while, after which he is brought back from the temple by the wolves, and left upon the spot where they first joined him.

THE DOCTRINE OF METEMPSYCHOSIS.

SUCH as think the tales of the Egyptians credible are free to accept them for history. For my own part, I propose to myself throughout my whole work faithfully to record the traditions of the several nations. The Egyptians maintain that Ceres and Bacchus preside in the realms below. They were also the first to broach the opinion that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies, it enters into the form of an animal which is born at the moment, thence passing on from one animal into another until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air; after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew. The whole period of the transmigration is (they say) three thousand years. There are Greek writers — some of an earlier, some of a later date — who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, and put it forward as their own. I could mention their names, but I abstain from doing so.

THE INSANE FREAKS OF CAMBYSES, THE SON OF CYRUS.

ABOUT the time when Cambyses arrived at Memphis, from his unsuccessful expedition against the Ethiopians, Apis appeared to the Egyptians. Now Apis is the god whom the Greeks call *Epaphus.* As soon as he appeared, straightway all the Egyptians arrayed themselves in their gayest garments, and fell to feasting and jollity; which when Cambyses saw, making sure that these rejoicings were on account of his own ill success, he called before him the officers who had charge of Memphis, and demanded of them why, when he was at Memphis before, the Egyptians had done nothing of this kind, but waited until now, when he had returned with the loss of so many of his troops? The officers made answer, that one of their gods had appeared to them — a god who at long intervals of time had been accustomed to show himself in Egypt; and that always, on his appearance, the whole of Egypt feasted and kept jubilee. When Cambyses heard this, he told them that they lied, and as liars condemned them all to death.

When they were dead he called the priests to his presence, and questioning them received the same answer; whereupon he observed, "That he would soon know whether a tame god had really come to dwell in Egypt;" and straightway, without another word, he bade them bring Apis to him. So they went out from his presence to fetch the god. Now this Apis, or Epaphus, is the calf of a cow which is never afterward able to bear young. The Egyptians say that fire comes down from heaven upon the cow, which thereupon conceives Apis. The calf which is so called has the following marks: He is black, with a square spot of white upon his forehead, and on his back the figure of an eagle; the hairs upon his tail are double, and there is a beetle upon his tongue.

When the priests returned, bringing Apis with them, Cambyses, like the hare-brained person that he was, drew his dagger, and aimed at the belly of the animal, but missed his mark, and stabbed him in the thigh. Then he laughed, and said to the priests: "Oh! blockheads, and think ye that the gods become like this, of flesh and blood, and sensible to steel? A fit god indeed for Egyptians, such an one! But it shall cost you dear that you have made me your laughing-stock!" When he had so spoken, he ordered those whose business it was, to scourge the priests, and if they found any of the Egyptians keeping festival, to put them to death. Thus was the feast stopped throughout the land of Egypt, and the priests suffered punishment.

Apis, wounded in the thigh, lay some time pining in the temple; at last he died of his wound, and the priests buried him secretly without the knowledge of Cambyses. And now Cambyses, who even before had not been quite in his right mind, was forthwith, as the Egyptians say, smitten with madness for this crime.

King Rhampsinitus and the Robber.

King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes his successors surpassed or even equalled his wealth. For the better custody of this money he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived as he was making the building to insert in this wall a stone which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick; when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be comptrollers of the royal exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work: they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect and the fastenings of the room secure. Still, each time that he repeated his visits he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came as usual to the treasure chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone in its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marvelled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him to devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain; she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

Heroism of Athens During the Persian Invasion.

And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion which most men I know will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians from fear of the approaching danger quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following: Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion, but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valor and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek State after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes, and thus either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the King had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviors of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was, who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, they repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonica by name, thus prophesied: —

"Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns with
her circlet.

Neither the head nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom
Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjured.
All — all ruined and lost, since fire, and impetuous Ares
Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.
Not alone shalt thou suffer; full many the towers he will level,
Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.
Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,
Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs trickleth
Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.
Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await ye!"

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply they were filled with the deepest affliction; whereupon Timon the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said, "O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave thy sanctuary, but will stay here till we die." Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following: —

"Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.
Yet once more I address thee, in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to Athens. When, however, upon their arrival they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape, for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still, such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle:—

"Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean that if they made preparations for a sea fight, they would suffer a defeat off Salamis.

Now, there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright: "For if," he argued, "the clause in question had really referred to the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'luckless Salamis' rather than 'holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighborhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy much more than the Athenians." He therefore counselled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since they were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea fight: "All the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defence, to quit Attica and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hun-

THE VANQUISHERS OF SALAMIS

From a Painting by F. Cormon

dred ships, to help them in their war against the Æginetans. It was the breaking out of the Æginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that according to the advice of the god they would embark their whole force aboard their ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

"LOPPING THE TALL EARS."

THIS prince [Periander] at the beginning of his reign was of a milder temper than his father; but after he corresponded by means of messengers with Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus, he became even more sanguinary. On one occasion he sent a herald to ask Thrasybulus what mode of government it was safest to set up in order to rule with honor. Thrasybulus led the messenger without the city, and took him into a field of corn, through which he began to walk, while he asked him again and again concerning his coming from Corinth, ever as he went breaking off and throwing away all such ears of corn as overtopped the rest. In this way he went through the whole fields and destroyed all the best and richest part of the crop; then, without a word, he sent the messenger back. On the return of the man to Corinth, Periander was eager to know what Thrasybulus had counselled, but the messenger reported that he had said nothing; and he wondered that Periander had sent him to so strange a man, who seemed to have lost his senses, since he did nothing but destroy his own property. And upon this he told how Thrasybulus had behaved at the interview. Periander, perceiving what the action meant, and knowing that Thrasybulus advised the destruction of the leading citizens, treated his subjects from this time forward with the very greatest cruelty. Where Cypselus had spared any, and had neither put them to death nor banished them, Periander completed what his father had left unfinished.

Close of the History.

A WISE ANSWER OF CYRUS THE GREAT IS RECALLED IN THE HOUR OF PERSIAN HUMILIATION.

It was the grandfather of this Artayctes, one Artembares by name, who suggested to the Persians a proposal which they readily embraced, and thus urged upon Cyrus: — "Since Jove," they said, "has overthrown Astyages and given the rule to the Persians, and to thee chiefly, O Cyrus, — come now, let us quit this land wherein we dwell; for it is a scant land and a rugged, and let us choose ourselves some other better country. Many such lie around us, some nearer, some further off: if we take one of these, men will admire us far more than they do now. Who that had the power would not so act? And when shall we have a fairer time than now, when we are lords of so many nations, and rule all Asia?"

Then Cyrus, who did not greatly esteem the counsel, told them they might do so if they liked; but he warned them not to expect in that case to continue rulers, but to prepare for being ruled by others. "Soft countries gave birth to soft men. There was no region which produced very delightful fruits and at the same time men of a warlike spirit." So the Persians departed with altered minds, confessing that Cyrus was wiser than they; and chose rather to dwell in a churlish land and exercise lordship, than to cultivate plains and be the slaves of others.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Herrick, Robert, an English clergyman and poet; born in London August 24, 1591; died at Dean Prior, Devonshire, in October, 1674. He studied at Cambridge, and after leaving the university led a jovial life in London for several years. Among his associates was Ben Jonson. At the age of thirty-six Herrick took Holy Orders, and was in 1629 presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he wrote numerous poems, not altogether of a clerical character, but containing many clever descriptions of rural customs and manners. In 1647 he published the "Noble Numbers," and the "Hesperides, or Works Human and Divine." His volume had hardly been published when Herrick was ejected from his living by the "Long Parliament." He repaired to London, where he lived for ten or twelve years. Upon the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Herrick was reinstated in his vicarage. He was now close upon threescore and ten, well wearied of a life which had been nowise saintly, though apparently not marked by any great excesses. His poems include not a few of the daintiest fancies in the English language.

A Thanksgiving.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee:
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land; . . .
All these, and better, dost thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance — that must be
O Lord, by thee.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin, —
And that's to keep thy Lent.

To Find God.

Weigh me the fire: or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in the watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when Summer shakes his ears;
Show me thy world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst: then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

To Daffodils.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

To Daisies not to Shut so soon.

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherds'-star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay ye but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

To Carnations.

Stay while ye will, or go;
And leave no scent behind ye;
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye:

Within my Lucia's cheek
(Whose livery ye wear),
Play ye at hide-and-seek,—
I 'm sure to find ye there.

To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of the blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like unto orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read: —
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

To Meadows.

Ye have been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You 've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like the spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You 're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When God knows I 'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass is out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones — come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ?—I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile —
There 's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

HENRIK HERTZ.

Hertz, Henrik, a Danish dramatist and poet; born of Jewish parents at Copenhagen, August 25, 1798; died there, February 25, 1870. He studied law, but had scarcely passed his examination when he gave himself to literature. His first comedy appeared anonymously, in 1827. He afterward travelled in Germany, Italy, and France. He left in all thirty-six works, among which are "The Moving Day" (1828); "Cupid's Master Strokes" (1830); "The Plumage of the Swan" (1841); comedies, in which the characters are traced with decided ability. He also wrote a didactic poem, "On Nature and Art" (1832), and "Tyrfing," a poem, in 1840. In 1836 his comedy "The Savings Bank" enjoyed a large share of public favor. The next year he further increased his popularity by the production of "Svend Dyring's House," a beautiful and original piece, which held an important place on the stage for many years. In fact this piece and "King René's Daughter" are works which may be regarded as landmarks in Danish literature and stamp their author as a troubadour of the fiery and sensuous school of romance. As a lyric poet he has all the color and passion of Keats, and his style is grace itself. He has little or no local Scandinavian coloring, and succeeds best when he is describing the scenery or emotions of the glowing South. "King René's Daughter," a lyrical drama, produced in 1845, is regarded as his masterpiece.

King René's Daughter.

(Translation of Theodore Martin.)

[Characters: King René; Iolanthe, his blind daughter; Ebn Jahia, a physician; Tristan; Almerik, a messenger from the King; Martha and Bertrand, attendants of Iolanthe.]

Almerik. And so she lacks for naught, and is content
If but some stranger on occasion come?
Of all the wealth the world to us presents,
Of all its glories, she surmiseth naught?
Does she not question you?
Martha. That is a point
On which 't is not so easy to reply;
It may be she suppresses many a thought.

She knows there is an entrance to this vale,
Hears the bell sound when any one arrives,
Brightens to hear it, and in silence waits,
With ears intent. Yet doth she never ask
Where is the entrance, whitherward it leads;
For she has heard that there are many things
She must not ask, but leave to years to teach.
So 't is with children. Speak to them of God,
Of power omnipotent, of another life,
And mark how they will listen, opening wide
Their little eyes in wonder, as some doubt —
A passing shade — is painted on their looks;
And then, at last, with touching faith, accept
For truth the things they may not comprehend.
So now for Iolanthe the whole world
Is one vast mystery, which she oft would pierce,
Then will her father or the abbess say:
"Rest thee content, my child — thou art too young;
Some future time thou 'lt comprehend it all."
In this she piously confides; nor dreams
She wants the eyes' clear sight, to compass all
The splendors of this goodly universe. —
May it not be, Sir, while we darkly muse
Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
Unconscious that true vision is not ours?
Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star. . . . .

[*Enter* KING RENÉ, EBN JAHIA, *and* BERTRAND.]

RENÉ. Martha, I bring thee here
Good Ebn Jahia. As I learn, he hath
Been here to-day once before.
How goes it now?

MAR. Even to a wish, my liege.

RENÉ. All that the leech enjoined thou hast fulfilled?
Neglected nothing? Has Iolanthe lain
With eyes close bandaged every night?

MAR. She has.

RENÉ (to EBN JAHIA). That was a perilous venture. It is strange
She bears it. Yet the chance is fortunate
That the bee stung her on the temple lately;
This served us for a plausible pretext.
Ah! sure the little bee deceived itself.
In this fair world, that 's tended by her care,

Where, like a flower, she grows amidst her flowers,
The insect, dazzled by the fragrant bloom,
Deemed that it nestled in a rose's bud.
Forgive me! It is sinful thus to speak
Of mine own child. But now no more of this.
Thou long'st to see the fruitage of thy skill,
Go, then, to Iolanthe. Bertrand! Martha!
Follow him in; perchance he may require you.

[Ebn Jahia, followed by Bertrand and Martha, goes out, and the King converses with Almerik, whom he sends away when Ebn Jahia returns.]

René. My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
That bears the olive-branch? Thou lookest grave,
And, as thine art, unfathomable all.
How shall I construe what thy looks import?
Ebn Jahia. I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege.
René. Is 't so? Oh, thou 'rt an angel sent from heaven.
Thy dusky visage, like that royal Moor's
Who knelt beside our great Redeemer's cradle,
Heralds the star, shall cheer my night of gloom.
Say, Jahia, say, whereon thy hope is based?
What is thy counsel; what thy purpose? Speak!
'T is written in a book which late I read,
That oftentimes an unsound eye is cured
By application of the surgeon's knife.
This thou wilt never try, my Ebn Jahia;
Thou know'st the eye is a most noble part,
And canst not gain such mastery o'er thyself
As to approach my Iolanthe's eyes
With instruments of steel. Nay, thou must dread
To mar the beauty of their azure depths,
That dark, deep font, which still, though saddened o'er,
Wells forth such glorious radiance. Oh! her eyes,
How is it possible that night should brood
On two fair orbs of such transcendent sheen?
Ebn Jahia. Nay, be at ease! You need not fear for this.
'T would aid us little, should I have recourse to instruments.
René. What is thy purpose, then?
Ebn Jahia. Your pardon, good my lord! My treatment is
A mystery, like all my leech's craft;
It scarce would serve my purpose to divulge it.
'T is not the fruitage of a moment's growth;
No, but the slow result of wakeful years,
Shaped — step by step conducted to one point,

Whereat, so speed it Heaven! it shall succeed;
Ay, and succeed it must, this very day,
Or fail forever.
RENÉ. How! This very day?
EBN JAHIA. Soon as the sun has sunk beneath the hill,
And a soft twilight spreads along the vale,
Such as her eyes, still to the light unused,
May bear with safety, I will test my plan.
RENÉ. Ah, Ebn Jahia, prithee, not to-day!
From day to day, from hour to hour, have I,
With restless eagerness, looked onward for
This moment; and alas! now it hath come
My heart grows faint, and wishes it away. —
Think what I peril! When the sun goes down,
My fairest hope, perchance, goes down with it.
Thou 'rt wrapt in thought. Art thou content to pause?
EBN JAHIA. I will not wait.
RENÉ. Then, tell me, dost thou fear?
Art thou not certain of the issue? Thou
Didst put to question yonder silent stars,
From which thy potent art can wring response.
What was their answer? tell me, Eben Jahia,
The horoscope — was 't happy?
EBN JAHIA. Yes, it was.
I told you so already. Yet the stars
Inclinant, non necessitant. They influence
The fortunes of mankind, yet do they not
Rule nature's laws with absolute control.
Rest thee at ease: I have no fear for this.
Another hindrance menaces my skill.
RENÉ. A hindrance?
EBN JAHIA. One, my liege, I apprehend,
Which you will find it hard to obviate.
Iolanthe, ere I bend me to my task,
Must comprehend what she till now has lacked,
Must learn this very day that she is blind.
RENÉ. No, Ebn Jahia, no; this cannot be!
EBN JAHIA. It must be, or my skill is powerless.
RENÉ. No, no! oh, never! never! Thou wilt not
Constrain me to this monstrous cruelty,
And strip her all at once, with sudden wrench,
Of that unconsciousness has been her blessing.
Not slowly, by degrees, but all at once,
Force on her tender soul this fearful truth? . . . .
I cannot do it! No, it may not be!

Ebn Jahia. E'en as you will. I only can advise;
And if you will not trust to my advice,
Then I am useless here. So, fare ye well!
Hence to the convent, I! There you will find me,
If your resolve shall alter. Yet, bethink you;
Sink but the sun behind yon mountain tops,
My utmost skill cannot again avail. [*Exit.*]
René. Oh, dreadful strait! And I so dearly bought
A hope, which yet so soon may be undone!
Shall I destroy at once her cheerful mood,
Convert it into comfortless despair,
And see her youth grow pale by slow degrees,
Wither and die in mournful consciousness?
He yet shall yield. I will not rest until
He hears me, and submits to my desire. [*Exit.*]

[Tristan, who has been unwillingly betrothed to Iolanthe, though he has never seen her, and does not know that she is blind, enters the cottage where she is sleeping, accompanied by his preceptor Geoffrey. As he turns to go, he takes the talisman from her breast, and she immediately awakes, and follows him into the garden. He loves her at first sight, and asks her to give him a red rose. He then discovers that she cannot distinguish one flower from another, except by form, texture, or perfume.]

Tristan. Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance — with the aid of sight?
Iolanthe. At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,
And, in like fashion, all men by their voice.
The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace
And by his neigh. Yet with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?
Tristan (*aside*). O almighty Powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind!
Iolanthe (*after a pause*). Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much

For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in. . . .
TRISTAN. I'll come
Again, and soon — to-day I'll come again.
Wilt thou permit me with thy hand to mark
How high I am, that, when we next shall meet,
Thou may'st distinguish me?
IOLANTHE. What need of that —
I know that few resemble thee in height.
Thy utterance came to me as from above,
Like all that's high and inconceivable.
And know I not thy tones? Like as thou speakest
None speak beside. No voice, no melody
I've known in nature or in instrument,
Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all!
TRISTAN. Then fare thee well, until we meet once more.
IOLANTHE. There, take my hand! Farewell! Thou 'lt come again —
Again, and soon? — Thou know'st I wait for thee! . . . .

[KING RENÉ, the physician, and the attendants return, and MARTHA gathers from what the Princess tells her that she knows her blindness. The King explains to her further what is the sense of sight and bids her go into the cottage with EBN JAHIA, first to sink into a slumber and then to wake seeing, if it be Heaven's will.]

IOLANTHE. What ails thee, father? Wherefore shakes thy hand?
My once dear father, joy'st thou not, that now
The hour has come thou'st panted for so long?
Thou fearest it will prove unfortunate.
Yet, even then, shall I not be, as ever,
Thy child, thy own dear child — thy child, who joys
To be so dear — joys in her happy lot! —
Let me go in, then.
RENÉ. Oh, my child! my child!
IOLANTHE. Nay, do not fear! For what my sage kind master
Has ponder'd well, will prosper, I am sure.
It feels to me as though e'en now I know

The singular power which thou has called the light.
And it hath found its way to me already.
Ah, while that wondrous stranger was beside me
A feeling quivered through me, which I ne'er
Had known before; and every word he spoke
Resounded like an echo in my soul,
With new and unimagined melodies.
Didst thou not say the power of light is swift,
And gives significance to what it touches?
That it is also closely blent with warmth —
With the heart's warmth? Oh! I know it is.
If what thou call'st the light consist in this,
Then a forewarning tells me it will be
Revealed to me to-day. Yet on one point
Thou dost mistake. 'T is not the eye that sees;
Here, close beside the heart, our vision lies;
Here is it seated in remembrance sweet,
A reflex of the light that pierced my soul,
The light I go with bounding hope to meet! [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* EBN JAHIA, *leading* IOLANTHE *by the hand.*]

IOLANTHE. Where art thou leading me?
O God! Where am I? Support me — oh, support me!
EBN JAHIA. Calm thee, my child!
IOLANTHE. Support me — oh, stand still!
I ne 'er was here before — what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.
EBN JAHIA. Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile.
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.
IOLANTHE. My garden — mine? Alas I know it not.
EBN JAHIA. Cease your fears my child.
These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have long been known.
IOLANTHE. Ah, no!
Indeed I know them not! This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me — yon great vault,
That arches there above us — oh, how high! —
What is it? Is it God? Is it His Spirit,
Which, as you said, pervades the universe?
EBN JAHIA. Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
God is in it, like as He is in all.
Yon blue profound, that fills yon airy vault,

It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up His glorious dwelling-place.
Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
To heaven's o'erarching vault — to God — and pray.

IOLANTHE (*kneels*). Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee
In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee! —
Yes, He hath heard me. I can feel He hath,
And on me pours the comfort of His peace.
He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisibly and kindly as before.

EBN JAHIA. Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

IOLANTHE. Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

EBN JAHIA. Thou know'st them all.

IOLANTHE. Ah, no; I can know nothing.

RENÉ (*approaching Iolanthe*). Look on me, Iolanthe — me, thy father!

IOLANTHE (*embracing him*). My father! Oh, my God! Thou art my father!
I know thee now — thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They 've taken all that I possessed away —
All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

RENÉ. I have call'd out a guide for thee, my child.

IOLANTHE. Whom meanest thou?

RENÉ (*pointing to Tristan*). See, he stands expecting thee.

IOLANTHE. The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the angel of the light come down?

RENÉ. Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!

IOLANTHE. With him? with him? Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong:
The one sole voice that lives in Nature's round.
(*To Tristan.*) Oh, but one word of what thou said'st before!

TRISTAN. Oh, sweet and gracious lady!

IOLANTHE. List! oh, list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.

TRISTAN. Iolanthe! Dearest!

RENÉ. Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL HEYSE.

Heyse, Johann Ludwig Paul, a German poet and novelist; born at Berlin, March 15, 1830. His father was Karl Wilhelm Ludwig Heyse, a philologist of distinction. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn. In 1852 he took his degree. In 1854 he was called to Munich by King Maximilian of Bavaria. Here he married the daughter of the historian Kugler, and devoted himself entirely to literary work. Among his dramatic works are "Francisca von Rimini" (1850); "Meleager" (1854); "The Sabine Women" (1859); "Ehrenschulden" ("Debts of Honor"), "Lady Lucretia," and "Die Hochzeit auf dem Aventine" ("The Marriage on the Aventine") (1886). Among his poems, "The Brothers" (1852), "Thekla" (1858), and "Novellen in Versen" ("Tales in Verse") (1863). The "Buch der Freundschaft" ("Book of Friendship") (1854), "Sammlungen Novellen" (1855–59), and "Moralische Novellen" (1870) are collections of prose sketches. Among his novels are "The Children of the World" (1873), "The Romance of the Canoness," "In Paradise," and "The Witch of the Coast." Collections of his shorter tales have been translated into English under the titles "Barbarossa and Other Tales," and "The Dead Lake and Other Tales." Heyse has also written on Spanish, French, and Italian literature, and has published the "Italienisches Liederbuch" (1860), and "Spanisches Liederbuch" (1852); "Antologia dei Moderni Poeti Italiani" (1868); "Das Skizzenbuch" (1877); "Der Salamander, Ein Tagebuch in Terzinen" (1879); "Verse aus Italien" (1880).

Christmas in Rome.

I.

No tree with tapers lit, no Christmas joy,
  We sit alone in silence, side by side.
  And wherefore? Each one knows, yet each will hide;
Three little graves afar our thoughts employ.
This feast for us is silent; childish toy,
  Nor Christmas bells, nor mirth with us abide,
  Forever round our hearth there seems to glide
The pale sad semblance of each darling boy.

Ah well! Although we oft must quail and shrink,
And quaff in haste the bitter cup of pain,
One bitterer still might yet be ours to drink,
And this our very life-blood's fount would drain,
And life itself would ebb if 'tween us twain,
True hearts fast-bound, once broken were the link.

II.

I'd many talents in the olden days,
Could cut out tinsel stars and tapers light,
And when the Christmas-tree was sparkling bright
Would ring the eager watchers in to gaze.
The well-built fortress I could boldly raze,
With leaden soldiers marching, after fight
Store of sweet ammunition bring to sight
From bomb-proof bastions, spreading glad amaze.
I had a comrade then, I loved him well,
As were he part of me, how great a part!
In many wars we fought, my gallant boy;
He 'll never hear again the Christmas bell,
Nor rush to me with full and merry heart
Clapping his little hands with childish joy.

III.

Yet we to Christmas feast, we, too, were bid,
Not the green Northern fir decked out with light,
An avenue of cypress, black as night,
Below the silent Cestius pyramid.
Slowly we wandered there the tombs amid,
And read the long-forgotten names; in fight
They, too, were wounded, and have passed from sight,
And the kind mother-earth their wounds has hid.
Far, far above the misty blue appears
The Capitol's calm giant head, grown gray
Watching the generations rise and fall.
You plucked two violets from a grave, and tears
Burst from your eyes, list'ning, while loud
The birds were singing on the garden wall.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, thou lovely world, good-night:
Have I not had a glorious day?
Unmurmuring, though thou leav'st my sight,
I to my couch will go away.

Whate'er of loveliness thou hast,
  Is it not mine to revel in?
Though many a keen desire does waste
  My heart, it ne'er alone has been.

Delusion's veil of error blind
  Fell quite away from soul and eye;
Clearer my path did upward wind
  To where life's sunny hill-tops lie.

No idol false is there adored;
  Humanity's eternal powers,
O'er which the light of Heaven is poured,
  Stand self-contained in passion's hours.

High standing on the breeze-swept peak,
  Below may I with rapture see
The land whereof no man may speak
  Save him who fares there wearily.

This is the rich inheritance
  The children of the world shall own,
When crossed the wearisome expanse,
  And fate's supreme decrees are known.

O brother, who art seeking still
  For love and joy where I have sought,
I would your path with blessings fill
  When to its end my life is brought.

Ah! brother, could we two aspire
  Together to the glorious height —
Hence, tears! some part of my desire
  Is thine. Thou lovely world, good-night!

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Heywood, Thomas, an English actor, dramatist, and poet; born in Lincolnshire about 1580; died at London about 1650. Of his personal history little is known beyond what may be gathered from casual notices in his own works. He says that he had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in two hundred and twenty plays, of which only twenty-three have been preserved. He also wrote several prose works. The first complete collection of Heywood's extant dramatic works, in six volumes, was made in 1874. Although he wrote all sorts of poetry and prose, for any who would pay him, his reputation rests upon his sparkling song and still more sparkling comedy. The best of his plays are "A Woman Killed with Kindness," "The Four London 'Prentices," and "Love's Mistress."

Search after God.

I sought Thee round about. O Thou, my God!
In Thine abode:
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general
Contained therein. They with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss;
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Inquiry ran:
But in those deserts which no line can sound
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He; but lo!
It told me "No!"
I, from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such,
But they all — much
Offended, with my question — in full choir,
Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars: but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
With a unanimous voice all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied,
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the Court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed:
And then I said,
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than, "Dust and clay,
Frail mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return."

I asked myself what this great God might be that fashioned me;
I answered — "The All-potent, Sole, Immense,
Surpassing sense,
Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal
Lord over all;

The only Terrible, Just, Strong, and True,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

"He is the well of life; for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being; He is the creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names."

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be),
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight,
Thou in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest
In which, to our weak sense, Thou comest nearest.

Oh, make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY.

(From "A Woman Killed with Kindness.")

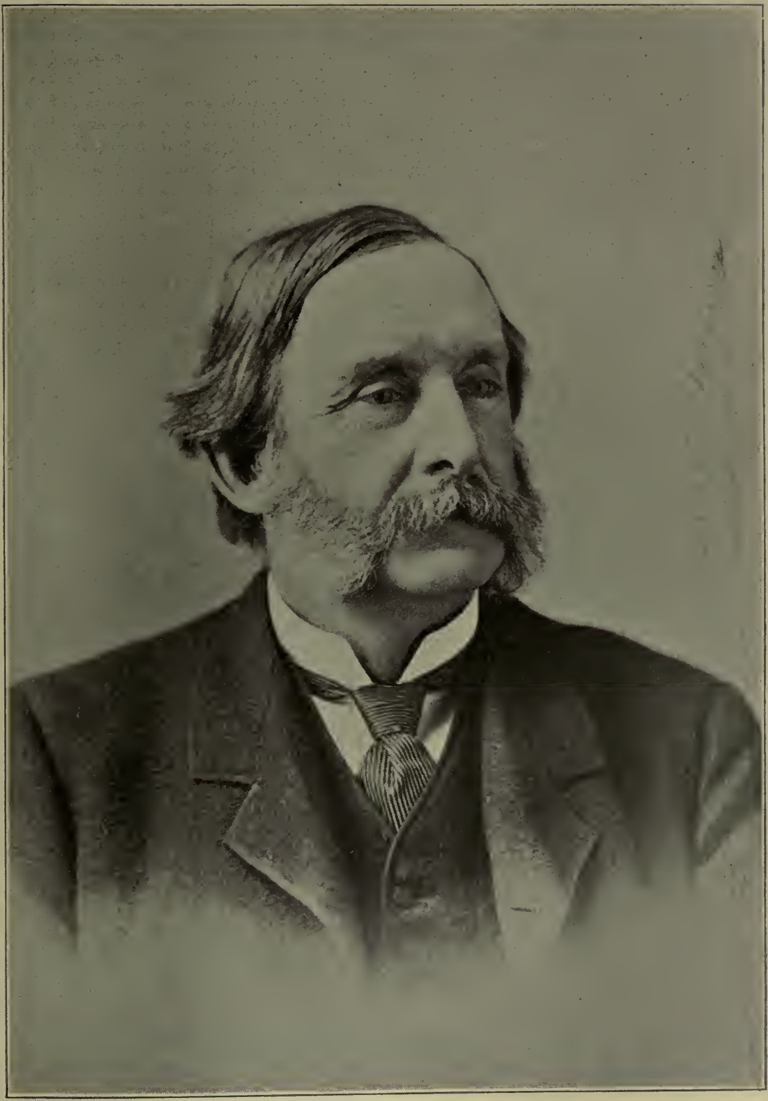
O GOD! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward, —
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

HIERARCHY OF ANGELS.

MELLIFLUOUS Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he 's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

SHEPHERDS' SONG.

WE that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestained in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They 've been at court, and learnt it there.



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, a distinguished American historian, essayist, and novelist; born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823. He was educated at Harvard University and Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of a Congregational church at Newburyport. He retained this pastorate for three years. From 1852 to 1858 he had charge of a free church in Worcester. He then devoted himself to literature. He was from the first an active participant in the Anti-Slavery agitation, aided in organizing parties of Free-State settlers in Kansas, and served as brigadier-general in the Free-State forces. During the Civil War he served in a Massachusetts regiment, and as colonel of the 33d United States colored troops, the first regiment of slaves mustered into the United States service. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1880–81, and from 1881 to 1883 a member of the State Board of Education. Among his works, some of which are collections from his papers in periodicals, are "Out-Door Papers" (1863); "Malbone: an Oldport Romance" (1869); "Army Life in a Black Regiment" (1870); "Atlantic Essays" (1871); "Oldport Days" (1873); "Young Folks' History of the United States" (1875); "History of Education in Rhode Island" (1876); "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers" (1877); "Short Studies of American Authors" (1879); "Common Sense about Women" (1881); "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli" (1884); "Larger History of the United States" (1885); "The Monarch of Dreams" (1886); "Hints on Writing and Speechmaking" and "Women and Men" (1887); "The Afternoon Landscape," poems (1890). He has translated the "Complete Works of Epictetus" (1865); and has edited "The Harvard Memorial Biographies" (1866), and "Brief Biographies of European Statesmen" (1875–77).

The Empire of Manners.[1]

(From "Women and Men.")

How delightful it is, when about to be shut up for a week or two on board ship, or in a country hotel, with a party of strangers, to encounter in that company even one person of delightful manners, whose mere presence gives grace and charm, and secures unfailing consideration for the rights and tastes of all! "I have once beheld on earth," says Petrarch, in his 123d sonnet, "angelic manners and celestial charms, whose very remembrance is a delight and an affliction, since it makes all things else appear but dream and shadow." Most of us have in memory some such charms and manners, not necessarily associated with poetic heroines, and still less with the highest social position. We recall them as something whose mere presence made life more worth living; as distinct an enrichment of nature as fragrant violet beds or the robin's song. All life is sweetened, joys are enhanced, cares diminished, by the presence in the room of a single person of charming manners.

---

[1] Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

How shall such manners be obtained? Art and habit and the mere desire to please may do something, but not supply the place of a defective foundation. Nobody has ever summed up the different types of good manners so well as Tennyson: —

> "Kind nature is the best: those manners next
> That fit us like a nature second-hand;
> Which are indeed the manners of the great."

It is curious how Americans in Europe vibrate between their French and English predilections, feeling the attractiveness of the French courtesy, and yet sometimes wondering whether it is more than skin-deep, and looking back in regret to the English method, which, if blunt, is at least sincere. But when, as may happen, the French manner has a basis of real sincerity, how delightful the result! A charming American woman, the late Mrs. Sidney Brooks of New York, who retained into age all the attractiveness and much even of the physical beauty of her youth, once told me that the secret of the invariable popularity of the celebrated Madame Récamier was that she really felt the universal kindliness she expressed. Mrs. Brooks had been in youth a great favorite of this distinguished French woman, and had been admitted to her society at all times, except when the appearance of a large pair of wooden *sabots*, or overshoes, outside the door of the boudoir announced that the venerable author M. de Chateaubriand was having an interview. She said that at Madame Récamier's receptions it was always understood that the friends of the hostess must amuse one another, leaving her wholly free to attend to "her strangers" — *mes étrangers*, she called them — who, precisely because they were such, needed all the special attention that could be given them. This was surely to unite Tennyson's two types of manners — the artificial and the natural — in one.

But if no manners are enough which have not the foundation of true and simple feeling, neither is it safe to rely on that alone. The traditions and habits of society are to a great extent what might be called funded or accumulated good feeling; they are largely the product of long years of experience, which have brought to perfection the art of avoiding awkwardness and simplifying all procedure. Some of them are "survivals" from old times of hate and violence — as the grasp of the ungloved right hand implied the laying aside of the sword, and the wine pledge was the proof that there was no guile in the cup. Others belong to modern intercourse only, and have followed the changes of society. The former practice of waiting before eating until all at table were helped was doubtless the remains of the first struggle with barbarous appetite for self-control; and this being once attained, the more recent habit followed, that each should begin when helped, and so avoid the awkwardness of a delay. These things must be to some degree conventionally learned, because they represent not only good feeling, but historic changes and social development. There is generally some reason at the bottom of all of them, but there is not time always to explain, and it greatly facilitates that social ease which is the object really aimed at, to accept the habits of society as they are; and not, for instance, to insist on calling for fish with your dessert at a dinner-party, merely because you happen to fancy that combination.

Many an ardent and zealous young reformer offends the very world he is burning to reform when he refuses to meet it with some slight compliance; as Felix Holt, in George Eliot's story, was willing to die for the improvement of society, but could by no means consent to wear a cravat for its sake. Manners come next to morals, not alone because they help us to make the world pleasanter, and thus render life easier to all around us, but also because they afford a key to those greater successes and usefulnesses for which all generous persons long. And their domain goes beyond this world; for if the utmost saint makes himself personally repulsive, he so far diminishes our desire to meet him in any land of pure delights. Miss Edgeworth says in "Helen" that any one who makes goodness disagreeable commits high-treason against virtue; and I remember how elevated a doctrine it seemed to me when I heard one of my ignorant black sergeants say, in a prayer I accidentally overheard, "Let me so live *dat when I die I may hab manners*, dat I may know what to say when I see my heabenly Lord!"

UNREASONABLE UNSELFISHNESS.

(From "Women and Men.")

WHEN some eloquent clergyman preaches a sermon on unselfishness so powerful and searching that, as his hearers say, "It goes right down into every pew," the melancholy fact remains that the person it hits is apt to be just the person who needs it least, and who would be more benefited by a moral discourse tending in just the other direction. Or when the lecturer on Ethical Culture handles the same theme in an equally ardent manner, rebaptizing the old-fashioned virtue under the modern name of "altruism," the effect is very often just the same. Saint or scientist, the result is likely to be this, that the comfortable sinner, who has been conveniently selfish all his life, sheds the exhortation as easily as a duck's back disposes of the water; while all the duty of "unselfishness," or "altruism," as we may please to call it, continues to be done, as heretofore, by the quiet, uncomplaining personage in some other part of the pew. He or she — more frequently she — is the only one whom the arrow of exhortation has really reached; and while every sinner of the family goes home and eats a comfortable dinner undisturbed, the single saint is found fasting and praying, and lies awake that night trying to devise some new point at which she can incur martyrdom.

When shall we recognize that while the greater part of the world may be guilty of selfishness there are always many who need rather to be condemned for an unreasonable unselfishness, which mars their own lives, and also demoralizes those of other people? Who knows but Blue-Beard himself might have turned out a decent domestic character, and have had his life cherished by his brothers-in-law, had he encountered a spirited resistance, instead of weak concession, from some of his earlier wives? How much of the usefulness of Socrates may have been due to the wholesome rasping that he received from that friend of her race, Xantippe! Husbands spoil wives, wives ruin husbands, sisters are absolutely destructive to the characters of brothers, and it is said that brothers in some instances have actually been injurious to sisters, by unmitigated petting under the specious name of unselfishness. It is for this reason that physicians generally recommend a professional nurse rather than a member of the family, not so much that the nurse is more skilful, but that she alone knows how to moderate her disinterestedness — to keep it on tap, as it were, and administer it from time to time, instead of pouring it, as the home nurse does, in one everlasting flood. The wife of the nervous patient breaks down at last herself, the daughter of the insane mother becomes herself insane, simply from prolonged and exhausting care, while a hired nurse would give herself relief. In such case the excessive unselfishness defeats itself; it does not even benefit other people; it only burdens the family at last with two invalids instead of one.

There is an impression that it is the highest imaginable type of character to merge all one's own wishes and powers and aims in the absorbing care of other persons. Such is not, I am sorry to say, my own observation. Self-sacrifice, like many other forms of diet, is a food or a poison according as we use it. There are those who really carry it to a morbid extent, and can no more be trusted to measure out their own share of it than an opium-eater to write his own prescription. There are families where pastor and family physician have to bestir themselves all the time to defeat the plausible excuses under which the devotees of unselfishness veil their excesses. They need watching with unceasing vigilance, these people who stoutly maintain that they prefer drumsticks at dinner, and sleep best on a straw bed. One evidence of their growing demoralization is the utter disintegration in their characters of the virtue of truthfulness. No immoderately unselfish person can be truthful at the same time; they are soon ready to deny that they are ever cold or hot, or hungry or thirsty, or tired — and this unblushingly, in the face of overwhelming evidence. Nothing is too indigestible for them to eat, in order to save the feelings of the cook; and they will have the teething baby sleep with them for a dozen nights in succession, because dear Maria, his mother, really needs repose, and it is a peculiarity of theirs to be able to do without it. Truth is considered by the moralists to be a merit, as well as unselfishness; but these people simply lay it down, during their insatiate pursuit of their favorite virtue, as rich people lay down their carriage — occasionally — when they go into bankruptcy.

But such collateral faults are not the whole evil. There are positive virtues to be cultivated as well as the negative virtue of self-surrender. It is right to do one's own work in the world, to develop one's own powers, to exercise a tonic as well as a soothing influence on those around. That was a profound remark which Charles Lamb made about himself in regard to his close and arduous supervision, for many years, of his partially insane sister. He said — I quote from memory — that though this way of life "had saved him from some vices, it had also prevented the formation of many virtues." No person can spend the greater part of his time in a constrained position, or with a tight ligature round some portion of his body, without suffering some physical retribution; and if the constraint and repression are applied to the mind instead, that also suffers. Every human being is entitled, within certain limits, to live his or her own legitimate life; and though this may easily be made an excuse for the basest selfishness, the habit of unbroken self-sacrifice brings perils of its own just as marked, if less ignoble. There is a certain charm in it, no doubt — in feeling that self is absolutely annulled, that we live only for others, or for some one other. But this is, after all, to quit the helm of our own life, so that our vessel simply drifts before the winds of destiny. The true skill is seen when we sail as closely as possible in the face of the opposing gale, and thus extract motive power from the greatest obstacles.

On a Certain Humility in Americans.

(From "Women and Men.")

It has always seemed to me that Lowell's paper on the condescension of foreigners should be followed by one on the humility of Americans. It may be that we do not make that quality obtrusive when travelling abroad, for there we are frequently stung and goaded out of this fine constitutional trait. "My dear young lady," said the kind English clergyman to a certain American traveller in Europe, "let me urge you not to make use of that word unless you are willing to be known as an American." "But suppose," said her mother, "that my daughters have no objection to being known as Americans, what then?" To this the good man had no answer ready, as it was a contingency he had not foreseen. In such cases the bruised Yankee will turn upon his assailant; nor does he always fail to offer the original provocation. But it is chiefly at home and in our dealings with foreigners that the constitutional humility asserts itself.

It is needless to deny that many or most of our foreign visitors are persons of fairly good manners. It was especially to be noticed, in the large company of scientific men who visited the United States a few years ago, what simplicity and modesty marked the most eminent. Yet taking a whole year's yield, so to speak, of foreign arrivals, how much discrimination is needed, and how little we make! There is something admirable in the meekness with which we associate, on equal or even deferential terms, with persons of a far lower grade of courtesy than that to which we are accustomed — provided they come in under the laws of hospitality. Who has not dined in company with some travelling Englishman, perhaps a man of note, whose manners were so intolerable that, as a Boston woman said lately on one occasion, they justified dynamite? And who has not lived to see the same person's book of travels, in which he kindly gave his own verdict of approval or condemnation of the society which had made an exception from its general standard of good-breeding when it admitted him? Who has not heard some English lecturer, while coiling and uncoiling himself into and out of positions of inconceivable awkwardness, dole out elementary lessons on literature and science, as it were in words of one syllable, to audiences which had heard these same themes discussed by Agassiz or Rogers or Holmes? And who has not subsequently read that worthy man's book or magazine essay, in which he perhaps benignantly complimented the intelligence of his audience — an intelligence which he never could fairly compute, since he never found out how it had criticised him. I forget which of these excellent gentlemen it was who gravely recommended to the good people of Boston a wholly new means of mental improvement — reading aloud in the evening! What is it that carries us calmly through these inflictions? No doubt good-nature has something to do with it, and the feeling of hospitality; but it is also largely due to the tradition of humility, the habit of thinking that light and grace come from Europe — *ex oriente lux.*

We early overcame this humility in political matters, because it took a race of strong men to free us from the parental yoke, and we recognized their strength; but literature and art and science and refined manners come more slowly, and in these we do not yet trust ourselves. That was true of our early days which Aulus Gellius quotes Cato as saying of early Rome: "Poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it, or went about to banquets, he was called a vagabond" (*grassator vocabatur*). Hence we were slower to assert ourselves in these finer arts, and when we did, it was with becoming modesty. It was thought daring in Emerson to sing of the humblebee or Lowell of the bobolink; as for Whittier, who had never even crossed the Atlantic, how could he sing at all? Especially in the realm of manners this humility has prevailed. During the last French Empire it used to be held at Newport and New York that there was no standard of good-breeding but in Paris, as if the best-bred American society were not of older tradition as well as better strain than the dynasty of the Napoleons. The truth is that the finest American manners are indigenous, not imported. You will find such manners in little towns in Virginia and Kentucky, where not a person has ever seen Europe, and where to have been to Philadelphia or New York is to be a great traveller. Never have I seen more truly gracious and dignified manners than in the little Boston and Cambridge of my youth, among ladies mostly untravelled, and speaking no language but their own. The Italian refugee Gallenga, formerly Mariotti, has lately borne testimony to their social standard and to the conceited familiarity with which he repaid it. Their bearing would have fully justified such unflinching patriotism as that of Senator Tracy, of Connecticut, when, at the end of the last century, the British Minister expressed his admiration for Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, of Litchfield, Connecticut, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. "Your countrywoman," said the Englishman, "would be admired at the court of St. James." "Sir," said the sturdy American, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

There is no occasion for any petty prejudice against European science or art or literature or manners; all nations can learn of each other, and we as the younger nation have more to learn, in many ways, than to teach. The nations of Europe are the elder sons of Time; but the youngest-born are also sons. It was not mere imitation that gave us Morse's telegraph, or Bell's telephone, or Emerson's books, or Lowell's speeches, or the American trotting horse, or those illustrated magazines that are printed for two continents. I heard the most eminent of English electricians say, a few years ago, that he had learned more of the possible applications of electricity during his first fortnight in this country than in his whole life before. When I spoke to Mr. Darwin of the Peabody Museum at Yale College, he said, "Huxley tells me that there is more to be learned from that museum than from all the museums of Europe." I do not urge a foolish insulation from England and Germany, Italy and France, but only to remember that what we need is not imitation, but growth; that a healthy growth implies a certain self-reliance; and that strength, like charity, begins at home.

The Independent Purse.

(From "Women and Men.")

Were I asked what change would make most difference in the happiness of married pairs, it would not be hard to answer. The change would not relate to the laws of divorce, whether loosened or tightened; it would not even lie in conceding to women the right of the separate boudoir, though it has always seemed to me that it would enhance the dignity and delicacy, and therefore the happiness, of wedded life, if every woman had an apartment of which she might turn the key, even against her husband, as freely as he may turn the key of his study or his office. But the change now meant is one already affected in many families, and always, I suspect, with happy results — the introduction, under some form, of the Independent Purse.

By this institution is meant something quite beyond that mere allowance for dress, or for household expenses, which is so often made in families. That is usually based on sheer convenience. There is no more thought of justice in it than in the sum allowed to Bridget to buy yeast, or to Michael for horse-feed. The true division is not based on convenience, but on right — on the knowledge, namely, that the wife's share of the day's work is as essential as the husband's, and that there should be some equality in the distribution of proceeds. The family relation is, in its merely business aspects, a kind of copartnership. Now it is very common in such partnerships for one partner to see to the manufacturing or to the care of the property, while all the money passes through another partner's hands. But he who handles the money does not therefore regard it all as primarily his own, nor does he talk of "giving" it to the other partners; they simply draw their share of the profits from time to time, under conditions agreed upon. They draw it as of right, not through his kindness. Why is it not so with a wife?

In a few cases, no doubt, such a proposition would be unreasonable. There are cases where the wife is a toy, and does nothing to help her husband, so that he could both make and spend his income more judiciously without her. So there are cases, on the other side, where the wife supports the husband outright, whether this be done by ballet-dancing or at the wash-tub. These are extreme cases and may be set aside together. In the great mass of instances the wife helps the husband in establishing the fortunes of the family, or — in modester phrase — earning its daily bread. Often she does this directly, as in case of the farmer's wife, who usually works as hard as her husband, and indeed, in new communities, where domestics are hard to get, much harder. Even in this case it is almost always the husband who is the treasurer, who collects the money earned, and "gives" — or perhaps does not give — it to his wife. But where her share is not so obvious, it is just as essential. Every woman who takes care of her own household lifts exactly that much off her husband's shoulders, and leaves him free to attend to the outside business of the firm, for which the money comes in. Alas! many a woman works herself to death before her husband discovers, by what it costs him to buy the services of housekeepers and nurses, that the mere material labor of his wife was worth a salary. He is happy if he does not see reason to think that if he had only "given" her the amount of that salary he might have saved her. After all, Whittier is mistaken; it is not "It might have been!" that are the saddest words. "Had I only known!" are a great deal sadder.

Sometime or other, it may be, we shall discover the simple mathematical formula by which to adjust this matter of income. Meanwhile we must guess at it. It will be evident, on a little thought, that a married woman needs much more than an allowance for food and clothing — the food to be shared by her household, the clothing to include probably that of her younger children. She needs such an income as will make her in some sort the equal of her husband as to her general expenditures, dress included. Probably the item of dress is the one department in which women are habitually more liberal in expenditure than their husbands; and this results in part from the customs of society — customs from which the husbands would by no means wish their wives to depart. But, apart from dress, there certainly prevails among men a much freer standard of small expenditures than among women, and this where there are no habits properly to be called profligate. "A cheap lunch for a man," said a hotel-keeper once to me, "seems a dear lunch to a woman." I never visited a woman's club-room that did not look impoverished beside the furnishings of the plainest club-room for men that I ever entered. Who that has collected money for benevolent purposes has not noticed the difference between the sexes as to the standard of giving? Half the time the wife does not venture to give at all until her husband comes home. If, however, she is accustomed to acting independently, she draws from her purse a dollar with some hesitation, whereas he would perhaps give five with none at all; or she takes out five dollars where he would write a check for twenty. Women are certainly as much interested in benevolent enterprises as men, and as willing to give what they have, but they have not the money. Even if they have it by them, they fear to use it, for they have not the habit of the separate purse.

It may be said that it is base and unworthy to treat married life as a copartnership only. I do not so treat it, for it is much more than that. The trouble is that the system prevalent in many families makes it much less than that. A wrong system makes it a business affair, as far as the labor goes, but the alliance ceases when the distribution of profits is concerned — as if in a large firm the partner having charge of the books should balance them for his own convenience at the end of the year, and deposit the undivided profits to his own private credit in the bank. Marriage is something more than a copartnership, but it is nothing less; it is governed by higher laws, but by no lower. Fortunately the business knowledge of women is steadily increasing, and with it their capacity to deal with money. If a woman, by art or authorship or book-keeping, has earned a thousand dollars a year before marriage — and such instances are now common — it is absurd to ask her, after marriage, to work harder in her household than before, and yet handle less money, while her husband handles plenty. It is not a question of economy where economy is needed; women are quite as ready as men to accept the necessity of that. It is a question between sharing and what is called "giving;" a question between justice and the traditional inquiry addressed by a certain Quaker to his wife, in a certain city, "Rachel, where is that ninepence I gave thee day before yesterday?"

THOMAS HOBBES.

Hobbes, Thomas, an English philosopher; born at Westport (now in Malmesbury), Wiltshire, April 5, 1588; died at Hardwicke Hall, December 4, 1679. He was sent at the age of fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for five years he devoted himself to the study of logic and the Aristotelian philosophy. In 1640, on the approach of the civil war, he went to Paris, where he resided for ten years. In 1642 he was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterward King Charles II., who then resided at Paris. The later years of his life were passed at the seat of the Earl of Devonshire, who had formerly been his pupil. Hobbes wrote largely in both English and Latin. One of the greatest and most discriminating intellects employed on metaphysical and social analyses in any age, his thought has left deep traces on all related speculation since, even when adverse. Of his voluminous works, expository and controversial, carried on in the leisure of aristocratic patronage to extreme old age, the most vigorously living one to be constantly reckoned with is "Leviathan," dealing with the origins, functions, and possibilities of human society, conceived as an organism. His principal works are "Elementa Philosophica de Cive" (1642); "Human Nature" and "De Corpore Politico" (1650); "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Political" (1651); "A Letter on Liberty and Necessity" (1654); "Decameron Physiologicum" (1678); "Autobiography," in Latin verse, translated by himself into English verse (1679); "Behemoth, or the History of the Civil Wars in England," published soon after his death. A complete edition of the "Works" of Hobbes, in sixteen volumes, edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839–45.

Of Love.

(From "Human Nature.")

Love, by which is understood the joy man taketh in the fruition of any present good, hath been already spoken of in the first section, chapter seven, under which is contained the love men bear to one another, or pleasure they take in one another's company; and by which nature men are said to be sociable. But there is another kind of love which the Greeks call Eros, and is that which we mean when we say that a man is in love: forasmuch as this passion cannot be without diversity of sex, it cannot be denied but that it participateth of that indefinite love mentioned in the former section. But there is a great difference betwixt the desire of a man indefinite and the same desire limited *ad hunc:* and this is that love which is the great theme of poets; but notwithstanding their praises, it must be defined by the word *need*, for it is a conception a man hath of his need of that one person desired. The cause of this passion is not always nor for the most part beauty, or other quality in the beloved, unless there be withal hope in the person that loveth; which may be gathered from this, that in great difference of persons the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner, but not contrary. And from hence it is that for the most part they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built on something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more: which not perceiving, many men cast away their services, as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes they lose their wits.

CERTAIN QUALITIES IN MEN.

(From "Leviathan.")

HAVING showed in the precedent chapters that sense proceedeth from the action of external objects upon the brain, or some internal substance of the head; and that the *passions* proceed from the alterations there made, and continued to the heart: it is consequent in the next place (seeing the diversity of degrees of knowledge in divers men to be greater than may be ascribed to the divers tempers of their brain) to declare what other causes may produce such odds and excess of capacity as we daily observe in one man above another. As for that difference which ariseth from sickness, and such accidental distempers, I omit the same, as impertinent to this place; and consider it only in such as have their health, and organs well disposed. If the difference were in the natural temper of the brain, I can imagine no reason why the same should not appear first and most of all in the senses; which being equal both in the wise and less wise, infer an equal temper in the common organ (namely the brain) of all the senses.

But we see by experience that joy and grief proceed not in all men from the same causes, and that men differ very much in the constitution of the body; whereby that which helpeth and furthereth vital constitution in one, and is therefore delightful, hindereth it and crosseth it in another, and therefore causeth grief. The difference therefore of wits hath its original from the different passions, and from the ends to which the appetite leadeth them.

And first, those men whose ends are sensual delight, and generally are addicted to ease, food, onerations and exonerations of the body, must needs be the less thereby delighted with those imaginations that conduce not to those ends; such as are imaginations of honor and glory, which, as I have said before, have respect to the future. For sensuality consisteth in the pleasure of the senses, which please only for the present, and take away the inclination to observe such things as conduce to honor; and consequently maketh men less curious and less ambitious, whereby they less consider the way either to knowledge or other power: in which two consisteth all the excellency of power cognitive. And this is it which men call *dulness;* and proceedeth from the appetite of sensual or bodily delight. And it may well be conjectured that such passion hath its beginning from a grossness and difficulty of the motion of the spirit about the heart.

The contrary hereunto is that quick ranging of mind described Chap. iv., Sect. 3, which is joined with curiosity of comparing the things that come into the mind one with another: in which comparison a man delighteth himself either with finding unexpected similitude of things otherwise much unlike (in which men place the excellency of fancy, and from whence proceed those grateful similes, metaphors, and other tropes, by which both poets and orators have it in their power to make things please and displease, and show well or ill to others, as they like themselves), or else in discerning suddenly dissimilitude in things that otherwise appear the same. And this virtue of the mind is that by which men attain to exact and perfect knowledge; and the pleasure thereof consisteth in continual instruction, and in distinction of places, persons, and seasons, and is commonly termed by the name of *judgment:* for to judge is nothing else but to distinguish or discern; and both fancy and judgment are commonly comprehended under the name of *wit*, which seemeth to be a tenuity and agility of spirits, contrary to that restiness of the spirits supposed in those that are dull.

There is another defect of the mind, which men call *levity*, which betrayeth also mobility in the spirits, but in excess. An example whereof is in them that in the midst of any serious discourse have their minds diverted to every little jest or witty observation; which maketh them depart from their discourse by a parenthesis, and from that parenthesis by another, till at length they either lose themselves, or make their narration like a dream, or some studied nonsense. The passion from whence this proceedeth is curiosity, but with too much equality and indifference; for when all things make equal impression and delight, they equally throng to be expressed.

The virtue opposite to this defect is *gravity*, or steadiness; in which the end being the great and master delight, directeth and keepeth in the way thereto all other thoughts.

The extremity of dulness is that natural folly which may be called *stolidity;* but the extreme of levity, though it be natural folly distinct from the other, and obvious to every man's observation, I know not how to call it.

There is a fault of the mind called by the Greeks *amathia*, which is *indocibility*, or difficulty in being taught; the which must needs arise from a false opinion that they know already the truth of what is called in question: for certainly men are not otherwise so unequal in capacity, as the evidence is unequal between what is taught by the mathematicians and what is commonly discoursed of in other books; and therefore if the minds of men were all of white paper, they would almost equally be disposed to acknowledge whatsoever should be in right method and by right ratiocination delivered to them. But when men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authentical records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly upon a paper already scribbled over. The immediate cause therefore of *indocibility* is prejudice; and of prejudice, false opinion of our own knowledge.

Another and a principal defect of the mind is that which men call *madness;* which appeareth to be nothing else but some imagination of some such predominacy above the rest, that we have no passion but from it: and this conception is nothing else but excessive vain-glory, or vain dejection; which is most probable by these examples following, which proceed in appearance every one of them from pride, or some dejection of mind. As first, we have had the example of one that preached in Cheapside from a cart there, instead of a pulpit, that he himself was Christ, which was spiritual pride or madness. We have had also divers examples of learned madness, in which men have manifestly been distracted upon any occasion that hath put them in remembrance of their own ability. Amongst the learned men may be remembered (I think also) those that determine of the time of the world's end, and other such the points of prophecy. And the gallant madness of Don Quixote is nothing else but an expression of such height of vain-glory as reading of romance may produce in pusillanimous men. Also rage, and madness of love, are but great indignations of them in whose brains is predominant contempt from their enemies or their mistresses. And the pride taken in form and behavior hath made divers men run mad, and to be so accounted, under the name of fantastic.

And as these are the examples of extremities, so also are there examples too many of the degrees, which may therefore be well accounted follies: as it is a degree of the first for a man, without certain evidence, to think himself to be inspired, or to have any other effect of God's holy spirit than other godly men have; of the second, for a man continually to speak his mind in a cento of other men's Greek or Latin sentences; of the third, much of the present gallantry in love and duel. Of rage, a degree is *malice;* and of fantastic madness, *affectation.*

As the former examples exhibit to us madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from the excess of self-opinion, so also there be other examples of madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from too much vain fear and dejection; as in those melancholy men that have imagined themselves brittle as glass, or have had some other like imagination: and degrees hereof are all those exorbitant and causeless fears which we commonly observe in melancholy persons.

OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

(From "Leviathan.")

HITHERTO of the knowledge of things *natural*, and of the passions that arise naturally from them. Now forasmuch as we give names not only to things natural but also to *supernatural*, and by all names we ought to have some meaning and conception, it followeth in the next place to consider what thoughts and imaginations of the mind we have, when we take into our mouths the most blessed name of God, and the names of those virtues we attribute unto him; as also, what image cometh into the mind at hearing the name of *spirit*, or the name of *angel*, good or bad.

And forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and consequently all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, excepting only this, That there is a God. For the effects we acknowledge naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that again by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all powers, and first Cause of all causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider, may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

And whereas we attribute to God Almighty *seeing*, *hearing*, *speaking*, *knowing*, *loving*, and the like, by which names we understand something in men to whom we attribute them, — we understand nothing by them in the nature of God. For, as it is well reasoned, *Shall not the God that made the eye, see, and the ear, hear?* so it is also, if we say, Shall God which made the eye, not see without the eye; or that made the ear, not hear without the ear; or that made the brain, not know without the brain; or that made the heart, not love without the heart? The attributes, therefore, given unto the Deity are such as signify either our *incapacity* or our *reverence:* our incapacity, when we say Incomprehensible and Infinite; our reverence, when we give him those names which amongst us are the names of those things we most magnify and commend, as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Just, Merciful, etc. And when God Almighty giveth those names to himself in the Scriptures, it is but anthropopathos, — that is to say, by descending to our manner of speaking; without which we are not capable of understanding him.

ERNST THEODOR WILHELM HOFFMANN.

Hoffmann, Ernst Theodor Wilhelm, a German romanticist; born at Königsberg, Prussia, January 24, 1776; died in Berlin, June 25, 1822. He was first sent to the German Reformed School of Königsberg, where he neglected his lessons, but applied himself to music and drawing. From school he entered the University of Königsberg, studied law and graduated in 1795. In 1796 he went to Glogau as assistant to an uncle, a lawyer. He now studied law assiduously, passed his second examination in 1798, and became Referendary in the Supreme Court at Berlin. Having passed his final examination he was recommended as Councillor in the Supreme Court of Posen. Here he led a dissipated life. At length he executed a number of caricatures, satirizing the society of Posen, and the indignation against him was so strong that his appointment as Councillor to the Court of Posen was exchanged for one at Plock, on the Vistula. There he remained for two years, devoting his leisure to the study of music and Italian poetry. In 1804 he was transferred to Warsaw, where he became conductor of the orchestra. He subsequently obtained the post of musical director at the theatre of Bamberg; but the theatre became bankrupt. He now turned to authorship, and published in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" a series afterward collected in 1814 under the title of "Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier." With an assured position and a good income, he was henceforth released from anxiety. "Die Elixire des Teufels" (1816) was followed by "Nachtstücke" (1817), a collection of tales. In 1819 appeared "Die Seltsamen Leiden eines Theaterdirektor's," illustrating the history of the German stage, and "Klein Zaches genannt Zinnober," a fantastic tale. Among his later works are "Der Artursho f," "Der Fermata," "Doge und Dogeresse," "Meister Martin der Keifner und seine Gesellen," "Das Fräulein von Scudéri," and "Signor Formica." The best of his longer works, "Lebensansichten des Katers Murr," appeared in 1821–22. It was not completed. In addition to his literary work he composed the music to Fouqué's opera of "Undine." The magic and demoniac element pervades the majority of his pieces.

From "The Golden Pot."

(Carlyle's Translation.)

Stir not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind?

Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapor to and fro; but dazzling beams shoot through it; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths and tulips and roses lift their fair heads; and their perfumes in loveliest sound call to the happy youth: "Wander, wander among us, our beloved; for thou understandest us! Our perfume is the longing of love; we love thee, and are thine for evermore!" The golden rays burn in glowing tones: "We are fire, kindled by love. Perfume is longing; but fire is desire; and dwell we not in thy bosom? We are thy own!" The dark bushes, the high trees, rustle and sound: "Come to us, thou loved, thou happy one! Fire is desire; but hope is our cool shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head; for thou understandest us, because love dwells in thy breast!" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter: "Loved one, walk not so quickly by; look into our crystal! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing: "Hear us! Hear us! We are joy, we are delight, the rapture of love!" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious temple which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees, and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the temple; he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. Ah, no!" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, "she is not far from me now; she is near!" Then advances Serpentina, in the fulness of beauty and grace, from the temple; she bears the golden pot, from which a bright lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes; she looks at Anselmus and says, "Ah! dearest, the lily has sent forth her bowl; what we longed for is fulfilled. Is there a happiness to equal ours?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardor; the lily burns in flaming beams ever his head. And louder move the trees and bushes; clearer and gladder play the brooks; the birds, the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume; a gay, bright, rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of love! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes; strange vapors are wafted hither on sounding wings; they are the spirits of the elements, who do homage to the lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks? Is it words? Is it song? You hear the sound: "Serpentina! Belief in thee, love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of nature! Thou hast brought me the lily, which sprung from gold, from the primeval force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of thought; this lily is knowledge of the sacred harmony of all beings; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest; I must indeed love thee forever, O Serpentina! Never shall the golden blossoms of the lily grow pale; for, like belief and love, this knowledge is eternal."

Nutcracker and the King of Mice.

(From "The Serapion Brethren.")

As soon as Marie was alone, she set rapidly to work to do the thing which was chiefly at her heart to accomplish, and which though she scarcely knew why, she somehow did not like to set about in her mother's presence. She had been holding Nutcracker, wrapped in the handkerchief, carefully in her arms all this time; and she now laid him softly down on the table, gently unrolled the handkerchief, and examined his wounds.

Nutcracker was very pale, but at the same time he was smiling with a melancholy and pathetic kindliness which went straight to Marie's heart.

"O my darling little Nutcracker!" said she very softly, "don't you be vexed because brother Fritz has hurt you so: he did n't mean it, you know; he 's only a little bit hardened with his soldiering and that; but he 's a good, nice boy, I can assure you: and I 'll take the greatest care of you and nurse you till you 're quite better and happy again. And your teeth shall be put in again for you, and your shoulder set right; godpapa Drosselmeier will see to that; he knows how to do things of the kind— "

Marie could not finish what she was going to say, because at the mention of godpapa Drosselmeier, friend Nutcracker made a most horrible ugly face. A sort of green sparkle of much sharpness seemed to dart out of his eyes. This was only for an instant, however; and just as Marie was going to be terribly frightened, she found that she was looking at the very same nice kindly face, with the pathetic smile, which she had seen before, and she saw plainly that it was nothing but some draught of air making the lamp flicker that had seemed to produce the change.

"Well!" she said, "I certainly am a silly girl to be so easily frightened, and think that a wooden doll could make faces at me! But I'm too fond really of Nutcracker, because he's so funny, and so kind and nice; and so he must be taken the greatest care of, and properly nursed till he's quite well."

With which she took him in her arms again, approached the cupboard, and kneeling down beside it, said to her new doll:—

"I'm going to ask a favor of you, Miss Clara: that you will give up your bed to this poor, sick, wounded Nutcracker, and make yourself as comfortable as you can on the sofa here. Remember that you're quite well and strong yourself, or you would n't have such fat red cheeks, and that there are very few dolls indeed who have as comfortable a sofa as this to lie upon."

Miss Clara, in her Christmas full dress, looked very grand and disdainful, and said not as much as "Muck!"

"Very well," said Marie, "why should I make such a fuss, and stand on any ceremony?"—took the bed and moved it forward; laid Nutcracker carefully and tenderly down on it; wrapped another pretty ribbon, taken from her own dress, about his hurt shoulder, and drew the bedclothes up to his nose.

"But he shan't stay with that nasty Clara," she said, and moved the bed, with Nutcracker in it, up to the upper shelf, so that it was placed near the village in which Fritz's hussars had their cantonments. She closed the cupboard and was moving away to go to bed, when—listen, children!—there began a low, soft rustling and rattling, and a sort of whispering noise, all round, in all directions, from all quarters of the room,—behind the stove, under the chairs, behind the cupboards. The clock on the wall "warned" louder and louder, but could not strike. Marie looked at it, and saw that the big gilt owl which was on the top of it had drooped its wings so that they covered the whole of the clock, and had stretched its cat-like head, with the crooked beak, a long way forward. And the "warning" kept growing louder and louder, with distinct words: "Clocks, clockies, stop ticking. No sound, but cautious 'warning.' Mousey king's ears are fine. Prr-prr. Only sing 'poom, poom'; sing the olden song of doom! prr-prr; poom, poom. Bells go chime!

Soon rings out the fated time!" And then came "Poom! poom!" quite hoarsely and smothered, twelve times.

Marie grew terribly frightened, and was going to rush away as best she could, when she noticed that godpapa Drosselmeier was up on the top of the clock instead of the owl, with his yellow coat-tails hanging down on both sides like wings. But she manned herself, and called out in a loud voice of anguish: —

"Godpapa! godpapa! what are you up there for? Come down to me, and don't frighten me so terribly, you naughty, naughty godpapa Drosselmeier!"

But then there began a sort of wild kickering and queaking, everywhere, all about, and presently there was a sound as of running and trotting, as of thousands of little feet behind the walls, and thousands of little lights began to glitter out between the chinks of the woodwork. But they were not lights; no, no! little glittering eyes; and Marie became aware that everywhere mice were peeping and squeezing themselves out through every chink. Presently they were trotting and galloping in all directions over the room; orderly bodies, continually increasing, of mice, forming themselves into regular troops and squadrons, in good order, just as Fritz's soldiers did when manœuvres were going on. As Marie was not afraid of mice (as many children are), she could not help being amused by this; and her first alarm had nearly left her, when suddenly there came such a sharp and terrible piping noise that the blood ran cold in her veins. Ah! what did she see then? Well, truly, kind reader, I know that your heart is in the right place, just as much as my friend Field Marshal Fritz's is, itself: but if you had seen what now came before Marie's eyes, you would have made a clean pair of heels of it; nay, I consider that you would have plumped into your bed, and drawn the blankets further over your head than necessity demanded.

But poor Marie had n't it in her power to do any such thing, because, right at her feet, as if impelled by some subterranean power, sand and lime and broken stone came bursting up, and then seven mouse-heads, with seven shining crowns upon them, rose through the floor, hissing and piping in a most horrible way. Quickly the body of the mouse which had those seven crowned heads forced its way up through the floor, and this enormous creature shouted, with its seven heads, aloud to the assembled multitude, squeaking to them with all the seven mouths in full chorus; and then the entire army set itself in motion, and went trot, trot, right up to the cupboard — and in fact, to Marie who was standing beside it.

Marie's heart had been beating so with terror that she had thought it must jump out of her breast, and she must die. But now it seemed to her as if the blood in her veins stood still. Half fainting, she leant backwards, and then there was a "klirr, klirr, prr," and the pane of the cupboard, which she had broken with her elbow, fell in shivers to the floor. She felt for a moment a sharp, stinging pain in her arm, but still this seemed to make her heart-lighter; she heard no more of the queaking and piping. Everything was quiet; and though she did n't dare to look, she thought the noise of the glass breaking had frightened the mice back to their holes.

But what came to pass then? Right behind Marie a movement seemed to commence in the cupboard, and small faint voices began to be heard, saying: —

"Come, awake, measures take;
Out to the fight, out to the fight;
Shield the right, shield the right;
Arm and away, — this is the night."

And harmonica bells began ringing as prettily as you please.

"Oh! that's my little peal of bells!" cried Marie, and went nearer to look in. Then she saw that there was bright light in the cupboard, and everything busily in motion there; dolls and little figures of various kinds all running about together, and struggling with their little arms. At this point, Nutcracker rose from his bed, cast off the bedclothes, and sprung with both feet to the floor (of the shelf), crying out at the top of his voice: —

"Knack, knack, knack,
Stupid mousey pack,
All their skulls we'll crack.
Mousey pack, knack, knack,
Mousey pack, crick and crack,
Cowardly lot of schnack!"

And with this he drew his little sword, waved it in the air, and cried: —

"Ye, my trusty vassals, brethren, and friends, are ye ready to stand by me in this great battle?"

Immediately three scaramouches, one pantaloon, four chimney-sweeps, two zither-players, and a drummer, cried in eager accents: —

"Yes, your Highness: we will stand by you in loyal duty; we will follow you to the death, the victory, and the fray!" And they precipitated themselves after Nutcracker (who in the excitement of the moment had dared that perilous leap) to the bottom shelf. Now *they* might well dare this perilous leap; for not only had they got plenty of clothes on, of cloth and silk, but besides, there was not much in their insides except cotton and sawdust, so that they plumped down like little wool-sacks. But as for poor Nutcracker, he would certainly have broken his arms and legs; for, bethink you, it was nearly two feet from where he had stood to the shelf below, and his body was as fragile as if he had been made of elm-wood. Yes, Nutcracker would have broken his arms and legs had not Miss Clara started up from her sofa at the moment of his spring, and received the hero, drawn sword and all, in her tender arms.

"O you dear good Clara!" cried Marie, "how I did misunderstand you! I believe you were quite willing to let dear Nutcracker have your bed."

But Miss Clara now cried, as she pressed the young hero gently to her silken breast: —

"O my lord! go not into this battle and danger, sick and wounded as you are. See how your trusty vassals — clowns and pantaloons, chimney-sweeps, zithermen, and drummer — are already arrayed below; and the puzzle figures, in my shelf here, are in motion and preparing for the fray! Deign, then, O my lord, to rest in these arms of mine, and contemplate your victory from a safe coign of vantage."

Thus spoke Clara. But Nutcracker behaved so impatiently, and kicked so with his legs, that Clara was obliged to put him down on the shelf in a hurry. However, he at once sank gracefully on one knee, and expressed himself as follows: —

"O lady! the kind protection and aid which you have afforded me will ever be present to my heart, in battle and in victory!"

On this, Clara bowed herself so as to be able to take hold of him by his arms, raised him gently up, quickly loosed her girdle, which was ornamented with many spangles, and would have placed it about his shoulders. But the little man drew himself swiftly two steps back, laid his hand upon his heart, and said with much solemnity: —

"O lady! do not bestow this mark of your favor upon me; for —" He hesitated, gave a deep sigh, took the ribbon with which Marie had bound him from his shoulders, pressed it to his lips, put it on as a cognizance for the fight, and waving his glittering sword, sprang like a bird over the ledge of the cupboard down to the floor.

You will observe, kind reader, that Nutcracker, even before he really came to life, had felt and understood all Marie's goodness and regard, and that it was because of his gratitude and devotion to her that he would not take, or wear even, a ribbon of Miss Clara's, although it was exceedingly pretty and charming. This good, true-hearted Nutcracker preferred Marie's much commoner and more unpretending token.

But what is going to happen further, now? At the moment when Nutcracker sprang down, the queaking and piping commenced again worse than ever. Alas! under the big table the hordes of the mouse army had taken up a position, densely massed, under the command of the terrible mouse with the seven heads. . So what is to be the result?

THE BATTLE.

"BEAT the *Generale*, trusty vassal drummer!" cried Nutcracker very loud; and immediately the drummer began to roll his drum in the most splendid style, so that the windows of the glass cupboard rattled and resounded. Then there began a cracking and a clattering inside, and Marie saw all the lids of the boxes in which Fritz's army was quartered bursting open, and the soldiers all came out and jumped down to the bottom shelf, where they formed up in good order. Nutcracker hurried up and down the ranks, speaking words of encouragement.

"There 's not a dog of a trumpeter taking the trouble to sound a call!" he cried in a fury. Then he turned to the pantaloon (who was looking decidedly pale), and wobbling his long chin a good deal, said in a tone of solemnity: —

"I know how brave and experienced you are, General! What is essential here is a rapid comprehension of the situation, and immediate utilization of the passing moment. I intrust you with the command of the cavalry and artillery. You can do without a horse; your own legs are long, and you can gallop on them as fast as is necessary. Do your duty!"

Immediately Pantalooon put his long lean fingers to his mouth, and gave such a piercing crow that it rang as if a hundred little trumpets had been sounding lustily. Then there began a tramping and a neighing in the cupboard; and Fritz's dragoons and cuirassiers — but above all, the new glittering hussars — marched out, and then came to a halt, drawn up on the floor. They then marched past Nutcracker by regiments, with *guidons* flying and bands playing; after which they wheeled into line, and formed up at right angles to the line of march. Upon this, Fritz's artillery came rattling up, and formed action-front in advance of the halted cavalry. Then it went "boom-boom!" and Marie saw the sugar-plums doing terrible execution amongst the thickly massed mouse battalions, which were powdered quite white by them, and greatly put to shame. But a battery of heavy guns, which had taken up a strong position on mamma's footstool, was what did the greatest execution; and "poom-poom-poom!" kept up a murderous fire of gingerbread nuts into the enemy's ranks with most destructive effect, mowing the mice down in great numbers. The enemy, however, was not materially checked in his advance, and had even possessed himself of one or two of the heavy guns, when there came "prr-prr-prr!" and Marie could scarcely see what was happening, for smoke and dust; but this much is certain, that every corps engaged fought with the utmost bravery and determination, and it was for a long time doubtful which side would gain the day. The mice kept on developing fresh bodies of their forces, as they were advanced to the scene of action; their little silver balls — like pills in size — which they delivered with great precision (their musketry practice being specially fine), took effect even inside the glass cupboard. Clara and Gertrude ran up and down in utter despair, wringing their hands and loudly lamenting.

"Must I — the very loveliest doll in all the world — perish miserably in the very flower of my youth?" cried Miss Clara.

"Oh! was it for this," wept Gertrude, "that I have taken such pains to *conserver* myself all these years? Must I be shot here in my own drawing-room after all?"

On this they fell into each other's arms, and howled so terribly that you could hear them above all the din of the battle. For you have no idea of the hurly-burly that went on now, dear auditor! It went prr-prr-poof, piff-schnetterdeng — schnetterdeng — boom-booroom — boom-booroom — boom — all confusedly and higgledy-piggledy; and the mouse king and the mice squeaked and screamed; and then again Nutcracker's powerful voice was heard shouting words of command and issuing important orders, and he was seen striding along among his battalions in the thick of the fire.

Pantaloon had made several most brilliant cavalry charges, and covered himself with glory. But Fritz's hussars were subjected — by the mice — to a heavy fire of very evil-smelling shot, which made horrid spots on their red tunics: this caused them to hesitate, and hang rather back for a time. Pantaloon made them take ground to the left, in *échelon;* and in the excitement of the moment, he, with his dragoons and cuirassiers, executed a somewhat analogous movement. That is to say, they brought up the right shoulder, wheeled to the left, and marched home to their quarters. This had the effect of bringing the battery of artillery on the footstool into imminent danger; and it was not long before a large body of exceedingly ugly mice delivered such a vigorous assault on this position that the whole of the footstool, with the guns and gunners, fell into the enemy's hands. Nutcracker seemed much disconcerted, and ordered his right wing to commence a retrograde movement. A soldier of your experience, my dear Fritz, knows well that such a movement is almost tantamount to a regular retreat, and you grieve with me, in anticipation, for the disaster which threatens the army of Marie's beloved little Nutcracker. But turn your glance in the other direction, and look at this left wing of Nutcracker's, where all is still going well, and you will see that there is yet much hope for the commander-in-chief and his cause.

During the hottest part of the engagement, masses of mouse cavalry had been quietly debouching from under the chest of drawers, and had subsequently made a most determined advance upon the left wing of Nutcracker's force, uttering loud and horrible queakings. But what a reception they met with! Very slowly, as the nature of the *terrain* necessitated (for the ledge at the bottom of the cupboard had to be passed), the regiment of motto figures, commanded by two Chinese emperors, advanced and formed square. These fine, brilliantly uniformed troops, consisting of gardeners, Tyrolese, Tungooses, hair-dressers, harlequins, Cupids, lions, tigers, unicorns, and monkeys, fought with the utmost courage, coolness, and steady endurance. This *bataillon d'élite* would have wrested the victory from the enemy had not one of his cavalry captains, pushing forward in a rash and foolhardy manner, made a charge upon one of the Chinese emperors and bitten off his head. This Chinese emperor, in his fall, knocked over and smothered a couple of Tungooses and a unicorn; and this created a gap, through which the enemy effected a rush which resulted in the whole battalion being bitten to death. But the enemy gained little advantage by this; for as soon as one of the mouse cavalry soldiers bit one of these brave adversaries to death, he found that there was a small piece of printed paper sticking in his throat, of which he died in a moment. Still, this was of small advantage to Nutcracker's army, which, having once commenced a retrograde movement, went on retreating farther and farther, suffering greater and greater loss. So that the unfortunate Nutcracker found himself driven back close to the front of the cupboard, with a very small remnant of his army.

"Bring up the reserves! Pantaloon! Scaramouch! Drummer! where the devil have you got to?" shouted Nutcracker, who was still reckoning on reinforcements from the cupboard. And there did, in fact, advance a small contingent of brown gingerbread men and women, with gilt faces, hats, and helmets; but they laid about them so clumsily that they never hit any of the enemy, and soon knocked off the cap of their commander-in-chief, Nutcracker himself. And the enemy's chasseurs soon bit their legs off, so that they tumbled topsy-turvy, and killed several of Nutcracker's companions-in-arms into the bargain.

Nutcracker was now hard pressed, and closely hemmed in by the enemy, and in a position of extreme peril. He tried to jump the bottom ledge of the cupboard, but his legs were not long enough. Clara and Gertrude had fainted; so they could give him no assistance. Hussars and heavy dragoons came charging up at him, and he shouted in wild despair: —

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

At this moment two of the enemy's riflemen seized him by his wooden cloak, and the king of the mice went rushing up to him, squeaking in triumph out of all his seven throats.

Marie could contain herself no longer. "O my poor Nutcracker!" she sobbed; took off her left shoe without very distinctly knowing what she was about, and threw it as hard as she could into the thick of the enemy, straight at their king.

Instantly everything vanished and disappeared. All was silence. Nothing to be seen. But Marie felt a more stinging pain than before in her left arm, and fell on the floor insensible.

The Pyramid Doctor.

Celebrated people commonly have many ill things said of them, whether well founded or not. And no exception was made in the case of that admirable painter, Salvator Rosa, whose living pictures cannot fail to impart a keen and characteristic delight to those who look upon them. At the time that Salvator's fame was ringing through Naples, Rome, and Tuscany — nay, through all Italy — and painters who were desirous of gaining applause were striving to imitate his peculiar and unique style, his envious and malicious rivals were laboring to spread abroad all sorts of evil reports intended to sully with ugly black stains the glorious splendor of his artistic fame. They affirmed that he had at a former period of his life belonged to a company of banditti, and that it was to his experiences during this lawless time that he owed all the wild, fierce, fantastically attired figures which he introduced into his pictures, just as the gloomy, fearful wildernesses of his landscapes — the *selve selvagge* (savage woods) — to use Dante's expression, were faithful representations of the haunts where they lay hidden.

What was worse still, they openly charged him with having been concerned in the atrocious and bloody revolt which had been set on foot by the notorious Masaniello in Naples. They even described the share he had taken in it, down to the minutest details. I do not believe that Salvator had any share in Masaniello's bloody deeds; on the contrary, I think it was the horrors of that fearful time which drove him from Naples to Rome, where he arrived a poor, poverty-stricken fugitive, just at the time that Masaniello fell.

Not over well dressed, and with a scanty purse containing not more than a few bright sequins in his pocket, he crept through the gate just after nightfall. Somehow or other — he did n't exactly know how — he wandered as far as the Piazza Navona. In better times he had once lived there in a large house near the Pamfili Palace. With an ill-tempered growl, he gazed up at the large plate-glass windows glistening and glimmering in the moonlight. "Hm!" he exclaimed, "it'll cost me dozens of yards of colored canvas before I can open my studio up there again." But all at once he felt as if paralyzed in every limb, and at the same moment more weak and feeble than he had ever felt in his life before. "But shall I," he murmured between his teeth as he sank down upon the stone steps leading up to the house-door, "shall I really be able to finish canvas enough in the way the fools want it done? Hm! I have a notion that that will be the end of it!"

A cold, cutting night blew down the street. Salvator recognized the necessity of seeking a shelter. Rising with difficulty, he staggered on into the Corso, and then turned into the Via Bergogna. At length he stopped before a little house with only a couple of windows, inhabited by a poor widow and her two daughters. This woman had taken him in for little pay the first time he came to Rome, an unknown stranger noticed of nobody; and so he hoped again to find a lodging with her, such as would be best suited to the sad condition in which he then was.

He knocked confidently at the door, and several times called out his name aloud. At last he heard the old woman slowly and reluctantly wakening up out of her sleep. She shuffled to the window in her slippers, and began to rain down a shower of abuse upon the knave who was come to worry her in this way in the middle of the night; her house was not a wine-shop, etc. Then there ensued a good deal of cross-questioning before she recognized her former lodger's voice; but on Salvator's complaining that he had fled from Naples and was unable to find a shelter in Rome, the old dame cried, "By all the blessed saints of heaven! Is that you, Signor Salvator? Well now, your little room up above, that looks on to the court, is still standing empty, and the old fig-tree has pushed its branches right through the window and into the room, so that you can sit and work like as if you was in a beautiful cool arbor. Ay, and how pleased my girls will be that you have come back again, Signor Salvator. But d' ye know, my Margarita 's grown a big girl and fine-looking? You won't give her any more rides on your knee now. And — your little pussy, just fancy, three months ago she choked herself with a fish-bone. Ah, well, we all shall come to the grave at last. But, d' ye know, my fat neighbor, whom you so often laughed at and so often painted in such funny ways — d' ye know, she *did* marry that young fellow, Signor Luigi, after all. Ah, well! marriages and magistrates are made in heaven, they say."

"But," cried Salvator, interrupting the old woman, "but, Signora Caterina, I entreat you by the blessed saints, do, pray, let me in, and then tell me all about your fig-tree and your daughters, your cat and your fat neighbor — I am perishing of weariness and cold."

"Bless me, how impatient we are," rejoined the old woman;

"*Chi va piano va sano, chi va presto more lesto*, I tell you. But you are tired, you are cold; where are the keys? quick with the keys!"

But the old woman still had to wake up her daughters and kindle a fire, but oh! she was such a long time about it — such a long, long time. At last she opened the door and let poor Salvator in; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold than, overcome by fatigue and illness, he dropped on the floor as if dead. Happily the widow's son, who generally lived at Tivoli, chanced to be at his mother's that night. He was at once turned out of his bed to make room for the sick guest, which he willingly submitted to.

The old woman was very fond of Salvator, putting him, as far as his artistic powers went, above all the painters in the world; and in everything that he did she also took the greatest pleasure. She was therefore quite beside herself to see him in this lamentable condition, and wanted to run off to the neighboring monastery to fetch her father confessor, that he might come and fight against the adverse power of the disease with consecrated candles or some powerful amulet or other. On the other hand, her son thought it would be almost better to see about getting an experienced physician at once, and off he ran to the Spanish Square, where he knew the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni dwelt. No sooner did the Doctor learn that the painter Salvator Rosa lay ill in the Via Bergogna than he at once declared himself ready to call early and see the patient.

Salvator lay unconscious, struck down by a most severe attack of fever. The old dame had hung up two or three pictures of saints above his bed, and was praying fervently. The girls, though bathed in tears, exerted themselves from time to time to get the sick man to swallow a few drops of the cooling lemonade which they had made, whilst their brother, who had taken his place at the head of the bed, wiped the cold sweat from his brow. And so morning found them, when, with a loud creak, the door opened, and the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni entered the room.

If Salvator had not been so seriously ill that the two girls' hearts were melted in grief, they would, I think — for they were in general frolicsome and saucy — have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Doctor's extraordinary appearance instead of retiring shyly, as they did, into the corner, greatly alarmed.

It will indeed be worth while to describe the outward appearance of the little man who presented himself at Dame Caterina's in the Via Bergogna in the gray of the morning. In spite of all his excellent capabilities for growth, Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni had not been able to advance beyond the respectable stature of four feet. Moreover, in the days of his youth, he had been distinguished for his elegant figure, so that, before his head, always indeed somewhat ill-shaped, and his big cheeks, and his stately double chin had put on too much fat, before his nose had grown bulky and spread, owing to overmuch indulgence in Spanish snuff, and before his little belly had assumed the shape of a wine-tub from too much fattening on macaroni, the priestly cut of garment which he at that time had affected had suited him down to the ground. He was then in truth a pretty little man, and accordingly the Roman ladies had styled him their *caro puppazetto* (sweet little pet). That, however, was now a thing of the past. A German painter, seeing Doctor Splendiano walking across the Spanish Square, said — and he was perhaps not far from wrong — that it looked as if some strapping fellow of six feet or so had walked away from his own head, which had fallen on the shoulders of a little marionette clown, who now had to carry it about as his own. This curious little figure walked about in patchwork — an immense quantity of pieces of Venetian damask of a large flower-pattern that had been cut up in making a dressing-gown; high up round his waist he had buckled a broad leather belt, from which an excessively long rapier hung; whilst his snow-white wig was surmounted by a high conical cap, not unlike the obelisk in St. Peter's Square. Since the said wig, like a piece of texture all tumbled and tangled, spread out thick and wide all over his back, it might very well be taken for the cocoon out of which the fine silkworm had crept.

The worthy Splendiano Accoramboni stared through his big, bright spectacles, with his eyes wide open, first at his patient, then at Dame Caterina. Calling her aside, he croaked with bated breath: "There lies our talented painter Salvator Rosa, and he 's lost if my skill does n't save him, Dame Caterina. Pray tell me when he came to lodge with you? Did he bring many beautiful large pictures with him?"

"Ah! my dear Doctor," replied Dame Caterina, "the poor fellow only came last night. And as for pictures — why, I don't know nothing about them; but there 's a big box below, and Salvator begged me to take very good care of it, before he became senseless like what he now is. I dare say there 's a fine picture packed in it, as he painted in Naples."

What Dame Caterina said was, however, a falsehood; but we shall soon see that she had good reasons for imposing upon the Doctor in this way.

"Good! Very good!" said the Doctor, simpering and stroking his beard; then, with as much solemnity as his long rapier, which kept catching in all the chairs and tables he came near, would allow, he approached the sick man and felt his pulse, snorting and wheezing, so that it had a most curious effect in the midst of the reverential silence which had fallen upon all the rest. Then he ran over in Greek and Latin the names of a hundred and twenty diseases that Salvator had not, then almost as many which he might have had, and concluded by saying that on the spur of the moment he did n't recollect the name of his disease, but that he would within a short time find a suitable one for it, and along therewith the proper remedies as well. Then he took his departure with the same solemnity with which he had entered, leaving them all full of trouble and anxiety.

At the bottom of the steps the Doctor requested to see Salvator's box. Dame Caterina showed him one — in which were two or three of her deceased husband's cloaks now laid aside, and some old worn-out shoes. The Doctor smilingly tapped the box on this side and on that, and remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "We shall see! We shall see!"

Some hours later he returned with a very beautiful name for his patient's disease, and brought with him some big bottles of an evil-smelling potion, which he directed to be given to the patient constantly. This was a work of no little trouble, for Salvator showed the greatest aversion for — utter loathing of — the stuff, which looked, and smelt, and tasted, as if it had been concocted from Acheron itself.

Whether it was that the disease, since it had now received a name, and in consequence really signified something, had only just begun to put forth its virulence, or whether it was that Splendiano's potion made too much of a disturbance inside the patient — it is at any rate certain that the poor painter grew weaker and weaker from day to day, from hour to hour. And notwithstanding Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's assurance that, after the vital process had reached a state of perfect equilibrium, he would give it a new start, like the pendulum of a clock, they were all very doubtful as to Salvator's recovery, and thought that the Doctor had perhaps already given the pendulum such a violent start that the mechanism was quite impaired.

Now it happened one day that when Salvator seemed scarcely able to move a finger he was suddenly seized with the paroxysm of fever; in a momentary accession of fictitious strength he leapt out of bed, seized the full medicine-bottles, and hurled them fiercely out of the window. Just at this moment Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was entering the house, when two or three bottles came bang upon his head, smashing all to pieces, whilst the brown liquid ran in streams all down his wig and face and ruff. Hastily rushing into the house, he screamed like a madman.

"Signor Salvator has gone out of his mind, he 's become insane; no skill can save him now, he 'll be dead in ten minutes. Give me the picture. Dame Caterina, give me the picture — it 's mine, the scanty reward of all my trouble. Give me the picture, I say."

But when Dame Caterina opened the box, and Doctor Splendiano saw nothing but the old cloaks and torn shoes, his eyes spun round in his head like a pair of firewheels; he gnashed his teeth; he stamped; he consigned poor Salvator, the widow, and all the family to the devil; then he rushed out of the house like an arrow from a bow, or as if he had been shot from a cannon.

After the violence of the paroxysm had spent itself, Salvator again relapsed into a death-like condition. Dame Caterina was fully persuaded that his end was really come, and away she sped as fast as she could to the monastery, to fetch Father Boniface, that he might come and administer the sacrament to the dying man. Father Boniface came and looked at the sick man; he said he was well acquainted with the peculiar signs which approaching death is wont to stamp upon the human countenance, but that for the present there were no indications of them on the face of the insensible Salvator. Something might still be done, and he would procure help at once, only Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni, with his Greek names and infernal medicines, was not to be allowed to cross the threshold again. The good Father set out at once, and we shall see later that he kept his word about sending the promised help.

Salvator recovered consciousness again; he fancied he was lying in a beautiful flower-scented arbor, for green boughs and leaves were interlacing above his head. He felt a salutary warmth glowing in his veins, but it seemed to him as if, somehow, his left arm was bound fast.

"Where am I?" he asked in a faint voice. Then a handsome young man, who had stood at his bedside, but whom he had not noticed until just now, threw himself upon his knees, and grasping Salvator's right hand, kissed it and bathed it with tears, as he cried again and again: "Oh! my dear sir! my noble master! now it's all right; you are saved, you'll get better."

"But do tell me" — began Salvator, when the young man begged him not to exert himself, for he was too weak to talk; he would tell him all that happened.

"You see, my esteemed and excellent sir," began the young man, "you see you were very ill when you came from Naples, but your condition was not, I warrant, by any means so dangerous but that a few simple remedies would soon have set you, with your strong constitution, on your legs again, had you not, through Carlo's well-intentioned blunder in running off for the nearest physician, fallen into the hands of the redoubtable Pyramid Doctor, who was making all preparations for bringing you to your grave."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Salvator, laughing heartily, notwithstanding the feeble state he was in. "What do you say? — the Pyramid Doctor? Ay, ay, although I was very ill, I saw that the little knave in damask patchwork, who condemned me to drink his horrid, loathsome devil's brew, wore on his head the obelisk from St. Peter's Square — and so that's why you call him the Pyramid Doctor?"

"Why, good heavens!" said the young man, likewise laughing, "Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni must have come to see you in his ominous conical nightcap; and, do you know, you may see it flashing every morning from his window in the Spanish Square like a portentous meteor. But it's not by any means owing to this cap that he's called the Pyramid Doctor; for that there's quite another reason. Doctor Splendiano is a great lover of pictures, and possesses in truth quite a choice collection, which he has gained by a practice of a peculiar nature. With eager cunning he lies in wait for painters and their illnesses. More especially he loves to get foreign artists into his toils; let them but eat an ounce or two of macaroni too much, or drink a glass more Syracuse than is altogether good for them, he will afflict them with first one and then another disease, designating it by a formidable name, and proceeding at once to cure them of it. He generally bargains for a picture as the price of his attendance; and as it is only specially obsitinate constitutions which are able to stand his powerful remedies, it generally happens that he gets his picture out of the chattels left by the poor foreigner, who meanwhile has been carried to the Pyramid of Cestius, and buried there. It need hardly be said that Signor Splendiano always picks out the best of the pictures the painter has finished, and also does not forget to bid the men to take several others along with it. The cemetery near the Pyramid of Cestius is Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's cornfield, which he diligently cultivates, and for that reason he is called the Pyramid Doctor. Dame Caterina had taken great pains, of course with the best intentions, to make the Doctor believe that you had brought a fine picture with you; you may imagine therefore with what eagerness he concocted his potions for you. It was a fortunate thing that in the paroxysm of fever you threw the Doctor's bottle at his head; it was also a fortunate thing that he left you in anger, and no less fortunate was it that Dame Caterina, who believed you were in the agonies of death, fetched Father Boniface to come and administer to you the sacrament. Father Boniface understands something of the art of healing; he formed a correct diagnosis of your condition and fetched me. I hastened here, opened a vein in your left arm, and you were saved. Then we brought you up into this cool, airy room that you formerly occupied. Look, there 's the easel which you left behind you; yonder are a few sketches which Dame Caterina has treasured up as if they were relics. The virulence of your disease is subdued; simple remedies, such as Father Boniface can prepare, are all you want, except good nursing, to bring back your strength again. And now permit me once more to kiss this hand — this creative hand that charms from Nature her deepest secrets and clothes them in living form. Permit poor Antonio Scacciati to pour out all the gratitude and immeasurable joy of his heart that Heaven has granted him to save the life of our great and noble painter, Salvator Rosa."

James Hogg

"THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD"

JAMES HOGG.

Hogg, James, a Scottish poet and prose-writer, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd;" born in the Ettrick Forest in 1770; died at Eltrive Lake, November 21, 1835. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh, in order to sell a few sheep, and he then put forth a small volume of poems, under the title of "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs." A little later Sir Walter Scott, who was collecting materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders," became acquainted with Hogg, who furnished him with a number of ballads; and in 1807 he put forth another volume of poems, "The Mountain Bard." He contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," and figures largely as an interlocutor in Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." In 1813 he published "The Queen's Wake," his most popular poem. His "Bonny Kilmeny," a fairy story, which forms a part of "The Queen's Wake," stands high among works of its class, and some of his ballads and songs possess decided merit. Among his prose works are "Jacobite Relics," "The Three Perils of Man," "The Three Perils of Woman," "The Eltrive Tales," and "Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott."

Bonny Kilmeny.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring —
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung from the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the deadbell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain —
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane —
When the ingle lowed with an eyrie leme —
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den —
By lin, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace;
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;

She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speir:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here? . . . . .
Oh, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again —
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear —
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the joys you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be." . . .

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh! the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the Land of Thought again.

A Boy's Song.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is sweetest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

When Maggy Gangs Away.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away;
There 's no a heart in a' the glen
  That disna dread the day;
Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for 't —
  A waeful wight is he;
Poor Harry 's ta'en the bed for 't,
  An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy 's gane unto the kirk,
  An' learnin' fast to pray;
And oh, what will the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
  Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said — in confidence —
  The lassie was divine;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
  Than ony priest should say;
But oh, what will the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
  That day will quaver high;
'T will draw the redbreast frae the wood,
  The leverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
  Will rise an' join the lay;
An' hey! what a day will be
  When Maggy gangs away!

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing —
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Donald M'Donald.

Air — "*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*"

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
  I live in the Hielands sae grand;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
  Wherever my Maker has land.

When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
  Nae danger can fear me ava:
I ken that my brethren around me
  Are either to conquer or fa'.
    Brogues an' brochen an' a',
    Brochen an' brogues an' a':
An' is nae her very weel aff,
  Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
  To tell it I dinna think shame:
Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
  An' reckoned our mountains his hame.
'T was true that our reason forbade us,
  But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
  Wi' him we had a' gane away,
    Sword an' buckler an' a',
    Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we 'll encounter the Devil,
  Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him
  The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
  We 'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
  Though it were my finishing blow,
He aye may depend on M'Donald,
  Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row,
    Knees an' elbows an' a',
    Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
  His knees an' elbows an' a'!

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
  Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we 'd gall him,
  Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
  We 'd rattle off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
  An' sing him — "Lochaber no more!"
    Stanes an' bullets an' a',
    Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We 'll finish the Corsican callan
  Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, and Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;
An' I their gude brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!

When the Kye Comes Hame.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I 'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'T is to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'T is not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'T is not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great —
'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough
Oh! a happy bird is he!
Where he pours his melting ditty
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
  And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny luken gowan
  Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
  Drops down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
  When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
  That lingers on the hill:
His ewes are in the fauld,
  An' his lambs are lying still,
Yet he downa gang to bed,
  For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
  When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
  Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
  Rises red in the east,
Oh, there 's a joy sae dear
  That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
  When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
  In this love without alloy,
Oh wha wad prove a traitor
  To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
  Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
  When the kye comes hame?
    When the kye comes hame,
    When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
  When the kye comes hame.

LUDWIG HOLBERG.

Holberg, Ludwig, a Danish poet, and "father of Danish comedy;" born in Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684; died at Copenhagen, January 28, 1754. Under the pseudonym of "Hans Mikkelsen" he had published in 1719 the serio-comic epic of "Peder Paars," a satire on contemporary manners. With the opening of the Danish theatre, in 1721, Holberg determined to create a taste for Danish comedy. Until this time all plays acted in Denmark were written in either French or German. The first of his original pieces performed was "Den Politiske Kandstöber" ("The Political Pewterer"), which had an extraordinary success. Before the close of 1722 he produced four more successful plays: "Den Vögelsindede;" "Jean de France;" "Jeppe of the Mountain;" and "Gert the Westphalian." Among his comedies, written in 1723, are "Barselstuen;" "Jakob von Thyboe;" "Den Bundeslöse;" "Don Ranudo;" and "Melampe." His most famous comedy of 1724 was "Henrik and Pernille." He continued his dramatic labors until 1728. In 1731 he collected his comedies. His later works were historical, philosophical, and statistical. Among them are a "Description of Denmark and Norway" (1729); "Description of Bergen" (1737); "Universal Church History" (1738); "Stories of Heroes and Heroines" (1739-45); "History of the Jews" (1742); "Moral Reflections" (1744); "Moral Fables" (1751); and five volumes of "Epistles." His only poem published in these years was "The Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim" (1741).

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

(From "The Political Pewterer.")

Herman the Pewterer. Heinrich, get everything ready. Mugs and pipes on the table. That is right.

[*Heinrich makes preparations. One comes in after another and all take seats at the table, Herman at the head.*]

Herman. Welcome, good men, all of you! Where did we leave off last?

Richart the Brushmaker. We were talking about the interests of Germany.

Gert the Furrier. That is so; I remember now. It will all come up at the next Reichstag. I wish I could be there for an hour, — I would whisper something to the Elector of Mainz that he would thank me for. The good people do not know where the interests of Germany lie. When did one ever hear of an imperial city like Vienna without a fleet, or at least without galleys? They might keep a war fleet for the defence of the kingdom; there is the war tax and the war treasure. See how much wiser the Turk is. We can never learn to wage war better than he does. There are forests enough in Austria and Prague, if they were only used for ships and masts. If we had a fleet in Austria or Prague, then the Turk and the Frenchman would stop besieging Vienna, and we could go to Constantinople. But nobody thinks of such things.

Sivert the Inspector. No, not a mother's son of them. Our forefathers were a good deal wiser. It all depends upon circumstances. Germany is no bigger now than it was in the old days, when we not only defended ourselves well enough against our neighbors, but even seized large parts of France, and besieged Paris by land and water.

Frantz the Wigmaker. But Paris is n't a seaport.

Sivert. Then I have read my map very badly. I know how Paris lies. Here lies England, right where my finger is; here is the Channel, here is Bordeaux, and here is Paris.

Frantz. No, brother! Here is Germany, close to France, which connects with Germany; *ergo*, Paris cannot be a seaport.

Sivert. Does n't France have any sea-coast?

Frantz. No, indeed; a Frenchman who has not travelled abroad does n't know anything about ships and boats. Ask Master Herman. Is n't it the way I say, Master Herman?

Herman. I will soon settle the dispute. Heinrich, get us the map of Europe.

The Host. Here you have one, but it is in pieces.

Herman. That does n't matter. I know where Paris is, well enough, but I want the map to convince the others. Do you see, Sivert, here is Germany.

Sivert. That is all right; I can tell it by the Danube, which lies here.

[*As he points to the Danube his elbow tips over a mug, and the beer runs over the map.*]

THE HOST. The Danube is flowing a little too fast.

[*General laughter.*]

HERMAN. Listen, good people, — we talk too much about foreign affairs: let us talk about Hamburg; there is plenty here to think about. I have often wondered how it happens that we have no settlements in India, and have to buy our wares of others. This is a matter that the Bürgermeister and his council ought to think about.

RICHART. Don't talk about Bürgermeister and council; if we wait till they think about it, we shall have to wait a long while. Here in Hamburg a bürgermeister gets credit only for restricting law-abiding citizens.

HERMAN. What I mean, my good men, is that it is not yet too late; for why should not the King of India trade with us as well as with Dutchmen, who have nothing to send him but cheese and butter, which generally spoils on the way? It is my opinion that we should do well to bring the matter before the council. How many of us are there here?

HOST. There are only six of us; I don't believe the other six are coming any more.

HERMAN. There are enough of us. What is your opinion, host? Let us put it to vote.

HOST. I am not wholly in favor of it; for such journeys bring a good many people here from town, and I pick up some skillings from them.

SIVERT. It is my opinion that we should think more of the city's welfare than of our own interests, and that Master Herman's plan is one of the finest that has ever been made. The more trade we have, the more the city must prosper; the more ships come hither, the better it will be for us small officials. Yet this is not the chief reason why I vote for the plan; and I recommend it wholly for sake of the city's needs and prosperity.

GERT. I can't altogether agree with this plan, but propose rather settlements in Greenland and Davis Strait; for such trade would be much better and more useful for the city.

FRANTZ THE CUTLER. I see that Gert's vote has more to do with his own interest than with the good of the republic; for Indian voyages bring less business to furriers than voyages to the North. For my part, I hold that the Indian trade is the most important of all; for in India you can often get from the savages, for a knife or a fork or a pair of scissors, a lump of gold that weighs as much. We must arrange it so that the plan we propose to the council shall not savor of self-interest, else we shall not make much headway with it.

Richart. I am of Niels Skriver's opinion.

Herman. You vote like a brushmaker: Niels Skriver is n't here. But what does that woman want? It is my wife, I declare.

Enter Geske.

Geske. Are you here, you idler? It would be quite as well if you did some work, or looked after your people a little. We are losing one job after another by your neglect.

Herman. Be quiet, wife! You may be Frau Bürgermeister before you know it. Do you suppose I am wasting my time? I am doing ten times more work than all of you in the house: you only work with your hands, and I am working with my head.

Geske. That 's what all crazy folks do: they build air-castles, and split their heads with craziness and foolishness, imagining that they are doing something important when it amounts to nothing at all.

Gert. If that was my wife, she should n't talk that way more than once.

Herman. Ei, Gert! A politician must n't mind it. Two or three years ago, I would have dressed my wife's back for such words; but since I began to dip into political books, I have learned to scorn talk like that. *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare* (Who knows not how to dissimulate, knows not how to reign), says an old politician who was no fool; I think his name was Agrippa or Albertus Magnus. It is a principle of politics all over the world, that he who cannot bear a few sharp words from an ill-tempered and crazy woman is n't fit for any high place. Coolness is the greatest of virtues, and the jewel that best adorns rulers and authorities. So I hold that no one here in the city should have a place in the council before he has given proof of his coolness, and let people see that he cannot be disturbed by abusive words, blows, and boxes on the ear. I am quick-tempered by nature, but I strive to overcome it by reflection. I have read in the preface of a book called "Der Politische Stockfisch" ('The Political Stockfish') that when a man is overcome with anger he should count twenty, and his anger will often pass away.

GERT. It would n't help *me* if I counted a hundred.

HERMAN. That means you are only fit for a humble place. Heinrich, give my wife a mug of beer at the little table.

GESKE. Ei, you rascal, do you think I came here to drink ?

HERMAN. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen — now it is all over. Listen, mother: you must n't talk so harshly to your husband, — it is so very vulgar.

GESKE. Is it genteel to beg ? Has n't any wife cause to scold, when she has for husband an idler who neglects his family this way, and lets his wife and children suffer ?

HERMAN. Heinrich, give her a glass of brandy : she is getting excited.

GESKE. Heinrich, box the ears of that rascal my husband.

HEINRICH. You will have to do that yourself : I don't like the commission.

GESKE. Then I will do it myself. [*Boxes her husband's ears.*]

HERMAN. One, two, three [*counts up to twenty, then acts as if he were about to strike back, but begins to count twenty over again*]. If I had n't been a politician, it would have been bad for you.

GERT. If you can't manage your wife, I 'll do it for you. [*To* GESKE.] Get out of here !

[GESKE *flings herself out.*]

GERT. I 'll teach her to stay at home next time. If you have to be dragged about by the hair by your wife to be a politician, I shall never be one.

HERMAN. Ah, ah ! *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare.* It is easily said, but not so easy to practise. I confess it was a great shame my wife did me ; I think I will run after her and beat her in the street. Yet — one, two, three [*counts to twenty*]. It is all over : let us talk about something else.

FRANTZ. Women-folk have altogether too much to say here in Hamburg.

GERT. That is true ; I have often thought of making a proposal on the subject. But it is a serious thing to get into trouble with them. The proposal is a good one, however.

HERMAN. What is your proposal ?

GERT. There are not many articles in it. First, I would not have the marriage contract lasting, but only for a certain number of years, so that if a man were not satisfied with his wife, he could make a new contract with another: only both he and his companion should be bound to let each other know, three months before moving day (which might be at Easter or Michaelmas); in case he was satisfied with her, the contract might be renewed. Believe me, if such a law were passed, there would n't be a single bad wife in Hamburg: they would all do their best to please their husbands and get the contract extended. Have any of you anything to say against the article? Frantz! you smile in a knowing way: you must have something to say against it — let us hear from you.

Frantz. Might not a wife sometimes find her account in getting separated from a husband who either treated her badly, or was lazy, doing nothing but eat and drink, without working to support his wife and children? Or she might take a liking for somebody else, and lead her husband such a dance that he would let her go in spite of his resolve to keep her. I think that great misfortunes might spring from such a plan. There are ways to manage a wife, after all. If everybody would, like you, Master Herman, count twenty every time his ears were boxed, we should have a lot of fine wives. — Let us hear the other articles, Gert.

Gert. Yes, you are likely to. You only want to make more fun of me: no plan can be so good that something will not be said against it.

Herman. Let us talk about something else. Anybody who heard us would think we met to discuss the marriage relation. I was thinking last night, when I could not sleep, how the government of Hamburg might be changed so as to shut out a few families, who seem born to be bürgermeisters and councillors, and bring back full freedom to the city. I was thinking that we might choose our bürgermeisters, now from one trade, now from another, so that all citizens could share in the government and all kinds of business prosper: for example, when a goldsmith became bürgermeister he would look after the goldsmiths' interests, a tailor after the tailors', a pewterer after the pewterers'; and nobody should be bürgermeister more than a month, so that no trade should prosper more than another. If the government were arranged that way, we might be a truly free people.

All. Your plan is a fine one, Master Herman. You talk like a Solomon.

Frantz the Cutler. The plan is good enough, but —

Gert. You are always coming in with your "buts." I believe your father or mother was a Mennonite.[1]

Herman. Let him say what he means. What do you want to say? What do you mean by your "but"?

Frantz. I was wondering whether it would n't be hard sometimes to find a good bürgermeister in every trade. Master Herman is good enough, for he has studied; but after he is dead, where could we find another pewterer fit for such an office? For when the republic is on its knees, it is n't as easy to mould it into another shape as it is to mould a plate or a mug when it is spoiled.

Gert. Oh, rubbish! We can find plenty of good men among the working classes.

Herman. Listen, Frantz: you are a young man yet, and so you can 't see as far into things as we others; but I see that you have a good head, and may amount to something in time. I will briefly prove to you from our own company that your reason is not a good one. There are twelve of us here, all working people, and each of us can see a hundred mistakes that the council makes. Now just imagine one of us made bürgermeister: he could correct the mistakes we have so often talked about, and that the council is too blind to see. Would Hamburg City lose anything by such a bürgermeister? If you good people think it would, I will give up my plan.

All. You are quite right.

Herman. But now about our affairs. The time is going, and we have n't read the papers yet. Heinrich, let us have the latest papers.

Heinrich. Here are the latest papers.

Herman. Hand them to Richart the brush-maker, who is our reader.

Richart. They write from the head camp on the Rhine that recruits are expected.

Herman. Yes, they have written that a dozen times running. Skip the Rhine. I lose my temper altogether when that thing is talked about. What is the news from Italy?

Richart. They write from Italy that Prince Eugene has broken up his camp, crossed the Po, and passed by all the fortresses to surprise the enemy's army, which thereupon retreated four miles in great haste. The Duke of Vendôme laid waste his own country on the retreat.

---

[1] This is a play upon the words: Men = but; — Mennist, Mennonite.

Herman. Ah, ah! His Highness is struck with blindness; we are undone; I would n't give four skillings for the whole army in Italy.

Gert. I believe that the Prince did right; that was always my plan. Did n't I say the other day, Frantz, that he ought to do so?

Frantz. No, I can't remember that you did.

Gert. I have said so a hundred times, for how can the army lie and loiter there? The Prince was all right. I will maintain it against anybody.

Herman. Heinrich, give me a glass of brandy. I must say, gentlemen, that things grew black before my eyes when I heard this news read. Your health, Mussiörs! Now, I confess I call it a capital mistake to pass by the fortresses.

Sivert. I would have done just the same if the army had been under my command.

Frantz. Yes, the next thing we shall see is that they will make generals out of inspectors.

Sivert. You need not jeer; I could do as well as some other people.

Gert. I think that Sivert is right, and that the Prince did well to go straight at the enemy.

Herman. Ei, my good Gert, you know too much; you have a good deal to learn yet.

Gert. I won't learn it from Frantz the cutler.

[*They get into a sharp quarrel, talk in one another's faces, get up from their stools, storm and threaten.*]

Herman [*strikes the table and shouts*]. Quiet, quiet, gentlemen! Let us not talk about it any more; every one can have his own opinion. Listen, gentlemen, pay attention! Do you suppose the Duke of Vendôme retreated and laid waste the country because he was frightened? No; the fellow has read the chronicle of Alexander Magnus, who acted just that way when Darius pursued him, and then won a victory as great as ours at Hochstedt.

Heinrich. The postmaster's clock just struck twelve.

Herman. Then we must all go.

[*They continue the dispute on the way out.*]

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Holcroft, Thomas, an English dramatist and novelist; born in London, December 10 (O. S)., 1745; died there, March 23, 1809. His father was a shoemaker and keeper of a livery-stable, and the son was his assistant. In time he became trainer of a race-horse at Newmarket, was subsequently a schoolmaster, and finally went upon the stage. He wrote some thirty plays, the best known of which is "The Road to Ruin;" four novels, the best of which is "Hugh Trevor," in which he depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society; and a volume of autobiographical "Memoirs," which were edited by William Hazlitt, and posthumously published in 1816.

Gaffer Gray.

(From "Hugh Trevor.")

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray!
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
    Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
    "He will fasten his locks,
    And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
    Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
    Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
    "His beeves and his beer,
    And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
    Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
    Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we 'll live.
    "The poor man alone,
    When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
    Well-a-day!"

RAPHAEL HOLINGSHEAD.

Holingshead, Raphael, an early English chronicler; probably born at Sutton Downs, Cheshire, at an uncertain date; died about 1580. Very little is known of his early history, though he is said to have been educated at Cambridge. Early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth he entered the service of Reginald Wolfe, a London printer, as translator. About 1548 Wolfe, having inherited Leland's notes, designed a universal history. He started work on the portions devoted to England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which he was assisted by Holingshead and Lucas Harrison. After twenty-five years of labor on this great work Wolfe died, leaving the work far from ready for publication. His successors continued the work, and on July 1, 1578, license to print "Raphael Holingshead's Cronycle" was issued to John Harrison and George Bishop.

Macbeth's Witches.

(From the "Chronicles.")

Shortly after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Fores, where the King then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the middest of a laund there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of the elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said: —

"All hail Makbeth, thane of Glammis!"

(For he had lately entered into that office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said: —

"Hail Makbeth, thane of Cawder!"

But the third said: —

"All hail Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland!"

Then Banquho: "What manner of women" (saith he) "are you that seem so little favorable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?" "Yes" (saith the first of them), "we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him: for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place; when certainly thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent." Herewith the fore said women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, King of Scotland, and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecie by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

The Murder of the Young Princes.

(From the "Chronicles.")

King Richard after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit (in his new honor) the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised (as he rode) to fulfil the things which he before had intended. And forsomuch that his mind gave him, that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm; he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one Sir John Greene (whom he specially trusted) to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any wise put the children to death.

Sir John Greene did his errand unto Brackenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer John Greene returning, recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his: "Ah, whom shall a man trust? Those that I have

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER

From a Painting by Northcote, R.A.

brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me — even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me."

"Sir" (said his page), "there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse." Meaning by this Sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and good-will as he had strength and wit.

The man had a high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped; being hindered and kept under by the means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longing for no more partners of the prince's favor; and namely, not for him whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust; which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise to do him good that all the enemies he had (except the Devil) could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting apart in his own chamber) and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tirrells, of person like, and brethren in blood, but nothing akin in conditions.

Then said the King merrily to them: "What, Sirs, be ye in bed so soon?" and calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brackenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered, and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince (as soon as the Protector left that name and took himself as King) had it showed unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which word the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said: "Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom."

Then he that told him the tale used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them, only one (called Black Will or William Slaughter) excepted, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught wrought of himself, but with that young babe his brother lingered with thought and heaviness, until this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.

Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely children lying in their beds), came to the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so too bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which upon the sight of them caused those murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and shewed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and (as some say) there made him knight. But he allowed not (as I have heard) the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honorable courage of a king! Whereupon they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brackenbury's took up the bodies again and secretly enterred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which only knew it, could never since come to light. Very truth is it and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower for treason committed against the most famous prince King Henry the Seventh, both Dighton and he were examined and confessed the murder in manner above written; but whither the bodies were removed they could nothing tell.

And thus (as I have learned of them that must know and little cause had to lie) were these two noble princes, these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live, reign, and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormentors: which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal; or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart; or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at St. Martins piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged yet ere he die. But Sir James Tirrell died at the Tower Hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog; and the mischief that he took within less than three years of the mischief that he did; and yet all (in the meantime) spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish and sorrow within. . . . He never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever upon his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again, he took ill rest o' nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, much troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes start up, leapt out of his bed and ran about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deeds.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert, a noted American journalist and novelist; born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819; died at New York, October 12, 1881. He studied medicine, was engaged in practice for three years, then went to Springfield, Mass., where for a short time he edited a literary periodical. He then went to Vicksburg, Miss., where he was for a year Superintendent of Public Schools. Returning to Springfield he became in 1849 an associate editor of the "Republican" newspaper. After travelling in Europe, he became, in 1870, the editor and part proprietor of "Scribner's Magazine," which was then established, and of which he remained the editor until his death. He was also a very popular lyceum lecturer. His principal works are: "History of Western Massachusetts" (1855); "The Bay Path," a novel (1857); "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" (1858); "Bitter Sweet," a poetical tale (1858); "Gold Foil" (1859); "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel (1860); "Lessons in Life" (1861); "Letters to the Joneses" (1863); "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects" (1865); "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1866); "Kathrina," a narrative poem (1867); "The Marble Prophecy and Other Poems" (1872); "Arthur Bonnicastle," a novel (1873); "Garnered Sheaves," a collection of poems (1873); and "The Mistress of the Manse," a narrative poem (1874).

Gradation.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust
  When the morning calls us to life and light;
  But our hearts grow weary and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings
  Beyond the reach of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men!
  We may borrow the wings to find the way;
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

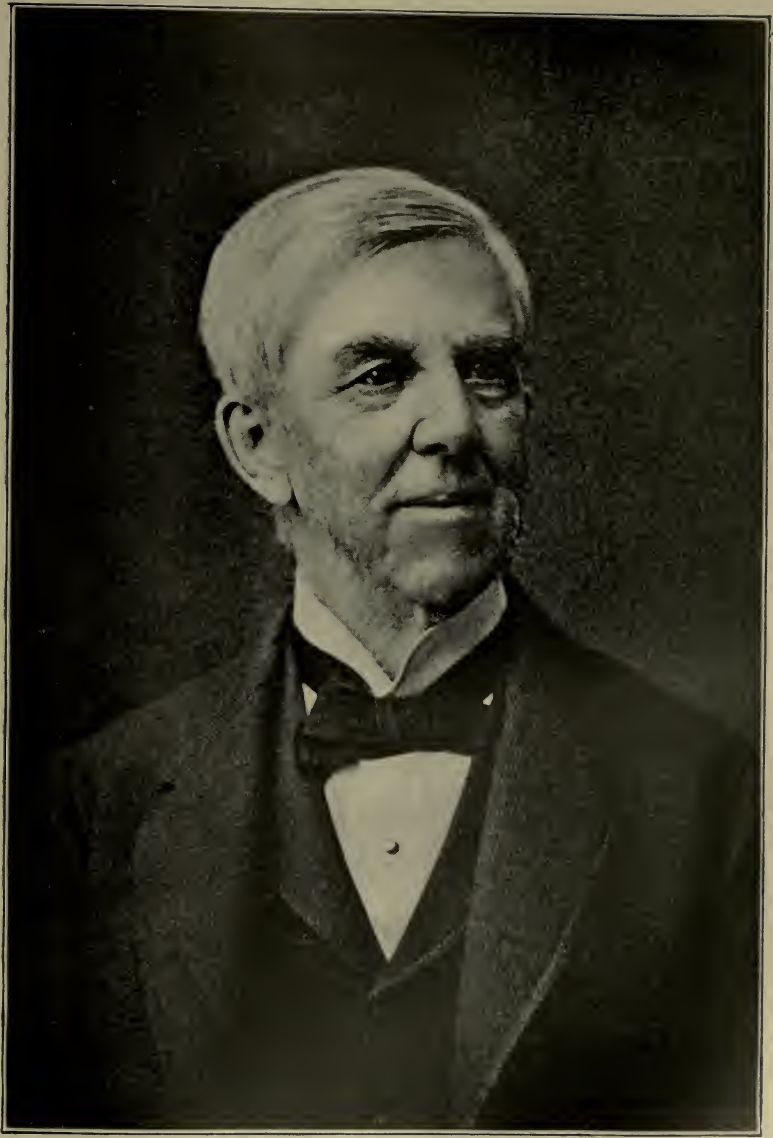
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
  But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper waits on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, an American poet, essayist, and novelist; born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died October 7, 1894. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1829. He then began the study of law, which he abandoned at the end of a year for medicine. After several years of study in Boston and in Paris, he received his degree of M.D. in 1836. In this year he published his first volume of Poems. While a student he had contributed to the "Collegian," published at Harvard. In 1836 and 1837 he gained three out of the four medals for the "Boylston Prize Dissertations." These essays were published together in 1838, in which year Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. At the end of two years he resigned this position, and began medical practice in Boston. In 1847 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, where he remained until 1882. He was one of the earliest contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," for which he wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," published in book form in 1859, "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" (1860), and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" (1872). His poems, besides those already mentioned, were some years since collected under the title "The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes." An additional volume, "Before the Curfew and Other Poems," was published in 1888; two novels, "Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny" (1861), and "The Guardian Angel" (1868). His last novel was "A Mortal Antipathy" (1885).

Dr. Holmes's other literary works are "Soundings from the Atlantic," a collection of essays (1864); "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (1871); "Memoirs of John Lothrop Motley" (1879); "Pages from an Old Volume of Life" (1883); "Ralph Waldo Emerson" (1884); "One Hundred Days in Europe" (1887); "Over the Tea-Cups" (1890). Among his medical works are "Delusions" (1842), "Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science" (1861), and "Border Lines in Some Provinces of Medical Science" (1862).



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.[1]

I REALLY believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things, — good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window, and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," he said, "and a man driving a sprinkling-machine through it."

"Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open sometimes?

"Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us; — the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic, — you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it; — but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, "Fust-rate." I acknowledged the compliment, but gently rebuked the expression. "Fust-rate," "prime," "a prime article," "a superior piece of goods," "a handsome garment," "a gent in a flowered vest," — all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down. There is one other phrase which will soon come to be decisive of a man's social *status*, if it is not already: "That tells the whole story." It is an expression which vulgar and conceited people particularly affect, and which well-meaning ones, who know better, catch from them. It is intended to stop all debate, like the previous question in the General Court. Only it does n't; simply because "that" does not usually tell the whole, nor one-half of the whole story.

---

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

— It is an odd idea, that almost all our people have had a professional education. To become a doctor a man must study some three years and hear a thousand lectures, more or less. Just how much study it takes to make a lawyer I cannot say, but probably not more than this. Now most decent people hear one hundred lectures or sermons (discourses) on theology every year, — and this, twenty, thirty, fifty years together. They read a great many religious books besides. The clergy, however, rarely hear any sermons except what they preach themselves. A dull preacher might be conceived, therefore, to lapse into a state of *quasi* heathenism, simply for want of religious instruction. And on the other hand, an attentive and intelligent hearer, listening to a succession of wise teachers, might become actually better educated in theology than any one of them. We are all theological students, and more of us qualified as doctors of divinity than have received degrees at any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very good people should often find it difficult, if not impossible, to keep their attention fixed upon a sermon treating feebly a subject which they have thought vigorously about for years, and heard able men discuss scores of times. I have often noticed, however, that a hopelessly dull discourse acts *inductively*, as electricians would say, in developing strong mental currents. I am ashamed to think with what accompaniments and variations and *fioriture* I have sometimes followed the droning of a heavy speaker, — not willingly, — for my habit is reverential, — but as a necessary result of a slight continuous impression on the senses and the mind, which kept both in action without furnishing the food they required to work upon. If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straightforward course, while the other sails round him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does, having cut a perfect labyrinth of loops and knots and spirals while the slow fowl was painfully working from one end of his straight line to the other.

[I think these remarks were received rather coolly. A temporary boarder from the country, consisting of a somewhat more than middle-aged female, with a parchment forehead and a dry little "frisette" shingling it, a sallow neck with a necklace of gold beads, a black dress too rusty for recent grief, and contours in basso-relievo, left the table permaturely, and was reported to have been very virulent about what I said. So I went to my good old minister, and repeated the remarks, as nearly as I could remember them, to him. He laughed good-naturedly, and said there was considerable truth in them. He thought he could tell when people's minds were wandering, by their looks. In the earlier years of his ministry he had sometimes noticed this, when he was preaching; — very little of late years. Sometimes, when his colleague was preaching, he observed this kind of inattention; but after all, it was not so very unnatural. I will say, by the way, that it is a rule I have long followed, to tell my worst thoughts to my minister, and my best thoughts to the young people I talk with.]

— I want to make a literary confession now, which I believe nobody has made before me. You know very well that I write verses sometimes, because I have read some of them at this table. (The company assented, — two or three of them in a resigned sort of way, as I thought, as if they supposed I had an epic in my pocket, and was going to read half a dozen books or so for their benefit.) — I continued. Of course I write some lines or passages which are better than others; some which, compared with the others, might be called relatively excellent. It is in the nature of things that I should consider these relatively excellent lines or passages as absolutely good. So much must be pardoned to humanity. Now I never wrote a "good" line in my life, but the moment after it was written it seemed a hundred years old. Very commonly I had a sudden conviction that I had seen it somewhere. Possibly I may have sometimes unconsciously stolen it, but I do not remember that I ever once detected any historical truth in these sudden convictions of the antiquity of my new thought or phrase. I have learned utterly to distrust them, and never allow them to bully me out of a thought or line.

This is the philosophy of it. (Here the number of the company was diminished by a small secession.) Any new formula which suddenly emerges in our consciousness has its roots in long trains of thought; it is virtually old when it first makes its appearance among the recognized growths of our intellect. Any crystalline group of musical words has had a long and still period to form in. Here is one theory.

But there is a larger law which perhaps comprehends these facts. It is this. The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in a direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror; in the "dissolving views" of dark day-visions; all omens pointed to it; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a surprise, at waking; in a few moments it is old again, — old as eternity.

[I wish I had not said all this then and there. I might have known better. The pale schoolmistress, in her mourning dress, was looking at me, as I noticed, with a wild sort of expression. All at once the blood dropped out of her cheeks as the mercury drops from a broken barometer-tube, and she melted away from her seat like an image of snow; a slung-shot could not have brought her down better. God forgive me!

After this little episode, I continued, to some few that remained balancing teaspoons on the edges of cups, twirling knives, or tilting upon the hind legs of their chairs until their heads reached the wall, where they left gratuitous advertisements of various popular cosmetics.]

When a person is suddenly thrust into any strange, new position of trial, he finds the place fits him as if he had been measured for it. He has committed a great crime, for instance, and is sent to the State Prison. The traditions, prescriptions, limitations, privileges, all the sharp conditions of his new life, stamp themselves upon his consciousness as the signet on soft wax; — a single pressure is enough. Let me strengthen the image a little. Did you ever happen to see that most soft-spoken and velvet-handed steam-engine at the Mint? The smooth piston slides backward and forward as a lady might slip her delicate finger in and out of a ring. The engine lays one of *its* fingers calmly, but firmly, upon a bit of metal; it is a coin now, and will remember that touch, and tell a new race about it, when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries. So it is that a great silent-moving misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment, — as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.

It is awful to be in the hands of the wholesale professional dealers in misfortune; undertakers and jailers magnetize you in a moment, and you pass out of the individual life you were living into the rhythmical movements of their horrible machinery. Do the worst thing you can, or suffer the worst that can be thought of, you find yourself in a category of humanity that stretches back as far as Cain, and with an expert at your elbow that has studied your case all out beforehand, and is waiting for you with his implements of hemp or mahogany. I believe, if a man were to be burned in any of our cities to-morrow for heresy, there would be found a master of ceremonies that knew just how many fagots were necessary, and the best way of arranging the whole matter.

— So we have not won the Goodwood cup; *au contraire*, we were a "bad fifth," if not worse than that; and trying it again, and the third time, has not yet bettered the matter. Now I am as patriotic as any of my fellow-citizens, — too patriotic in fact, for I have got into hot water by loving too much of my country; in short, if any man, whose fighting weight is not more than eight stone four pounds, disputes it, I am ready to discuss the point with him. I should have gloried to see the stars and stripes in front at the finish. I love my country, and I love horses. Stubbs's old mezzotint of Eclipse hangs over my desk, and Herring's portrait of Plenipotentiary, — whom I saw run at Epsom, — over my fireplace. Did I not elope from school to see Revenge, and Prospect, and Little John, and Peacemaker run over the race-course where now yon suburban village flourishes, in the year eighteen hundred and ever-so-few? Though I never owned a horse, have I not been the proprietor of six equine females, of which one was the prettiest little "Morgin" that ever stepped? Listen, then, to an opinion I have often expressed long before this venture of ours in England. Horse-*racing* is not a republican institution; horse-*trotting* is. Only very rich persons can keep race-horses, and everybody knows they are kept mainly as gambling implements. All that matter about blood and speed we won't discuss; we understand all that; useful, very, — *of* course, — great obligations to the Godolphin "Arabian," and the rest.

I say racing horses are essentially gambling implements, as much as roulette tables. Now I am not preaching at this moment; I may read you one of my sermons some other morning; but I maintain that gambling, on the great scale, is not republican. It belongs to two phases of society, — a cankered over-civilization, such as exists in rich aristocracies, and the reckless life of borderers and adventurers, or the semi-barbarism of a civilization resolved into its primitive elements. Real republicanism is stern and severe; its essence is not in forms of government, but in the omnipotence of public opinion which grows out of it. This public opinion cannot prevent gambling with dice or stocks, but it can and does compel it to keep comparatively quiet. But horse-racing is the most public way of gambling; and with all its immense attractions to the sense and the feelings, — to which I plead very susceptible, — the disguise is too thin that covers it, and everybody knows what it means. Its supporters are the Southern gentry, — fine fellows, no doubt, but not republicans exactly, as we understand the term, — a few Northern millionaires more or less thoroughly millioned, who do not represent the real people, and the mob of sporting men, the best of whom are commonly idlers, and the worst very bad neighbors to have near one in a crowd, or to meet in a dark alley. In England, on the other hand, with its aristocratic institutions, racing is a natural growth enough; the passion for it spreads downward through all classes, from the Queen to the costermonger. London is like a shelled corn-cob on the Derby day, and there is not a clerk who could raise the money to hire a saddle with an old hack under it that can sit down on his office-stool the next day without wincing.

Now just compare the racer with the trotter for a moment. The racer is incidentally useful, but essentially something to bet upon, as much as the thimble-rigger's "little joker." The trotter is essentially and daily useful, and only incidentally a tool for sporting men.

What better reason do you want for the fact that the racer is most cultivated and reaches his greatest perfection in England, and that the trotting horses of America beat the world? And why should we have expected that the pick — if it was the pick — of our few and far between racing stables should beat the pick of England and France? Throw over the fallacious time-test, and there was nothing to show for it but a natural kind of patriotic feeling, which we all have, with a thoroughly provincial conceit, which some of us must plead guilty to.

We may beat yet. As an American, I hope we shall. As a moralist and occasional sermonizer, I am not so anxious about it. Wherever the trotting horse goes, he carries in his train brisk omnibuses, lively bakers' carts, and therefore hot rolls, the jolly butcher's wagon, the cheerful gig, the wholesome afternoon drive with wife and child, — all the forms of moral excellence, except truth, which does not agree with any kind of horse-flesh. The racer brings with him gambling, cursing, swearing, drinking, the eating of oysters, and a distaste for mob-caps and the middle-aged virtues.

And by the way, let me beg you not to call a *trotting match* a *race*, and not to speak of a "thoroughbred" as a "*blooded*" horse, unless he has been recently phlebotomized. I consent to your saying "blood horse," if you like. Also, if, next year, we send out Posterior and Posterioress, the winners of the great national four-mile race in 7 : 18½, and they happen to get beaten, pay your bets, and behave like men and gentlemen about it, if you know how.

[I felt a great deal better after blowing off the ill-temper condensed in the above paragraph. To brag little, — to show well, — to crow gently, if in luck, — to pay up, to own up, and to shut up, if beaten, are the virtues of a sporting man, and I can't say that I think we have shown them in any great perfection of late.]

— Apropos of horses. Do you know how important good jockeying is to authors? Judicious management; letting the public see your animal just enough, and not too much; holding him up hard when the market is too full of him; letting him out at just the right buying intervals; always gently feeling his mouth; never slacking and never jerking the rein; — this is what I mean by jockeying.

— When an author has a number of books out, a cunning hand will keep them all spinning, as Signor Blitz does his dinner-plates; fetching each one up, as it begins to "wabble," by an advertisement, a puff, or a quotation.

— Whenever the extracts from a living writer begin to multiply fast in the papers, without obvious reason, there is a new book or a new edition coming. The extracts are *ground-bait.*

— Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations.* There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity.

There are various reasons for this forbearance: one is old; one is rich; one is good-natured; one is such a favorite with the pit that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these band-box reputations. A Prince-Rupert's-drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely, if you keep it from meddling hands; but break its tail off, and it explodes and resolves itself into powder. These celebrities I speak of are the Prince-Rupert's-drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service! How kind the "Critical Notices" — where small authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy — always are to them! Well, life would be nothing without paper credit and other fictions; so let them pass current. Don't steal their chips; don't puncture their swimming bladders; don't come down on their pasteboard boxes; don't break the ends of their brittle and unstable reputations, you fellows who all feel sure that your names will be household words a thousand years from now.

"A thousand years is a good while," said the old gentleman, who sits opposite, thoughtfully.

— Where have I been for the last three or four days? Down at the Island, deer-shooting. — How many did I bag? I brought home one buck shot. — The Island is where? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea around it, and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in lap, while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm-staysails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees, in stretches of miles; beeches, oaks, most numerous; — many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids; some coiled in the clasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Rocks scattered about, — Stonehenge-like monoliths.

Fresh-water lakes; one of them, Mary's Lake, crystal clear, full of flashing pickerel lying under the lily pads like tigers in the jungle. Six pounds of ditto one morning for breakfast. Ego *fecit.*

The divinity-student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. No, sir, I said, — you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher law in grammar, not to be put down by Andrews and Stoddard. Then I went on.

Such hospitality as that island has seen there has not been the like of in these our New England sovereignties. There is nothing in the shape of kindness and courtesy that can make life beautiful, which has not found its home in that ocean-principality. It has welcomed all who were worthy of welcome, from the pale clergyman who came to breathe the sea-air, with its medicinal salt and iodine, to the great statesman who turned his back on the affairs of empire, and smoothed his Olympian forehead, and flashed his white teeth in merriment over the long table, where his wit was the keenest and his story the best.

[I don't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I don't believe *I* talked just so; but the fact is, in reporting one's conversation, one cannot help *Blair*-ing it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass.]

— How can a man help writing poetry in such a place? Everybody does write poetry that goes there. In the State archives, kept in the library of the Lord of the Isle, are whole volumes of unpublished verse, — some by well known hands, and others, quite as good, by the last people you would think of as versifiers, — men who could pension off all the genuine poets in the country, and buy ten acres of Boston Common, if it was for sale, with what they had left. Of course, I had to write my little copy of verses with the rest; here it is, if you will hear me read it. When the sun is in the west, vessels sailing in an easterly direction look bright or dark to one who observes them from the north or south, according to the tack they are sailing upon. Watching them from one of the windows of the great mansion I saw these perpetual changes, and moralized thus: —

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
  To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
  Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:

Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun, —
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We 'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

— Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and levers, if anything is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad. We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are call *religious* mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and appear to enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad if he really holds such or such opinions. It is very much to his discredit, in every point of view, if he does not. What is the use of my saying what some of these opinions are? Perhaps more than one of you hold such as I should think ought to send you straight over to Somerville, if you have any logic in your heads or any human feeling in your hearts. Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind and perhaps for entire races, — anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated, — no matter by what name you call it, — no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it,—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind. That condition becomes a normal one, under the circumstances. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *noncompotes* at once.

[Nobody understood this but the theological student and the schoolmistress. They looked intelligently at each other; but whether they were thinking about my paradox or not, I am not clear. — It would be natural enough. Stranger things have happened. Love and Death enter boarding-houses without asking the price of board, or whether there is room for them. Alas, these young people are poor and pallid. Love *should* be both rich and rosy, but *must* be either rich or rosy. Talk about military duty! What is that to the warfare of a married maid-of-all-work, with the title of mistress, and an American female constitution, which collapses just in the middle third of life, and comes out vulcanized India-rubber, if it happen to live through the period when health and strength are most wanted?]

— Have I ever acted in private theatricals? Often. I have played the part of the "Poor Gentleman," before a great many audiences, — more, I trust, than I shall ever face again. I did not wear a stage costume, nor a wig, nor mustaches of burnt cork; but I was placarded and announced as a public performer, and at the proper hour I came forward with the ballet-dancer's smile upon my countenance, and made my bow and acted my part. I have seen my name stuck up in letters so big that I was ashamed to show myself in the place by daylight. I have gone to a town with a sober literary essay in my pocket, and seen myself everywhere announced as the most desperate of *buffos*, — one who was obliged to restrain himself in the full exercise of his powers, from prudential considerations. I have been through as many hardships as Ulysses, in the pursuit of my histrionic vocation. I have travelled in cars until the conductors all knew me like a brother. I have run off the rails, and stuck all night in snow-drifts, and sat behind females that would have the window open when one could not wink without his eyelids freezing together. Perhaps I shall give you some of my experiences one of these days; — I will not now, for I have something else for you.

Private theatricals, as I have figured in them in country lyceum halls, are one thing, — and private theatricals, as they may be seen in certain gilded and frescoed saloons of our metropolis, are another. Yes, it is pleasant to see real gentlemen and ladies, who do not think it necessary to mouth, and rant, and stride, like most of our stage heroes and heroines, in the characters which show off their graces and talents; most of all to see a fresh, unrouged, unspoiled, high-bred young maiden, with a lithe figure, and a pleasant voice, acting in those love-dramas that make us young again to look upon, when real youth and beauty will play them for us.

— Of course I wrote the prologue I was asked to write. I did not see the play, though. I knew there was a young lady in it, and that somebody was in love with her, and she was in love with him, and somebody (an old tutor, I believe) wanted to interfere, and, very naturally, the young lady was too sharp for him. The play of course ends charmingly; there is a general reconciliation, and all concerned form a line and take each others' hands, as people always do after they have made up their quarrels, — and then the curtain falls, — if it does not stick, as it commonly does at private theatrical exhibitions, in which case a boy is detailed to pull it down, which he does, blushing violently.

Now, then, for my prologue. I am not going to change my cæsuras and cadences for anybody; so if you do not like the heroic, or iambic trimeter brachy catalectic, you had better not wait to hear it.

THIS IS IT.

A Prologue? Well, of course the ladies know;
I have my doubts. No matter, — here we go!
What is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach:
Pro means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.
'T is like the harper's prelude on the strings,
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings; —
Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

"The world 's a stage," — as Shakespeare said, one day;
The stage a world — was what he meant to say.
The outside world 's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here.
Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;

Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
— Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
— When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees
On the green — baize, — beneath the (canvas) trees, —
See to her side avenging Valor fly: —
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or die!"
— When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire, —
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "*My boy!* My boy!! MY BOY!!!"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night
Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.
Ladies, attend! While woeful cares and doubt
Wrong the soft passion in the world without,
Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfere,
One thing is certain: Love will triumph here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule, —
The world's great masters, when you 're out of school, —
Learn the brief moral of our evening's play:
Man has his will, — but woman has her way!
While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire, —
The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves
Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
All earthly powers confess your sovereign art
But that one rebel, — woman's wilful heart.
All foes you master; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know you 're hit.
So, just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.

Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, — bowled along the floor, —
Bounced down the steps; — the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurks in it, oh, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we 're dead!

The prologue went off very well, as I hear. No alterations were suggested by the lady to whom it was sent, so far as I know. Sometimes people criticise the poems one sends them, and suggests all sorts of improvements. Who was that silly body that wanted Burns to alter "Scots wha hae," so as to lengthen the last line, thus? —

"*Edward!*" Chains and slavery!

Here is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a "teetotaler." I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it: —

"Dear Sir, — Your poem gives great satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc. Yours with respect."

HERE IT IS,—WITH THE *SLIGHT ALTERATIONS*.

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
logwood
While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow?
decoction
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun,
dye stuff
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ shall run.

half-ripened apples
The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled;
taste sugar of lead
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ of the ~~fragance they shed!~~
rank poisons *wines!!!*
For summer's ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the ~~wines~~
stable-boys smoking long-nines
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~

scowl howl scoff sneer
Then a ~~smile,~~ and a ~~glass,~~ and a ~~toast,~~ and a ~~cheer,~~
strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer
For ~~all the good wine, and we've some of it here~~!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!~~

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double—which I did. But as I never got my pay, I don't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. Manuscripts are such puzzles! Why, I was reading some lines near the end of the last number of this journal, when I came across one beginning

"The *stream* flashes by,"—

Now, as no stream had been mentioned, I was perplexed to know what it meant. It proved, on inquiry, to be only a misprint for "dream." Think of it! No wonder so many poets die young.

I have nothing more to report at this time, except two pieces of advice I gave to the young women at table. One relates to a vulgarism of language, which I grieve to say is sometimes heard even from female lips. The other is of more serious purport, and applies to such as contemplate a change of condition, — matrimony, in fact.

— The woman who "calc'lates" is lost.

— Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

. . . .

[The schoolmistress came down with a rose in her hair, — a fresh June rose. She has been walking early; she has brought back two others, — one on each cheek.

I told her so, in some such pretty phrase as I could muster for the occasion. Those two blush-roses I just spoke of turned into a couple of damasks. I suppose all this went through my mind, for this was what I went on to say: —]

I love the damask rose best of all. The flowers our mothers and sisters used to love and cherish, those which grow beneath our eaves and by our doorstep, are the ones we always love best. If the Houyhnhnms should ever catch me, and, finding me particularly vicious and unmanageable, send a man-tamer to Rareyfy me, I 'll tell you what drugs he would have to take and how he would have to use them. Imagine yourself reading a number of the "Houyhnhnm Gazette," giving an account of such an experiment.

"MAN-TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

"The soft-hoofed semi-quadruped recently captured was subjected to the art of our distinguished man-tamer in presence of a numerous assembly. The animal was led in by two stout ponies, closely confined by straps to prevent his sudden and dangerous tricks of shoulder-hitting and foot-striking. His countenance expressed the utmost degree of ferocity and cunning.

"The operator took a handful of *budding lilac-leaves*, and crushing them slightly between his hoofs, so as to bring out their peculiar fragrance, fastened them to the end of a long pole and held them toward the creature. Its expression changed in an instant, — it drew in their fragrance eagerly, and attempted to seize them with its soft split hoofs. Having thus quieted his suspicious subject, the operator proceeded to tie a *blue hyacinth* to the end of the pole and held it out toward the wild animal. The effect was magical. Its eyes filled as if with rain-drops, and its lips trembled as it pressed them to the flower. After this it was perfectly quiet, and brought a measure of corn to the man-tamer, without showing the least disposition to strike with the feet or hit from the shoulder."

That will do for the "Houyhnhnm Gazette." — Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem, which, for the sake of being original, should leave them out, would be like those verses where the letter *a* or *e* or some other is omitted? No, — they will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars? Look at Nature. She never wearies of saying over her floral pater-noster. In the crevices of Cyclopean walls, — in the dust where men lie, dust also, — on the mounds that bury huge cities, the Birs Nemroud and the Babel-heap, — still that same sweet prayer and benediction. The Amen! of Nature is always a flower.

Are you tired of my trivial personalities, — those splashes and streaks of sentiment, sometimes perhaps of sentimentality, which you may see when I show you my heart's corolla as if it were a tulip? Pray, do not give yourself the trouble to fancy me an idiot whose conceit it is to treat himself as an exceptional being. It is because you are just like me that I talk and know that you will listen. We are all splashed and streaked with sentiments, — not with precisely the same tints, or in exactly the same patterns, but by the same hand and from the same palette.

I don't believe any of you happen to have just the same passion for the blue hyacinth which I have, — very certainly not for the crushed lilac-leaf-buds; many of you do not know how sweet they are. You love the smell of the sweet-fern and the bayberry-leaves, I don't doubt; but I hardly think that the last bewitches you with young memories as it does me. For the same reason I come back to damask roses, after having raised a good many of the rarer varieties. I like to go to operas and concerts, but there are queer little old homely sounds that are better than music to me. However, I suppose it 's foolish to tell such things.

— It is pleasant to be foolish at the right time, — said the divinity-student; — saying it, however, in one of the dead languages, which I think are unpopular for summer-reading, and therefore do not bear quotation as such.

Well, now, — said I, — suppose a good, clean, wholesome-looking countryman's cart stops opposite my door. — Do I want any huckleberries?—If I do not, there are those that do. Thereupon my soft-voiced handmaid bears out a large tin pan, and then the wholesome countryman, heaping the peck-measure, spreads his broad hands around its lower arc to confine the wild and frisky berries, and so they run nimbly along the narrowing channel until they tumble rustling down in a black cascade and tinkle on the resounding metal beneath.—I won't say that this rushing huckleberry hail-storm has not more music for me than the "Anvil Chorus."

—I wonder how my great trees are coming on this summer.

—Where are your great trees, Sir?—said the divinity-student.

Oh, all round about New England. I call all trees mine that I have put my wedding-ring on, and I have as many tree-wives as Brigham Young has human ones.

—One set 's as green as the other,—exclaimed a boarder, who has never been identified.

They 're all Bloomers,—said the young fellow called John.

[I should have rebuked this trifling with language, if our landlady's daughter had not asked me just then what I meant by putting my wedding-ring on a tree.]

Why, measuring it with my thirty-foot tape, my dear,—said I.—I have worn a tape almost out on the rough barks of our old New England elms and other big trees.—Don't you want to hear me talk trees a little now? That is one of my specialties.

[So they all agreed that they should like to hear me talk about trees.]

I want you to understand, in the first place, that I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular. Now, if you expect me to hold forth in a "scientific" way about my tree-loves,—to talk, for instance, of the Ulmus Americana, and describe the ciliated edges of its samara, and all that,—you are an anserine individual, and I must refer you to a dull friend who will discourse to you of such matters. What should you think of a lover who should describe the idol of his heart in the language of science, thus: Class, Mammalia; Order, Primates; Genus, Homo; Species, Europeus; Variety, Brown; Individual, Ann Eliza; Dental Formula,

$$i\,\frac{2-2}{2-2}\;c\,\frac{1-1}{1-1}\;p\,\frac{2-2}{2-2}\;m\,\frac{3-3}{3-3}\text{, and so on?}$$

No, my friends, I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge, but limited organisms, — which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy-drooping robes of these vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul, — which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless, — poor things! — while Nature dresses and undresses them, like so many full-sized, but underwitted children.

Did you ever read old Daddy Gilpin? Slowest of men, even of English men; yet delicious in his slowness, as is the light of a sleepy eye in woman. I always supposed "Dr. Syntax" was written to make fun of him. I have a whole set of his works, and am very proud of it, with its gray paper, and open type, and long ſf, and orange-juice landscapes. The *Père* Gilpin had the kind of science I like in the study of Nature, — a little less observation than White of Selborne, but a little more poetry. — Just think of applying the Linnæan system to an elm! Who cares how many stamens or pistils that little brown flower, which comes out before the leaf, may have to classify it by? What we want is the meaning, the character, the expression of a tree, as a kind and as an individual.

There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from all our other forest-trees? All the rest of them shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak alone defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs, so that their whole weight may tell, — and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find, that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping-willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90° the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downward, weakness of organization. The American elm betrays something of both; yet sometimes, as we shall see, puts on a certain resemblance to its sturdier neighbor.

It won't do to be exclusive in our taste about trees. There is hardly one of them which has not peculiar beauties in some fitting place for it. I remember a tall poplar of monumental proportions and aspect, a vast pillar of glossy green, placed on the summit of a lofty hill, and a beacon to all the country round. A native of that region saw fit to build his house very near it, and, having a fancy that it might blow down some time or other, and exterminate himself and any incidental relatives who might be "stopping" or "tarrying" with him, — also laboring under the delusion that human life is under all circumstances to be preferred to vegetable existence, — had the great poplar cut down. It is so easy to say, "It is only a poplar!" and so much harder to replace its living cone than to build a granite obelisk!

I must tell you about some of my tree-wives. I was at one period of my life much devoted to the young lady-population of Rhode Island, a small, but delightful State, in the neighborhood of Pawtucket. The number of inhabitants being not very large, I had leisure, during my visits to the Providence Plantations, to inspect the face of the country in the intervals of more fascinating studies of physiognomy. I heard some talk of a great elm a short distance from the locality just mentioned. "Let us see the great elm,"— I said, and proceeded to find it, — knowing that it was on a certain farm in a place called Johnston, if I remember rightly. I shall never forget my ride and my introduction to the great Johnston elm.

I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. Provincialism has no *scale* of excellence in man or vegetable; it never knows a first-rate article of either kind when it has it, and is constantly taking second and third rate ones for Nature's best. I have often fancied the tree was afraid of me, and that a sort of a shiver came over it as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the unknown to whom she has been plighted. Before the measuring-tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon which has strangled so many false pretensions.

As I rode along the pleasant way, watching eagerly for the object of my journey, the rounded tops of the elms rose from time to time at the road-side. Wherever one looked taller and fuller than the rest, I asked myself, — "Is this it?" But as I drew nearer, they grew smaller, — or proved, perhaps, that two standing in line had looked like one, and so deceived me. At last, all at once, when I was not thinking of it, — I declare to you it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now, — all at once I saw a great, green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest-growths, that my heart stopped short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate, and I felt all through me, without need of uttering the words, — "This is it!"

You will find this tree described, with many others, in the excellent Report upon the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts. The author has given my friend the Professor credit for some of his measurements, but measured this tree himself, carefully. It is a grand elm for size of trunk, spread of limbs, and muscular development, — one of the first, perhaps the first, of the first class of New England elms.

The largest actual girth I have ever found at five feet from the ground is in the great elm lying a stone's throw or two north of the main road (if my points of the compass are right) in Springfield. But this has much the appearance of having been formed by the union of two trunks growing side by side.

The West Springfield elm and one upon Northampton meadows belong also to the first class of trees.

There is a noble old wreck of an elm at Hatfield, which used to spread its claws out over a circumference of thirty-five feet or more before they covered the foot of its bole up with earth. This is the American elm most like an oak of any I have ever seen.

The Sheffield elm is equally remarkable for size and perfection of form. I have seen nothing that comes near it in Berkshire County, and few to compare with it anywhere. I am not sure that I remember any other first-class elms in New England, but there may be many.

— What makes a first-class elm? — Why, size, in the first place, and chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale. All of them, with the questionable exception of the Springfield tree above referred to, stop, so far as my experience goes, at about twenty-two or twenty-three feet of girth and a hundred and twenty of spread.

Elms of the second class, generally ranging from fourteen to eighteen feet, are comparatively common. The queen of them all is that glorious tree near one of the churches in Springfield. Beautiful and stately she is beyond all praise. The "great tree" on Boston Common comes in the second rank, as does the one at Cohasset, which used to have, and probably has still, a head as round as an apple-tree, and that at Newburyport, with scores of others which might be mentioned. These last two have, perhaps, been over-celebrated. Both, however, are pleasing vegetables. The poor old Pittsfield elm lives on its past reputation. A wig of false leaves is indispensable to make it presentable.

[I don't doubt there may be some monster-elm or other, vegetating green, but inglorious, in some remote New England village, which only wants a sacred singer to make it celebrated. Send us your measurements, — (certified by the postmaster, to avoid possible imposition,) — circumference five feet from soil, length of line from bough-end to bough-end, and we will see what can be done for you.]

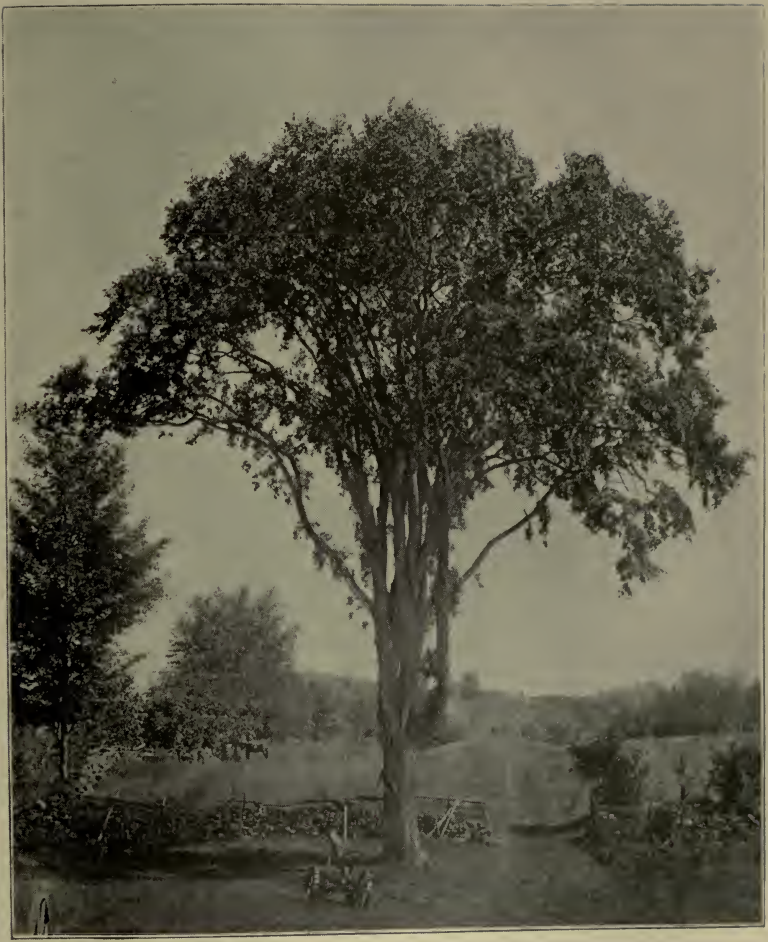
— I wish somebody would get us up the following work: —

SYLVA NOVANGLICA.

Photographs of New England Elms and other Trees, taken upon the Same Scale of Magnitude. With Letter-Press Descriptions, by a Distinguished Literary Gentleman. Boston: ——— ——— & Co. 185 . . .

The same camera should be used, — so far as possible, — at a fixed distance. Our friend, who is giving us so many interesting figures in his "Trees of America," must not think this Prospectus invades his province; a dozen portraits, with lively descriptions, would be a pretty complement to his larger work, which, so far as published, I find excellent. If my plan were carried out, and another series of a dozen English trees photographed on the same scale, the comparison would be charming.

It has always been a favorite idea of mine to bring the life of the Old and the New World face to face, by an accurate comparison of their various types of organization. We should begin with man, of course; institute a large and exact comparison between the development of *la pianta umana*, as Alfieri called it, in different sections of the country, in the different callings, at different ages, estimating height, weight, force by the dynamometer and the spirometer, and finishing off with a series of typical



THE AMERICAN ELM

photographs, giving the principal national physiognomics. Mr. Hutchinson has given us some excellent English data to begin with.

Then I would follow up this by contrasting the various parallel forms of life in the two continents. Our naturalists have often referred to this incidentally or expressly; but the *animus* of Nature in the two half-globes of the planet is so momentous a point of interest to our race, that it should be made a subject of express and elaborate study. Go out with me into that walk which we call *the Mall*, and look at the English and American elms. The American elm is tall, graceful, slender-sprayed, and drooping as if from languor. The English elm is compact, robust, holds its branches up, and carries its leaves for weeks longer than our own native tree.

Is this typical of the creative force on the two sides of the ocean, or not? Nothing but a careful comparison through the whole realm of life can answer this question.

There is a parallelism without identity in the animal and vegetable life of the two continents, which favors the task of comparison in an extraordinary manner. Just as we have two trees alike in many ways, yet not the same, both elms, yet easily distinguishable, just so we have a complete flora and a fauna, which, parting from the same ideal, embody it with various modifications. Inventive power is the only quality of which the Creative Intelligence seems to be economical; just as with our largest human minds, that is the divinest of faculties, and the one that most exhausts the mind which exercises it. As the same patterns have very commonly been followed, we can see which is worked out in the largest spirit, and determine the exact limitations under which the Creator places the movement of life in all its manifestations in either locality. We should find ourselves in a very false position, if it should prove that Anglo-Saxons can't live here, but die out, if not kept up by fresh supplies, as Dr. Knox and other more or less wise persons have maintained. It may turn out the other way, as I have heard one of our literary celebrities argue, — and though I took the other side, I liked his best, — that the American is the Englishman reinforced.

— Will you walk out and look at those elms with me after breakfast? — I said to the schoolmistress.

[I am not going to tell lies about it, and say that she blushed, — as I suppose she ought to have done, at such a tremendous piece of gallantry as that was for our boarding-house. On the contrary, she turned a little pale, — but smiled brightly and said, — Yes, with pleasure, but she must walk toward her school. — She went for her bonnet. — The old gentleman opposite followed her with his eyes, and said he wished he was a young fellow. Presently she came down, looking very pretty in her half-mourning bonnet, and carrying a school-book in her hand.]

MY FIRST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

This is the shortest way, — said she, as we came to a corner. — Then we won't take it, — said I. — The schoolmistress laughed a little, and said she was ten minutes early, so she could go round.

We walked under Mr. Paddock's row of English elms. The gray squirrels were out looking for their breakfasts, and one of them came toward us in light, soft, intermittent leaps, until he was close to the rail of the burial-ground. He was on a grave with a broad blue-slate-stone at its head, and a shrub growing on it. The stone said this was the grave of a young man who was the son of an Honorable gentleman, and who died a hundred years ago and more. — Oh, yes, *died*, — with a small triangular mark in one breast, and another smaller opposite, in his back, where another young man's rapier had slid through his body; and so he lay down out there on the Common, and was found cold the next morning, with the night-dews and the death-dews mingled on his forehead.

Let us have one look at poor Benjamin's grave, — said I. — His bones lie where his body was laid so long ago, and where the stone says they lie, — which is more than can be said of most of the tenants of this and several other burial-grounds.

[The most accursed act of Vandalism ever committed within my knowledge was the uprooting of the ancient gravestones in three at least of our city burial-grounds, and one at least just outside the city, and planting them in rows to suit the taste for symmetry of the perpetrators. Many years ago, when this disgraceful process was going on under my eyes, I addressed an indignant remonstrance to a leading journal. I suppose it was deficient in literary elegance, or too warm in its language; for no notice was taken of it, and the hyena-horror was allowed to complete itself in the face of daylight. I have never got over it. The bones of my own ancestors, being entombed, lie beneath their own tablet, but the upright stones have been shuffled about like chessmen, and nothing short of the Day of Judgment will tell whose dust lies beneath any of those records, meant by affection to mark one small spot as sacred to some cherished memory. Shame! shame! shame! — that is all I can say. It was on public thoroughfares, under the eye of authority, that this infamy was enacted. The red Indians would have known better; the selectmen of an African kraal-village would have had more respect for their ancestors. I should like to see the gravestones which have been disturbed all removed, and the ground levelled, leaving the flat tombstones; epitaphs were never famous for truth, but the old reproach of "Here lies" never had such a wholesale illustration as in these outraged burial-places, where the stone does lie above, and the bones do not lie beneath.]

Stop before we turn away, and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin's dust. Love killed him, I think. Twenty years old, and out there fighting another young fellow on the Common, in the cool of that old July evening; — yes, there must have been love at the bottom of it.

The schoolmistress dropped a rosebud she had in her hand, through the rails, upon the grave of Benjamin Woodbridge. That was all her comment upon what I told her. — How women love Love! said I; — but she did not speak.

We came opposite the head of a place or court running eastward from the main street. — Look down there, — I said. — My friend the Professor lived in that house at the left hand, next the further corner, for years and years. He died out of it, the other day. — Died? — said the schoolmistress. — Certainly, — said I. — We die out of houses, just as we die out of our bodies. A commerical smash kills a hundred men's houses for them, as a railroad crash kills their mortal frames and drives out the immortal tenants. Men sicken of houses until they at last quit them, as the soul leaves its body when it is tired of its infirmities. The body has been called "the house we live in;" the house is quite as much the body we live in. Shall I tell you some things the Professor said the other day? — Do! — said the schoolmistress.

A man's body, — said the Professor, — is whatever is occupied by his will and his sensibility. The small room down there, where I wrote those papers you remember reading, was much more a portion of my body than a paralytic's senseless and motionless arm or leg is of his.

The soul of a man has a series of concentric envelopes round it, like the core of an onion, or the innermost of a nest of boxes.

First he has his natural garment of flesh and blood. Then, his artificial integuments, with their true skin of solid stuffs, their cuticle of lighter tissues, and their variously-tinted pigments. Thirdly, his domicile, be it a single chamber or a stately mansion. And then, the whole visible world, in which Time buttons him up as in a loose outside wrapper.

You shall observe, — the Professor said, — for, like Mr. John Hunter and other great men, he brings in that *shall* with great effect sometimes, — you shall observe that a man's clothing or series of envelopes do after a certain time mould themselves upon his individual nature. We know this of our hats, and are always reminded of it when we happen to put them on wrong side foremost. We soon find that the beaver is a hollow cast of the skull, with all its irregular bumps and depressions. Just so all that clothes a man, even to the blue sky which caps his head, — a little loosely, — shapes itself to fit each particular being beneath it. Farmers, sailors, astronomers, poets, lovers, condemned criminals, all find it different, according to the eyes with which they severally look.

But our houses shape themselves palpably on our inner and outer natures. See a householder breaking up and you will be sure of it. There is a shell-fish which builds all manner of smaller shells into the walls of its own. A house is never a home until we have crusted it with the spoils of a hundred lives besides those of our own past. See what these are, and you can tell what the occupant is.

I had no idea, — said the Professor, — until I pulled up my domestic establishment the other day, what an enormous quantity of roots I had been making during the years I was planted there. Why there was n't a nook or a corner that some fibre had not worked its way into; and when I gave the last wrench, each of them seemed to shriek like a mandrake, as it broke its hold and came away.

There is nothing that happens, you know, which must not inevitably, and which does not actually, photograph itself in every conceivable aspect and in all dimensions. The infinite galleries of the Past await but one brief process and all their pictures will be called out and fixed forever. We had a curious illustration of the great fact on a very humble scale. When a certain bookcase, long standing in one place, for which it was built, was removed, there was the exact image on the wall of the whole, and of many of its portions. But in the midst of this picture was another, — the precise outline of a map which had hung on the wall before the bookcase was built. We had all forgotten everything about the map until we saw its photograph on the wall. Then we remembered it, as some day or other we may remember a sin which has been built over and covered up, when this lower universe is pulled away from before the wall of Infinity, where the wrong-doing stands self-recorded.

The Professor lived in that house a long time, — not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door, two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, — and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be longer than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place! Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew to maturity, wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole drama of life was played in that stock-company's theatre of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling. Peace be to those walls, forever, — the Profesor said, — for the many pleasant years he has passed within them!

The Professor has a friend, now living at a distance, who has been with him in many of his changes of place, and who follows him in imagination with tender interest wherever he goes. — In that little court, where he lived in gay loneliness so long, —

— in his autumnal sojourn by the Connecticut, where it comes loitering down from its mountain fastnesses like a great lord, swallowing up the small proprietary rivulets very quietly as it goes, until it gets proud and swollen and wantons in huge luxurious oxbows about the fair Northampton meadows, and at last overflows the oldest inhabitant's memory in profligate freshets at Hartford and all along its lower shores, — up in that caravansary on the banks of the stream where Ledyard launched his log canoe, and the jovial old Colonel used to lead the Commencement processions, — where blue Ascutney looked down from the far distance, and the hills of Beulah, as the Professor always called them, rolled up the opposite horizon in soft climbing masses, so suggestive of the Pilgrim's Heavenward Path that he used to look through his old "Dollond" to see if the Shining Ones were not within range of sight, — sweet visions, sweetest in those Sunday walks that carried them by the peaceful common, through the solemn village lying in cataleptic stillness under the shadow of the rod of Moses, to the terminus of their harmless stroll,—the patulous fage, in the Professor's classic dialect,—the spreading beech, in more familiar phrase,—[stop and breathe here a moment, for the sentence is not done yet, and we have another long journey before us,]—

—and again once more up among those other hills that shut in the amber-flowing Housatonic,—dark stream, but clear, like the lucid orbs that shine beneath the lids of auburn-haired, sherry-wine-eyed demi-blondes,—in the home overlooking the winding stream and the smooth, flat meadow; looked down upon by wild hills, where the tracks of bears and catamounts may yet sometimes be seen upon the winter snow; facing the twin summits which rise in the far North, the highest waves of the great landstorm in all this billowy region,—suggestive to mad fancies of the breasts of a half-buried Titaness, stretched out by a stray thunderbolt, and hastily hidden away beneath the leaves of the forest,—in that home where seven blessed summers were passed, which stand in memory like the seven golden candlesticks in the beatific vision of the holy dreamer,—

—in that modest dwelling we were just looking at, not glorious, yet not unlovely in the youth of its drab and mahogany,—full of great and little boys' playthings from top to bottom,—in all these summer or winter nests he was always at home and always welcome.

This long articulated sigh of reminiscences,—this calenture which shows me the maple-shadowed plains of Berkshire and the mountain-circled green of Grafton beneath the salt waves that come feeling their way along the wall at my feet, restless and soft-touching as blind men's busy fingers,—is for that friend of mine who looks into the waters of the Patapsco and sees beneath them the same visions that paint themselves for me in the green depths of the Charles.

—Did I talk all this off to the schoolmistress?—Why, no,—of course not. I have been talking with you, the reader, for the last ten minutes. You don't think I should expect any woman to listen to such a sentence as that long one, without giving her a chance to put in a word?

—What did I say to the schoolmistress?—Permit me one moment. I don't doubt your delicacy and good-breeding; but in this particular case, as I was allowed the privilege of walking alone with a very interesting young woman, you must allow me to remark, in the classic version of a familiar phrase, used by our Master Benjamin Franklin, it is *nullum tui negotii.*

When the schoolmistress and I reached the schoolroom door, the damask roses I spoke of were so much heightened in color by exercise that I felt sure it would be useful to her to take a stroll like this every morning, and made up my mind I would ask her to let me join her again.

EXTRACT FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL.

(To be burned unread.)

I am afraid I have been a fool; for I have told as much of myself to this young person as if she were of that ripe and discreet age which invites confidence and expansive utterance. I have been low-spirited and listless, lately, — it is coffee, I think, — (I observe that which is bought *ready-ground* never affects the head,) — and I notice that I tell my secrets too easily when I am down-hearted.

There are inscriptions on our hearts, which, like that on Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low tide.

There is woman's footstep on the sand at the side of my deepest ocean-buried inscription!

— Oh, no, no, no! a thousand times, no! — Yet what is this which has been shaping itself in my soul? — Is it a thought? — is it a dream? — is it a *passion?* — Then I know what comes next.

— The Asylum stands on a bright and breezy hill; those glazed corridors are pleasant to walk in, in bad weather. But there are iron bars to all the windows. When it is fair, some of us can stroll outside that very high fence. But I never see much life in those groups I sometimes meet; — and then the careful man watches them so closely! How I remember that sad company I used to pass on fine mornings, when I was a schoolboy! — B., with his arms full of yellow weeds, — ore from the gold mines which he discovered long before we heard of California, — Y., born to millions, crazed by too much plum-cake, (the boys said,) dogged, explosive, — made a Polyphemus of my weak-eyed schoolmaster, by a vicious flirt with a stick, — (the multi-millionaires sent him a trifle, it was said, to buy another eye with; but boys are jealous of rich folks, and I don't doubt the good people made him easy for life,) — how I remember them all!

I recollect, as all do, the story of the Hall of Eblis, in "Vathek," and how each shape, as it lifted its hand from its breast, showed its heart, — a burning coal. The real Hall of Eblis stands on yonder summit. Go there on the next visiting-day, and ask that figure crouched in the corner, huddled up like those Indian mummies and skeletons found buried in the sitting posture, to lift its hand, — look upon its heart, and behold, not fire, but ashes.— No, I must not think of such an ending! Dying would be a much more gentlemanly way of meeting the difficulty. Make a will and leave her a house or two and some stocks, and other little financial conveniences, to take away her necessity for keeping school. — I wonder what nice young man's feet would be in my French slippers before six months were over! Well, what then? If a man really loves a woman, of course he would n't marry her for the world, if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.

— It is odd enough to read over what I have just been writing. — It is the merest fancy that ever was in the world. I shall never be married. She will; and if she is as pleasant as she has been so far, I will give her a silver tea-set, and go and take tea with her and her husband, sometimes. No coffee, I hope, though, — it depresses me sadly. I feel very miserably; — they must have been grinding it at home. — Another morning walk will be good for me, and I don't doubt the schoolmistress will be glad of a little fresh air before school.

— The throbbing flushes of the poetical intermittent have been coming over me from time to time of late. Did you ever see that electrical experiment which consists in passing a flash through letters of gold-leaf in a darkened room, whereupon some name or legend springs out of the darkness in characters of fire?

There are songs all written out in my soul, which I could read, if the flash might but pass through them, — but the fire must come down from heaven. Ah? but what if the stormy *nimbus* of youthful passion has blown by, and one asks for lightning from the ragged *cirrus* of dissolving aspirations, or the silvered *cumulus* of sluggish satiety? I will call on her whom the dead poets believed in, whom living ones no longer worship, — the immortal maid, who, name her what you will, — Goddess, Muse, Spirit of Beauty, — sits by the pillow of every youthful poet, and bends over his pale forehead until her tresses lie upon his cheek and rain their gold into his dreams.

Musa.

O my lost Beauty! — hast thou folded quite
Thy wings of morning light
Beyond those iron gates
Where Life crowds hurrying to the haggard Fates,
And Age upon his mound of ashes waits
To chill our fiery dreams,
Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his icy streams?

Leave me not fading in these weeds of care,
Whose flowers are silvered hair! —
Have I not loved thee long,
Though my young lips have often done thee wrong
And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with careless song?
Ah, wilt thou yet return,
Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid thine altar burn?

Come to me! — I will flood thy silent shrine
With my soul's sacred wine,
And heap thy marble floors
As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant stores
In leafy islands walled with madrepores
And lapped in Orient seas,
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like, in the breeze.

Come to me! — thou shalt feed on honeyed words
Sweeter than song of birds; —
No wailing bulbul's throat,
No melting dulcimer's melodious note,
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs float,
Thy ravished sense might soothe
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so velvet-smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a queen,
Sought in those bowers of green
Where loop the clustered vines
And the close-clinging dulcamara twines, —
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moonlight shines,
And Summer's fruited gems,
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's berried stems.

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves, —
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,

Carved with old names Life's time-worn roll disowns,
Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled bones
Still slumbering where they lay
While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the wolf away!

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing!
Still let me dream and sing, —
Dream of that winding shore
Where scarlet cardinals bloom, — for me no more, —
The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,
And clustering nenuphars
Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-chaliced stars!

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms shed!
Come while the rose is red, —
While blue-eyed Summer smiles
O'er the green ripples round yon sunken piles
Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian isles,
And on the sultry air
The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men in prayer!

Oh, for thy burning lips to fire my brain
With thrills of wild sweet pain! —
On life's autumnal blast,
Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are cast,
Once loving thee, we love thee to the last! —
Behold thy new-decked shrine,
And hear once more the voice that breathed
"Forever thine!"

The Deacon's Masterpiece:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY."

A Logical Story.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!

That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em, —
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way "he put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You 're welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November, — the earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
Has made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more.
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

Mare Rubrum.

Flash out a stream of blood-red wine! —
For I would drink to other days;
And brighter shall their memory shine,
Seen flaming through its crimson blaze.
The roses die, the summers fade;
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By Nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream.

It filled the purple grapes that lay
And drank the splendors of the sun
Where the long summer's cloudless day
Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;
It pictures still the bacchant shapes
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed, —

The maidens dancing on the grapes, —
  Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
  In rosy fetters prisoned fast,
Those flitting shapes that never die,
  The swift-winged visions of the past.
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
  Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim,
  And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty! time and fortune's wrong
  No form nor feature may withstand, —
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
  Like emptied sea-shells on the sand: —
Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
  The dust restores each blooming girl,
As if the sea-shells moved again
  Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
  With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And, scarred by many a truant knife,
  Our old initials on the wall;
Here rest — their keen vibrations mute —
  The shout of voices known so well,
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
  The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
  Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed;
And here those cherished forms have strayed
  We miss awhile, and call them dead.
What wizard fills the maddening glass?
  What soil the enchanted clusters grew,
That buried passions wake and pass
  In beaded drops of fiery dew?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine, —
  Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Filled from a vintage more divine, —
  Calmed, but not chilled by winter's snow!
To-night the palest wave we sip
  Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip, —
  The wedding-wine of Galilee!

The Old Man Dreams.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
  Give back my twentieth spring!
I 'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
  Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
  Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
  And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
  From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
  Of life all love and fame!

— My listening angel heard the prayer,
  And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
  Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
  To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
  To find the wished-for day?"

— Ah, truest soul of womankind!
  Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
  I 'll take — my — precious — wife!

— The angel took a sapphire pen
  And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
  And be a husband too!"

— "And is there nothing yet unsaid
  Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
  With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
  My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
  I 'll take — my — girl — and — boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

ÆSTIVATION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY MY LATE LATIN TUTOR.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames;
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anheling, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum, —
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump, —
Depart, — be off, — excede, — evade, — erump!

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —

If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;—
I 'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin
To care for such untruthful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms —
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

HOMER.

Homer, a Greek, and the greatest of epic poets, the accredited author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The period at which he lived is uncertain. Ancient writers place him anywhere between the twelfth and the seventh century before our era. Herodotus supposed him to have lived four hundred years before his time — that is, about 850 B.C. Seven or more Grecian cities claimed the honor of being his birthplace. The account which appears best entitled to credence is that he was born near Smyrna, on the bank of the river Meles (whence he is often styled *Melesigenes*); that his youth and early manhood were passed on the Island of Chios (the modern Scio); that he travelled from place to place, reciting his poems wherever he could find an audience; and that at some period, probably after he had reached manhood, he became blind. An old scholiast suggests that *Hŏmērōs* was not his actual name, but was a designation, being merely *hŏ-mē-ŏrōn*, "who does not see." There are extant two lives of Homer, ascribed respectively to Herodotus and Plutarch; but there is no valid reason for believing them genuine. Besides the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" there are extant other poems which have been attributed to Homer. These are several "Hymns" to various gods, and the "Batrachomyomachia" ("Frog-and-Mice-Fight"), a mock-heroic poem, and the "Margites," a satire. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" have been translated into English verse, and in various metres, by many persons. The most noticeable of these versions are those of Chapman (1596), Pope (1715), Cowper (1791), Munford (1846), Worsley (1861), Lord Derby (1865), Merivale (1869), and Bryant (1870).

Hector and Andromache.

(From "The Iliad." Translation of Alexander Pope.)

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

From a Painting by A. Maignan

Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodged: and rooms of state,
Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate.
Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate the almighty power
With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd.
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right."
"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd);
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profaned;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, attoned by fervent prayer,

Our wives, our infants, and our city spare;
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care:
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."
  This heard, she gave command: and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasured odors breathed a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here, as the queen revolved with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays!
  "Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas' aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall!
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!"
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
  While these appear before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion raised; from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd at each motion shined.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.
  Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.
"Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."
  "Brother, 't is just (replied the beauteous youth),
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourned, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'T is now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'T is man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."
  He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
  "Oh, generous brother! (if the guilty dame
That caused these woes deserve a sister's name!)
Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,

The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven filled up all my ills, and I accursed
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song."
The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest;
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul 's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had hence retired; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desired,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd "what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?"
"Not to the court (replied the attendant train),
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:

To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."
Hector this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair.
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade):
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that glides the morn.
To this loved infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream.
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind;
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be
A widow I, a helpless orphan he?
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.
O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrow as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,

Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to wear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy;
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains!
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread:
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
"O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
"Andromache! my soul's far better apart,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,

In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
"O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share,
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns."

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

(From "The Iliad." Translation of Alexander Pope.)

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer:
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd: chain'd down by fate
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determined to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tired Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns):
"And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain:

Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."
The chief incensed — "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along,
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries:
The son, resolved Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
"Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my loved, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy cursed arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And loved Lycaon; now perhaps no more!

Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I? unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet cursed with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps even I, reserved by angry fate,
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 't is well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm:
This, this is misery! the last, the worse,
That man can feel! man, fated to be cursed!"
  He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a dart;

Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart.
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honored on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear!
Far from our pious rights those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honor and shame the ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obeyed too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No — if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,

The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honorable justice to restore:
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injured Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business, but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven!"
  Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendor shone,
Like Jove's own lightning, o'er the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd:
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations streaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows:

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might):
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day:
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife):
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honor of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the raised spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky;
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:
"Unworthy sight! the man beloved of heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying; to his fears resign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye powers! ('t is worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is), the lot imposed on man."
Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
"Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,

Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake;
No less the laboring heroes pant and strain:
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
  What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.
  Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
  Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
"O loved of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove;
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
  Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclined.

While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long loved: much loved, but honor'd more!
Since you, of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before:
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke:
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke;
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow)!
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,

Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then my forces this important hour.
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power,
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
  He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
  "The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."
  The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear —
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh:
"'T is so — Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.

A god deceived me; Pallas, 't was thy deed,
Death and black fate approach! 't is I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succor from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'T is true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"
  Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares:
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!):
And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierced the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
  "At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
Forever honor'd, and forever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."
  Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death:

"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accursed! relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes);
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate."
He ceased. The Fates suppress'd his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies:
"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven
I follow thee." — He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size;
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring,
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans.

Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls:
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"
  Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
  Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears);
"Ah why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!"

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Not e’en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ’d her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair’d handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord’s return.
In vain, alas! her lord returns no more:
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear:
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonish’d, to her maids she calls:
“Ah follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? ’T is sure my mother’s voice.
My faltering knees their trembling knees desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector’s dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn’d to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench’d forever in the arms of death.”
She spoke: and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg’d along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color flies.
Her hair’s fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown’d,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall’d, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been! — O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms forever gone!
And I abandon'd desolate, alone!
An only child; once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire; no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
Forever sad, forever bathed in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here:'
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forced by repeated insults to return,
And to his widowed mother vainly mourn:
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must — ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!

Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honor to the living, not the dead!"
  So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

The Parting of Odysseus and Kalypso.

(From the "Odyssey" of Homer. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

I.

The Dawn arose from her couch, from beside the illustrious Tithônus, to bring light to immortals and to men. And the gods assembled, and among them the loud-thundering Zeus, whose might is above all. And Athênê told them of the many woes of Odysseus, recalling him to mind; for he was near her heart as he stayed in the nymph's dwelling: —

"Father Zeus, and all ye other blessed gods who live for ever, henceforth let not any sceptred king be kind and gentle with all his heart, or minded to do right, but let him ever be a hard man and work unrighteousness, for there is no one who remembers Odysseus among the people whose lord he was, though he was gentle as a father. And he lies in an island enduring bitter sorrows, in the halls of the nymph Kalypso, who holds him by force; and he may not reach his own country, for he has no ships with oars, and no companions to speed him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now, again, men are bent on slaying his son when he comes home, for he is gone to fair Pylos and to goodly Lakedaimon, to seek tidings of his father."

And Zeus, the cloud-gatherer answered and spoke unto her: —

"My child, what word has escaped the bar of thy teeth? Nay, didst thou not thyself plan this device, that Odysseus may assuredly take vengeance on those men at his coming? As for Telémachos, do thou guide him by thine art, as well thou

"The Gods assembled, and among them the loud-thundering Zeus"

mayest, that so he may come unharmed to his own country and the wooers may return in their ship with their labor all in vain."

Therewith he spake to Hermes, his dear son: —

"Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses our unerring counsel, that the patient Odysseus shall return, that he is to come to his home, with no aid of gods or of mortal men. Nay, that he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phaiakians, who are akin to the gods. And they shall give him all honor as a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with his share of the spoil. Thus is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So he spoke, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of Argos. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful golden sandals, that wax not old, that carry him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whom he will, while others again he even wakens out of sleep. With this rod in his hands flew the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air down upon the sea. Then he sped along the wave like the sea-gull that chases the fishes through the terrible gulfs of the barren sea, and wet his thick plumage in the brine. Thus did Hermes ride on the multitudinous waves.

But when he reached that far-off isle, he turned away from the violet sea and went up into the land, till he came to a great cave, where dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses: and he found her within. On the hearth a great fire was burning, and from afar through the isle was wafted the sweet odor of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandal wood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she stepped back and forth before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. Round about the cave there was a blossoming wood, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress, wherein roosted long-winged birds, owls and hawks and chattering sea-crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, round about the hollow cave trailed a luxuriant garden vine, all rich with clusters. And four fountains in a row were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows of violets and parsley bloomed; yea, even a deathless god who came hither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart.

Here the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered, and when he had gazed his fill, he went into the wide cave; nor did Kalypso, the fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for not strange one to another are the gods, the immortals, though they have their habitations far apart. But he found not Odysseus, the great-hearted, within the cave, for he sat weeping on the shore even as of old, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested sea.

And Kalypso, the fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining throne: —

"Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes, of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, for of old thou hast not often visited me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on doing it, if I may do it, and if it may be done. But now first follow me, that I may set before thee suitable entertainment."

Thus speaking, the goddess spread a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Argos, ate and drank. And after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, at the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise: —

"Thou questionest me about my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee my tale truly, at thy command. Zeus bade me come hither, not of my will; nay, who willingly would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, and no city of men who offer sacrifice to the gods, and bring choice hecatombs? But surely no other god may go beyond or make void the will of Zeus, lord of the ægis. He declares that there is with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men who fought around the city of Priam for nine years, and in the tenth year sacked the city and went home. These on their way offended Athênê, and she raised against them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bore and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus bids thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained for him to die far from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet, and to come to his high-roofed home and his native land."

Thus he spoke, and Kalypso, the fair goddess, shuddered and uttering winged words thus spoke to him:—

"Hard and jealous exceeding are you gods, who for ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make the man she loves her bed-fellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, you gods that live at ease were jealous of her, till chaste Artemis of the golden throne slew him in Ortygia with her gentle shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demêter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and hurled his white bolt at him and slew him. And now again you gods grudge that a mortal should dwell with me. I saved him as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a ship, when Zeus had crushed and split his swift ship with a white bolt in the midst of the wine-dark sea. There all the rest of his good companions were lost, but it came to pass that the wind bore and the wave brought him hither. And I have loved and cherished him, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age for ever. Yet since no other god may go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the ægis, let him depart over the unharvested sea, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will not send him, not I, for I have no ships with oars, or company to bear him on his way over the broad back of the sea. But I will put council in his mind, and will not hide aught, that all unharmed he may come to his own land."

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her:—

"Yea, send him on his way, and beware the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter."

II.

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the august nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, having heard the message of Zeus. And she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no longer pleased him. But by night he would lie by her side, as need was, in the hollow cave, unwilling lover by a willing lady. But in the day-time he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him the fair goddess spoke to him: —

"Hapless man, sorrow no more, I pray thee, in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for now will I freely send thee hence. Come, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide boat with the axe, and lay a high deck upon it that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale after thee, that thou mayest come unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, for they are stronger than I am both to will and to do."

Thus she spoke, and the long-suffering, godlike Odysseus shuddered, and uttering winged words spoke to her: —

"Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and not aid to me in bidding me cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a boat against thy will, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile against me."

Thus he spoke, and Kalypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spoke, saying: —

"Thou art a cunning rogue, and no tyro in wit, who hast conceived and spoken such a word. Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that water of the Styx flowing below, the greatest oath and the most terrible among the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt. Nay, my thoughts are such, and such will be my scheme, as I would plan for myself, if so sore a need ever came over me. For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within my breast is not of iron, but pitiful."

Having thus spoken, the fair goddess quickly led the way and he followed in the steps of the goddess. And they reached the hollow cave, the goddess and the man; and he sat down in the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. And she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. Then they laid their hands on the good cheer set before them. But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Kalypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said: —

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, prudent Odysseus, is it really now thy wish to go home to thy own country? Good fortune go with thee even so! Yet didst thou know in thy heart what measure of woe thou art ordained to endure before thou shalt reach thy own country, thou wouldst abide with me here, even here, and keep this house, and wouldst never taste death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire every day. Not that I allow I am meaner than she in form or beauty, for it is not likely that mortal women should rival the immortals, in shape and comeliness."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and said unto her: —

"Be not angry with me, goddess and queen. I myself know well how wise Penelope in form and beauty is meaner to look upon than thou. But she is mortal, and thou knowest not age or death. Yet even so, I yearn and long every day to journey homeward and see the day of my returning. And even if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark sea, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient in affliction. For I have already suffered much, and I have toiled much in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those."

And as he spoke thus the sun sank and the darkness came, and they two went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, resting by each other.

And when the early rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Odysseus put on him a mantle and tunic, and the nymph dressed herself in a long shining robe lightly woven and graceful, and about her waist she bound a beautiful golden girdle, and put a veil on her head. Then she prepared to send away Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great axe, fitted to his hand, a double-edged, bronze axe, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adze, and she led the way to the edge of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and heaven-reaching pine, long seasoned and dry, that should float lightly for him. Then after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Kalypso, the fair goddess, went home. And he went to cutting timber, and his work went busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and trimmed them with his bronze axe, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Kalypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers, so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with pins and dowels. Wide as is the deck of a broad freight ship, which a man well skilled in carpentry may plan, of such a size did Odysseus fashion his broad craft. And he wrought at it and put up the deck, fitting it to the close-set ribs, and finished it off with long gunwales, and he made a mast, and a sail-yard fitted to it, and moreover he made him a rudder to steer with. And he interwove it with wattled willow withes from stem to stern, to protect against the waves, and he piled up much wood. Meanwhile Kalypso, the fair goddess, brought him cloth to make the sails; and these too he fashioned very skilfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the divine salt sea.

III.

By the fourth day he had accomplished all. And so on the fifth, the fair Kalypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the raft two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a sack, and she added a store of dainties for his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sate and skilfully guided the raft with the helm, and no sleep fell on his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and the late-setting Boötes, and the Bear, which men likewise call the Wain, which turns forever in one place, and keeps watch upon Orion, and alone dips not into the ocean stream. Kalypso, the fair goddess, bade him keep this star ever on the left as he crossed the sea. Ten days and seven he sailed crossing the sea, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy mountains of Phaiakian land, at the point where it lay nearest to him; and it looked like a shield on the misty sea.

Now the lord, the Earth-shaker, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymoi: even from there he saw Odysseus as he sailed across the sea; and he grew more and more angry, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart.

"Oho! it must be that the gods have at last changed their minds concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the land of the Phaiakians where he is fated to escape the great coil of woe that has come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet will I drive him into suffering enough."

Thus saying, he gathered the clouds and troubled the sea, grasping his trident in his hands; and he started all the tempests of winds, and shrouded land and sea in clouds, and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the air-born North, rolling onward a mighty wave. Then the knees of Odysseus grew weak, and his heart, and dismayed he spoke to his own great spirit: —

"Oh, wretch that I am! what now is to befall me. I fear that indeed all the goddess spoke was true, when she said that I should be filled with sorrow on the sea ere I came to my own country; and lo, all these things come about. Lo! with what clouds Zeus crowns the wide heaven and troubles the deep, and the blasts rush on from every quarter; yea, now utter doom is upon me. Thrice blest those Danaäns, yea, four times blest, who once perished on the wide plains of Troy, to please the sons of Atreus! Would that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the throng of Trojans cast their brazen spears at me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus! Then should I have had due burial, aud the Achaians would have spread my fame; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death."

Even as he spoke, a great wave broke on him from on high, in a terrible plunge, and whirled the raft around. And far from the boat he fell, and lost the helm from his hand; and the fierce blast of the wrestling winds coming broke his mast short off, and sail and yard-arm fell afar into the sea. Long the water kept him under, nor could he quickly rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave: for heavy hung the garments which fair Kalypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water which ran down in streams from his head.

Yet even then, for all his wretched plight, he forgot not his craft, but sprang after it through the waves, and lay hold of it, and sat in the midst of it, avoiding the ending of death; and the great wave swept it this way and that way along the stream. And as the North Wind in the autumn sweeps the thistle-down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds drove his boat this way and that way along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase..

But the daughter of Kadmos marked him, the fair-ankled Ino, Leukothea, who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the sea shares the worship of the gods. She took pity on Odysseus in his wandering and woe, and she rose from the hollow of the wave like a sea-gull on the wing, and sat upon his well-jointed boat and spoke, saying: —

"Hapless man, wherefore was Poseidon, shaker of the earth, so fearfully wroth with thee, that he sows for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet he shall not make a full end of thee in spite of his desire. But do as I tell thee; methinks thou art not devoid of understanding. Cast off these garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds, but swim with thy hands and try to win a footing on the coast of the Phaiakians, where it is decreed thou shalt escape. Here, take this immortal veil, and wind it about thy breast; then fear not that thou shalt suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark sea far from land, and turn thyself away."

Saying that, the goddess gave the veil, and she herself dived back into the heaving sea, like a sea-gull: and the dark wave closed over her.

And Odysseus mounted a single beam as one rides on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Kalypso gave him, and quickly wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one ready to swim. And the great Earth-shaker saw him, and shaking his head, communed with his own soul: —

"Even so, after all thy many ills, go tossing over the sea, till thou shalt come among men, the beloved race of Zeus. Yet for all that I judge that thou shalt not think thyself too lightly afflicted."

Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Aigai, where his lordly dwelling is.

But Athênê, daughter of Zeus, had a new thought. She stopt the courses of the other winds, and commanded them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North and broke the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, avoiding death and the fates, might come among the oar-loving Phaiakians.

IV.

Thus for two nights and two days he drifted in the swell of the sea, and many times his heart faced death. But when at last the fair-haired Dawn brought the third day, then the breeze fell, and there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead, as he was upborne on a great wave, he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome in his children's eyes is the life of their father, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, for some angry god assails him; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odysseus seemed the land and trees; and he swam on, eager to set foot on the shore. But when he was within earshot of the beach, and heard the thunder of the sea against the reefs, — for the great wave crashed against the dry land roaring terribly, and all was covered with the spray of the sea, — for there were no harbors for ships and no shelters, but projecting headlands and reefs and cliffs; then at last the knees of Odysseus grew weak, and his heart, and in despair he spoke to his own brave spirit: —

"Ah me! now that Zeus has given me sight of unhoped-for land, and I have made my way through this gulf, here there is no place to land on from out of the roaring sea. For outside are jagged ledges and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth crag rises, and the sea is deep even to the shore, so that it is impossible to find firm foothold and escape ill, for if I should try to make a landing the great wave might seize and dash me on the jagged rock, — and a wretched ending that would be. But if I swim yet farther along the coast to find, if I may, a shelving beach and sheltered havens of the sea, I fear the storm-winds may catch me again and bear me deeply lamenting over the teeming sea; or else some god may send against me a monster from out of the deep water; and many such the renowned Amphitrite breeds. For I know how wroth against me hath been the great Earth-shaker.

Whilst yet he was pondering these things in his heart and mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, had not the goddess, the bright-eyed Athênê, put an idea into his mind. As he was borne shoreward with both his hands he clutched the rock, and clung on till the great wave went by. So he escaped that one, but again with refluent sweep it smote him and cast him still struggling out to the sea. And as when the nautilus is dragged out from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand by the rocks, and the great wave closed over him.

Then of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished before his time, had not the bright-eyed Athênê given him a good thought. He rose from the line of the breakers that roared on the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, hoping to find, if he might, a shelving beach and sheltering havens of the sea. But when in his swimming he came over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, there the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and there was a shelter from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and in his heart he prayed: —

"Hear me, O king, whoever thou art; I am come to thee, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee from the wrath of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a fugitive, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after many woes. Nay, pity me, O king; for I avow myself thy suppliant."

Thus he spoke and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him in safety into the river's mouth. And both his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his spirit was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay breathless and speechless, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him.

But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosened the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the seaward-flowing river. And the great wave bore it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back among the reeds, and kissed the grain-giving earth, and in despair he spoke unto his own brave spirit: —

"Ah, woe is me! what must I endure? what now shall become of me? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, and I may breathe out my life for weariness, for the river breeze blows cold in the early morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there rest in the thicket, though perchance I may escape the cold and weariness, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest I become the spoil and prey of wild beasts."

Yet as he pondered thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh water in a clearing.

So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive, the other the common olive. Through these the force of the wet winds could not penetrate, neither could the bright sun touch it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined together; and under them Odysseus crept, and with his hands he heaped up a broad couch; for there was great abundance of fallen leaves, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however severe the weather.

And the steadfast, noble Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he lay down in the midst of them and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hides away a brand among the black embers at an upland farm, one where no neighbors are nigh, and so saves the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light elsewhere, even so did Odysseus cover him up with leaves. And Athênê shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weariness after toil, overshadowing his eyelids.

PRINCESS NAUSIKAÄ.

(From the "Odyssey" of Homer. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

I.

So he lay asleep there, the steadfast, noble Odysseus, spent with drowsiness and toil, but Athênê went to the land and the city of the Phaiakians; now this people once upon a time dwelt in spacious Hypereia, near those rude men the Cyclopes, who harried them continually, being mightier than they. So the godlike Nausithoes made them depart from there and he carried them away, and planted them in Scheria, far off from toiling men, and he built a wall around the town, and erected houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. But fate had stricken him, and he had gone down to the house of Hades, and now Alkinoös was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods.

To his house went the goddess, the bright-eyed Athênê, planning a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. She went quickly to the rich-wrought chamber, in which a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness was sleeping, Nausikaä, the daughter of great-hearted Alkinoös. Near her, on either hand of the pillars of the door, lay two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, like breath of the wind, swept toward the maiden's couch and stood above her head, and spoke to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausikaä, who had found grace in her sight. Taking her shape the bright-eyed Athênê spoke to the princess, saying: —

"Nausikaä, how did thy mother ever give birth to so heedless a daughter? Thy shining raiment lies by thee uncared for, and yet thy marriage is near when thou thyself must needs wear beautiful clothes, and give them to those who shall attend thee. For these are the things from which a good report is spread among men, wherein a father and honored mother take delight. But let us arise and go a-washing at daybreak, and I will follow with thee as thy mate in the toil, that thou mayst be quickly ready, since truly thou art not long to be unwedded. Lo, already thou hast as wooers the noblest youths of all the Phaiakians, among whom thou thyself wert born. So come, ask thy noble father early in the morning to give thee mules and a wain to carry the raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Yes, and for thyself it is far more decent to go thus than on foot, for the pools are far from the town."

Thus spoke the bright-eyed Athênê, and departed to Olympos, where, they say, the seat of the gods stands fast for ever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor is it ever wet with rain, nor does the snow come nigh it, but a cloudless ether is spread about it and the white light plays over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad all the day; thither Athênê went when she had spoken all to the maiden.

II.

Soon came the well-throned Dawn, and awakened fair-robed Nausikaä, and she marvelled at the dream, and went through the palace to tell her parents, to her father and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth among the women her handmaids, spinning sea-purple yarn; but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned princes in their council, whither the noble Phaiakians had called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: —

"Papa, dear, could n't you let me have the high wagon with the strong wheels, to take my best clothes to the river to wash them, all the soiled ones? You too, when you are with the princes in council, ought to have clean clothes to wear. And then you have five goodly sons at home, two married, and three are gay young fellows, and they are always eager to go to the dances in fresh clean clothes; for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was timid about speaking of her coming marriage to her father; but he saw through it and answered, saying: —

"I grudge thee neither the mules nor anything else, my child. Go on, and the men shall get thee ready the high wagon with its good wheels, and fitted with a rack."

So saying he called his men, and they heeded; and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule-cart, and put the mules under the yoke, and hitched them to the wagon, while the maiden brought forth from her chamber the fine raiment. This she stowed in the well-built cart, and her mother filled a hamper with all kinds of food such as the heart desires; dainties too she put in it, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, and meantime Nausikaä climbed into the wagon. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden flask, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after they had bathed. Then Nausikaä took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they pulled without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the princess. She did not go alone, for her handmaidens went with her.

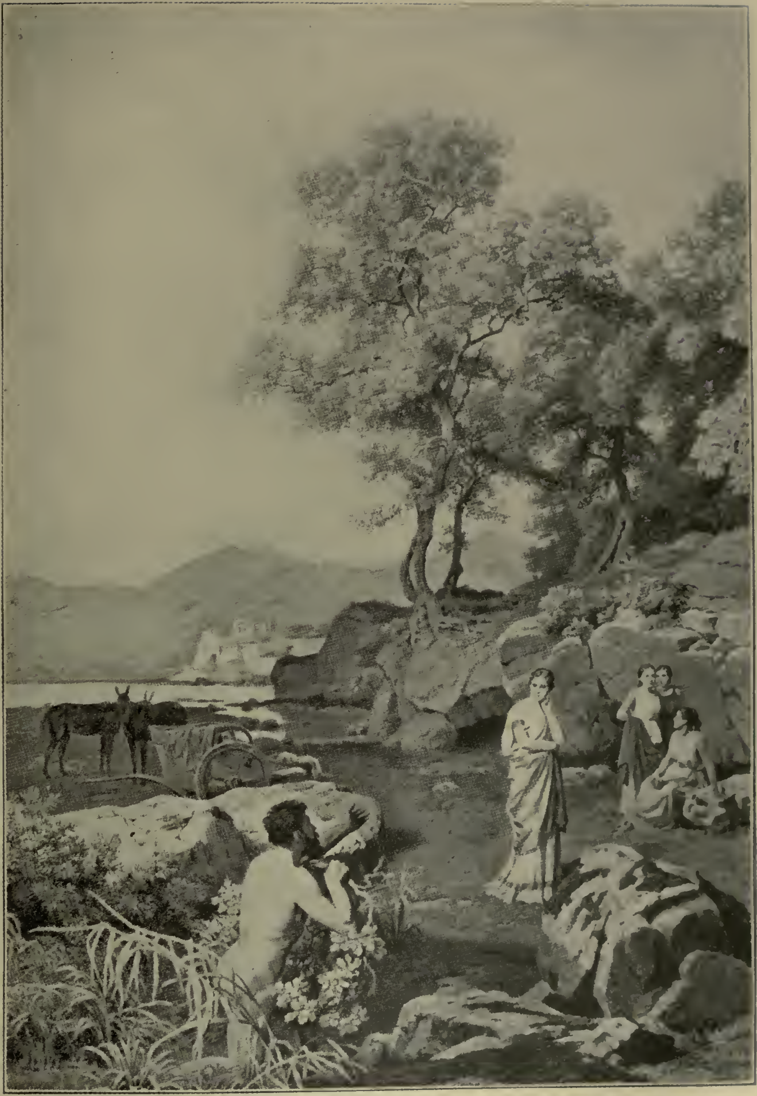
Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where the pools were ever full, and the bright water welled up free from below and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, the girls unharnessed the mules from the chariot, and turning them loose let them stray along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then from the wagon they took the garments in their arms and bore them to the dark water, and briskly stamped them in the trenches, in busy rivalry. And when they had washed and cleansed away all the stains, they spread them out in order along the shore of the sea, just where the sea, in beating on the beach, had washed the pebbles up. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, and waited till the clothes should dry in the bright sunshine. When they were refreshed with food, the maidens and the princess, they began to play ball, tossing off their mantillas, and among them the white-armed Nausikaä began the game. And as the huntress Artemis passes down a mountain-side, either along the ridges of lofty Taÿgetos or Erymanthos, enjoying the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her sport the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, and Leto is glad at heart, for high over all the rest rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known, — though all are fair; even so the unwed princess outshone her maiden company.

III.

But when now she was about returning homewards, after they had harnessed the mules and folded up the goodly raiment, then bright-eyed Athênê bethought her of awaking Odysseus that he might see the lovely girl, who should be his guide to the city of the Phaiakian men. So then the princess tossed the ball at one of her handmaids, and missing the girl, she threw the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all screamed aloud. Then noble Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit: —

"Woe is me! to what man's land am I come now? Are they lawless, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and have a God-fearing mind? Methought a shrill cry of maidens came to my ears, perhaps of nymphs that haunt the steep mountain-sides, and the river-springs, and the grassy meadows! Or am I near men of human speech. Come, I myself will make trial and see."

Thus speaking, noble Odysseus crept out from under the thicket, first breaking off with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold in front of his body, that it might hide his nakedness. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting in his strength; forth he goes under the wind and rain; his eyes are aflame; and now amid the cattle he goes, or amid the sheep, or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his hunger tempts him to make trial upon the flocks, even within the closely-guarded fold. Even so Odysseus was about to draw nigh to the fair-haired maidens, all naked as he was, for need had come upon him. But he seemed loathsome to look upon, being foul with the salt foam, and they fled cowering in all directions over the jutting sand-dunes. Only the daughter of Alkinoös remained, for Athênê put courage into her heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she stood facing him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the bright-eyed girl, and so proffer his request, or should stand



"Noble Odysseus . . . breaking off with his strong hand a leafy bough . . . that it might hide his nakedness"

as he was at a distance, and beg her with gentle words, if she would point him out the town, and give him clothing. And as he pondered, it seemed better to stand at a distance and beseech her with gentle words, lest for fear if he touched her knees the maiden should be offended with him: so straightway he spake a gentle and cunning word: —

"I supplicate thee, O princess, art thou a goddess or a mortal? If indeed thou art a goddess, one of those that keep the wide heaven, to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I liken thee most, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice-blessed are thy father and thy august mother, and thrice-blessed thy brothers. Surely their souls ever glow with delight on thy account whenever they see such a flower entering the dance. But he is the most blessed in heart beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts, and lead thee to his home. Never have I with mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe holds me as I look on thee. At Delos once I saw such a sight: a young palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and a great company with me, on a journey where I was to have bitter troubles. And as when I looked thereon, long time I marvelled in spirit, — for never grew there yet so goodly a spear from ground, — even so I wonder at thee, lady, and marvel and greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark sea, but all that time continually the waves bore me, and fierce winds drove, from the island of Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here, too, I may meet some evil; for I think that trouble will not cease; the gods first will bring many things to pass. But, princess, have pity on me, for after many bitter trials am I come to thee first of all, and I know no one of those who hold this city and this land. Point me to the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: husband and home, and a mind in accord with his may they give — a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house: — a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but they themselves know it best."

Then white-armed Nausikaä answered him: "Stranger, since thou dost not seem like a bad or senseless man — and Olympian Zeus himself gives weal to men, to the good and to the bad, to each one as he will — and since, no doubt, he gave this thy lot to thee, so thou must in anywise endure it. And now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor anything else that a hapless suppliant should find. And I will show thee the town, and tell thee the name of the people: — The Phaiakians own this city and land, and I am the daughter of great-hearted Alkinoös, from whom come all the might and force of the Phaiakians."

She spoke, and called to her fair-haired maidens: "Halt, my maidens, whither do you flee at the sight of a man? You surely do not take him for an enemy? That man breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come bringing war to the land of the Phaiakians, for we are very dear to the Immortals. We dwell far away on the ever-surging sea, the outermost of men, and no other men have dealings with us. But this is some helpless man come hither in his wanderings, and now we must treat him kindly; for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a little gift is welcome. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and let him bathe in the river, where there is shelter from the wind."

Thus she spoke, and they halted and called to one another, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down, as Nausikaä, the daughter of great-hearted Alkinoös, bade them. And near him they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the golden flask, and bade him wash in the streams of the river. Then noble Odysseus spoke to the maidens: "I pray you stand aside while I myself wash the salt foam from my shoulders, and anoint me with the oil, for it is long since ointment touched my skin. But in your sight I will not bathe, for I am ashamed to stand naked before fair-haired maidens."

Thus he spoke: and they withdrew and told all to the princess. But with the river water the noble Odysseus washed from his skin the salt foam that covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the crusted brine of the barren sea. And when he had washed his whole body, and rubbed himself with olive oil, and had put on the clothing that the unwedded maiden gave him, then Athênê, daughter of Zeus, made him taller and more mighty to behold, and made the deep curling locks to flow from his head like the hyacinth flower. As when a man overlays gold upon silver — some skilful one whom Hephaistos and Pallas Athênê have taught all kinds of craft, and he finishes graceful work — even so did Athênê shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus at a distance, and sat down, glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess gazed at him, and said to her fair-haired maidens: —

"Listen, my white-armed maidens, and let me say something. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympos has this man come among the godlike Phaiakians. A while ago he seemed to me loathsome, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heaven. Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and content to abide here! But come, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink."

Thus she spoke, and they gave ready ear and obeyed, and set beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast, noble Odysseus ate and drank eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

IV.

But white-armed Nausikaä had other thoughts. She folded the raiment and stored it in the beautiful wagon, and yoked the strong-hoofed mules, and she herself climbed into the wagon. Then she called on Odysseus, and spoke and hailed him: —

"Arise now, stranger, and go to the city, that I may take thee to my wise father's house, where, I promise thee, thou shalt see all the noblest of the Phaiakians. But do this — thou seemest a sensible man. So long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou walk quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the wagon, and I will lead the way. But when we draw near the city, — around which goes a high wall with towers, and there is a fair harbor on either side of the town, and narrow is the entrance, and curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mole, for every man has his own moving place. And on one side, round about the goodly temple of Poseidon, is the place of assembly, built of heavy stones, deep bedded in the earth. And farther on men make the tackle of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they shape the oars. For the Phaiakians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and graceful ships, wherein rejoicing they cross the wan sea. I would avoid their ungracious speech, that no man afterward may blame me, for there are but too many insolent men among the people. And some one of the baser sort might meet me and say:—'What tall and handsome stranger is following Nausikaä? Where did she find him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has saved some shipwrecked wanderer, some man dwelling afar — for we have no neighbors — or some much-entreated god has come down from heaven, and will have her for his wife for evermore. Better if herself she has ranged abroad and found a spouse from a strange land, for verily she scorns the Phaiakians here in this country, the many men and noble who are her suitors.' Thus will they talk, and all these things would turn to my reproach. And I myself should blame another maiden who did such things in despite of her friends, her father and mother being still alive, and went about with men before their wedding-day. But, stranger, heed well what I say, that soon thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Near the road thou shalt find a fair grove of Athênê, a poplar grove, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There are my father's lands, and his fruitful orchard as far from the city as a man may shout. Sit down there and wait until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached my father's palace. But when thou deemest that we have reached the palace, then go up to the city of the Phaiakians, and ask for the house of my father, the brave-hearted Alkinoös. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy guide, for in nowise like it are the houses of the Phaiakians, but so splendid is the palace of the hero Alkinoös. But when thou art within the shadow of the palace and the court, pass quickly through the great hall, till thou comest to my mother; she will be sitting by the hearth in the fire-light, weaving sea-purple yarn, a wonder to behold, and leaning against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, and he sits there and drinks wine and drains the cup like an Immortal. Passing by him, cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If only her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope of seeing thy friends, and coming to thy well-built house and native land."

Having thus spoken, she smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they galloped, and well they trotted, and she took care to drive in such wise that those on foot, — the maidens and Odysseus, — might follow, and wisely she plied the lash. The sun was setting when they came to the famous grove, Athênê's sacred place; and there the goodly Odysseus sat down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: —

"Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the ægis, unwearied maiden; hear me even now, since before thou heardest not when I was shipwrecked, when the renowned Earth-shaker wrecked me. Grant me to come to the Phaiakians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

So he prayed, and Pallas Athênê heard him; but not yet did she appear to him openly, for she stood in awe of her father's brother, who furiously raged against godlike Odysseus, till he came to his own country.

V.

So the steadfast, noble Odysseus prayed there, while the two strong mules bore the princess to the town. And when she had reached her father's famous palace she stopped at the gateway, and round her gathered her brothers, men like the Immortals, and they unfastened the mules from the wagon, and carried the raiment into the house. And the maiden went to her chamber; and an aged woman from Apeira kindled the fire for her, the handmaid of the chamber, Eurymedousa, whom long ago the rocking ships had brought from Apeira; and men chose her as a prize for Alkinoös, seeing that he was king over all the Phaiakians, and the people listened as to a god. She waited on the white-armed Nausikaä in the palace; she it was who kindled the fire and prepared the supper in the inner chamber.

And by this time Odysseus rose to go to the city, but Athênê, favoring Odysseus, shed a deep mist about him, lest any insolent Phaiakians meeting him should mock him in sharp speech, and ask him who he was. But just as he was about entering the pleasant city, the goddess, bright-eyed Athênê, like a young girl carrying a pitcher, met him, and she paused near him, and noble Odysseus asked: —

"Child, could you not lead me to the palace of the lord

Alkinoös, who is king of this people? For I am a travel-worn stranger come here from afar, from a distant land, and so I know not one of the men who own this city and country."

Then the goddess, bright-eyed Athênê, said to him: "Yes, father and stranger, I will show thee the house which thou desirest to find, for it lies near my noble father's; but silently go and I will lead the way. And look on no man, and ask no questions. For these men do not like strangers, and do not treat with courtesy those who come from elsewhere. Trusting their swift ships, they cross the great gulf, for the Earth-shaker hath vouchsafed them this power. Their ships are swift as a bird or a thought."

Having thus spoken, Pallas Athênê led the way swiftly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. And the Phaiakians, famous mariners, remarked him not as he went down the city through their midst, for that awful goddess, the fair-haired Athênê did not permit it, for she shed a wondrous mist about him, favoring him in her heart. And Odysseus marvelled at the havens and the graceful ships, yea, and the market-places of the heroes, and the long high walls crowned with palisades, a marvel to behold. Then as they had come to the famous palace of the king, the goddess, bright-eyed Athênê, thus began: —

"Here, father and stranger, is the house which thou wouldst have me show thee: and thou shalt find Zeus-descended kings at the feast; enter and fear not in thine heart, for the brave man is the best in every adventure, wherever he may come from. Thou shalt find the queen first in the hall: Arêtê is her name; and she is of the same race as king Alkinoös. First Nausithoös was son of the earth-shaking Poseidon, and of Periboia, the fairest of women, youngest daughter of great-hearted Eurymedon, who once was king among the overweening Giants. Yet he destroyed his reckless people, and was himself destroyed; but Poseidon lay with Periboia and by her had a son, proud Nausithoös, who was once prince among the Phaiakians; and Nausithoös begat Rhexênor and Alkinoös. But ere Rhexênor had a son, Apollo of the silver bow smote him, a groom new wed, leaving in his halls one only child, Arêtê; and Alkinoös made her his wife, and honored her as no other woman in the world is honored, of all that nowadays keep house for their lords. Thus she hath, and hath ever had, all honor heartily from her children and from her lord Alkinoös and from all the people, who look on her as on a goddess, and greet her with reverent speech, as she goes about the town, for she too lacks no understanding. To whomever she shows favor, even if they be men, she ends their quarrels. If but her heart be kindly disposed to thee, then is there good hope that thou mayest see thy friends, and come to thy high-roofed home and thy native land."

VI.

Having thus spoken, bright-eyed Athênê departed over the unharvested seas, and left pleasant Scheria, and came to Marathon and Athens with its wide streets, and entered the strong house of Erechtheus. Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alkinoös, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there ere he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as of the sun or the moon through the high-roofed palace of great-hearted Alkinoös. Bronze were the walls which ran on either side from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a cornice of blue metal, and golden doors closed in the good house. There were silver door-posts set on the brazen threshold, and the lintel thereon was silver, and the door-handle was of gold. And on either side stood gold and silver dogs, which Hephaistos had wrought by subtle skill, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alkinoös, and they were immortal, young all their days. And within were seats arrayed against the wall on this side and on that, from threshold even to the inmost chamber, and thereon were spread light coverings finely woven, the handiwork of women.

Here the Phaiakian chieftains liked to sit eating and drinking, for they had enough. And moreover there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set pedestals, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace.

And there were fifty handmaids in the palace: some grind the ripe yellow corn on the millstone, and others ply the looms or turn the spindle as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar tree: and the soft oil drops off that linen, so closely is it spun. For as the Phaiakians are skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship on the deep, so are their women the most cunning at the loom, for Athênê has given them notable wisdom in all fair handicraft and delicate wit.

And without the courtyard close by the door is a great garden, such as four men might plough in a day, and a hedge runs round on either side. And here grow tall trees blossoming, pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple-trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perishes or fails, winter or summer, but lasts through all the year. Evermore the West Wind blowing brings some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear on pear ripens, apple on apple, cluster on cluster of the grape, fig on fig. Here, too, a fruitful vineyard is planted, one part of which is drying by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground, elsewhere men are gathering grapes, and yet again they are treading them in the wine-press. In front are unripe grapes just casting the blossom, and there are others there that are growing purple. Here, too, skirting the outer border, are all manner of trimly-planted garden beds, perpetually fresh; within are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard, and issues by the lofty house, and thence the townsfolk draw their water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alkinoös.

VII.

Here the steadfast, noble Odysseus stood and gazed. But when he had gazed at all and wondered, he passed quickly over the threshold and entered the palace. And he found the captains and the counsellors of the Phaiakians pouring libations of wine to the keen-sighted god, the slayer of Argos; for to him they pour the last cup just before they go to bed. The steadfast, noble Odysseus went through the palace, still clad in the thick mist, which Athênê shed around him, till he came to Arêtê and King Alkinoös. And Odysseus threw his arms about Arêtê's knees and then the marvellous mist melted from off him, and at the sight of him, a silence fell on them that were within the house and they marvelled as they beheld him. Then Odysseus began his prayer: —

"Arêtê, daughter of god-like Rhexênor, after many toils am I come to thy husband and to thy knees and to these feasting guests, and may the gods vouchsafe them a happy life, and may each one leave to his children after him his substance in his halls and whatever honors the people have rendered unto him. But I pray you, grant me aid that I may quickly come to my own country, for already too long do I suffer affliction far from my friends."

When he had thus spoken he sat down on the hearth in the ashes by the fire, and all became silent. At last the hero Echenêos spoke: he was the eldest of the Phaiakians, excellent in speech and knowing much about the old times. With good will he spoke and addressed them: —

"Alkinoös, truly this is not seemly, nor is it fitting that the stranger should sit on the ground in the ashes on the hearth, while these men hold aloof, waiting thy word. Come, bid the stranger arise, and set him on a silver-inlaid chair, and command the pages to mix the wine, that we may pour a libation to Zeus, Thunderer, who attendeth upon reverent suppliants. And let the housewife give supper to the stranger out of such stores as she has."

And the revered Alkinoös listened and took Odysseus, the wise and crafty, by the hand, and raised him from the hearth, and set him on a splendid throne from which he made his son arise, valiant Laodamas, who sat next him, for he was his father's favorite. And a handmaid brought water for the hands in a beautiful golden ewer, and poured it out over a Silver basin to wash withal, and drew to his side a polished table. And a grave housekeeper brought wheaten bread and set it by him and laid upon the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had. So the steadfast, noble Odysseus ate and drank. . . .

VIII.

Thus they spake one to the other. And white-armed Arêtê bade her maids set out a bedstead in the cloistered hall, and cast beautiful purple blankets over it, and spread coverlets above, and thereon lay thick mantles to be a covering over all. So the maids left the hall with torches in their hands. But when they had busied them in spreading the comfortable bedstead, they called Odysseus, standing near him and saying: —

"Come, stranger, and get thee to sleep, thy bed is made."

Thus they spoke, and rest seemed to him wondrous good.

So he slept there, the steadfast, goodly Odysseus, on the inlaid bedstead, in the vacant cloistered hall. But Alkinoös laid him down in the innermost chamber of the lofty palace, and by him the Queen his wife made ready bedstead and bedding.

To Mars.

HOMERIC HYMN.

Mars! most strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots crack,
Never without a shield cast on thy back!
Mind-master! Town-guard! with darts never driven!
Strong-handed, all arms, Fort and Fence of Heaven!
Father of Victory, with fair strokes given!
Joint surrogate of Justice, lest she fall
In unjust strifes! a tyrant! general
Only of just men justly; that dost bear
Fortitude's sceptre; to heaven's fiery sphere
Giver of circular motion between
That and the Pleiads that still wandering been,
Where thy still vehemently-flaming horse
About the third heaven make their fiery course!
Helper of mortals! hear! — As thy fires give
The fair and pleasant boldnesses that strive
In youth for honor, being the sweet-beam'd light
That darts into their lives from all thy height
The fortitude and fortunes found in fight, —
So would I likewise wish to have the power
To keep from off my head thy bitter hour
And that false fire cast from my soul's low kind
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind;
Controlling that so eager sting of wrath
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe
Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen
(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.
But O, Thou Ever-blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will,
Varied, as fits, to all occasion;
And to live free, unforced, unwrought upon,
Beneath those laws of Peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one;
And to bear safe the burthen undergone
Of foes inflexive and inhuman hates,
Secure from violent and harmful fates!

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PN
6013
M38
1898
v.11
c.1
ROBA

Peck, H. T. (ed.)
Masterpieces of the World's
Literature Ancient & Modern
v. 11

69